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ZANZIBAR.

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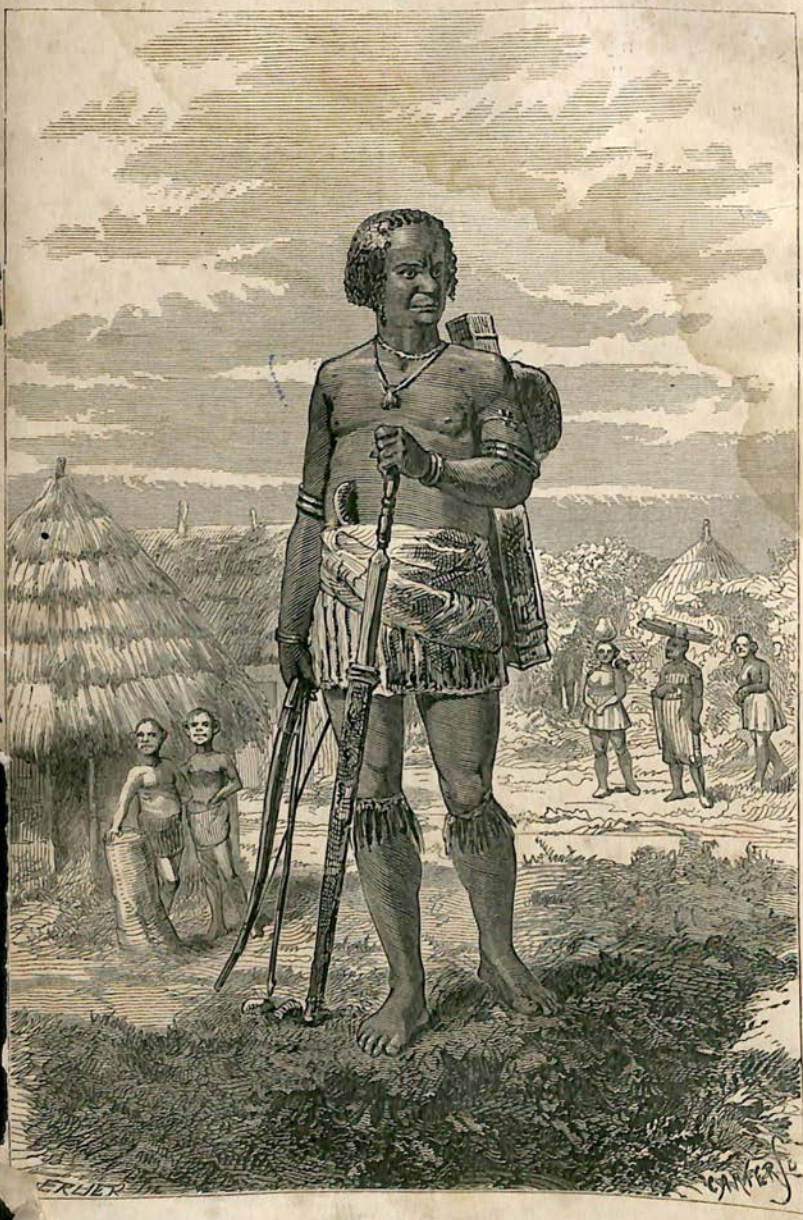


SAVAGE OF THE NYIKA.

ZANZIBAR;

CITY, ISLAND, AND COAST.

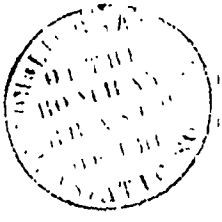
BY

RICHARD F. BURTON.

58828

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



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ZANZIBAR.

PART II.

THE COAST AND THE INTERIOR.

ZANZIBAR.

CHAPTER I.

FROM ZANZIBAR TO MOMBASAH.

Urbis ab angusto tractu quâ vergit in Austrum,
Planities vicina patet: nam cætera Pontus
Circuit, exiguo dirimi se tramite passus.
C. Claud. in Ruf. lib. 2. 348.

On Monday, January 5, 1857, began our trial trip, which homely term was justly written large as 'tentative expedition,' by the then President of the Royal Geographical Society. But a stiff north-easter blowing dead in our teeth, the crew of the Riámi would not wear round by day, and at night all showed a predilection for the 'Safar khoriyah,' i. e. anchoring in some snug bay. Consequently the old tub, with knees and mast loose like a slaver's, did not make Kokoto-ni, the usual departure point from Zanzibar Island, till 7 A. M. on January 8.

Kokoto-ni '(at or in) the pebbles,' is an anchorage 18.30 direct geographical miles from, and north with 3 miles east of, Zanzibar City. Formed by a bight with a streamlet, and the Island of Tumbatu, with its little outliers, Manawamána and Popo (in Owen Moina and Benoth), this roadstead is rendered dangerous during the Azyab, or N. East monsoon, by a heavy rolling sea and a coral-bound lee-shore. The coast has the usual edging of sand, clear as crystal, and of bright green mangrove, whilst an inner belt of darker jungle defends a country, here, as everywhere around, prodigiously fertile, green, and monotonous. The interior is a mass of cultivation, manioc and sweet potato (Jezar) from Madagascar, superb mangoes and cocoas waving in the clear sea-breeze, and limes and oranges, the latter disposed, as by the Paraguayans, in long rows, which, at a distance, imitate the tea-field. Clove plantations adorn the uplands, and the giant Calabash (Adansonia digitata) stretches its stumpy, crooked arms over the clustering huts. The tree is at once majestic and grotesque; the tall conical column of spongy and porous wood, covered with a soft, glossy rind, which supplies half Africa with bast, will have a girth of forty to fifty feet, far exceeding the cedars of Le-

banon, whilst the general aspect is that of a giant asparagus. Like the arbutus, some trees will be bare, others in leaf, and others in flower, all at the same season. When thickly clothed with foliage growing almost stalkless from the wood; topped with snowy blossoms, like the fairest and lightest of water-lilies, and hung about with four or five hundred gourds; ovals somewhat larger than a cocoa-nut, dressed in green velvet with the nap on, and attached by a long thin cord, like tassels which wave with every breath of the zephyr, its appearance is striking as it is novel. Nothing, in fact, after the negro can be more typically and distinctly African.

Escorted by Said bin Salim and his slave, we visited the village Mwándá. It is the normal collection of cajan-thatched huts, with wattle and dab walls, gathering round a little Mosque and grave-yard. There are no stone dwellings, but scatters of such hovels extend far and wide. The settlement was mostly tenanted by women who hid themselves, by children who ran away, and by slave-girls who squatted, combing and plaiting one another's locks; these grinned merrily enough, having nought to fear. The faces were hideous to look upon, with black, coarse

skins, scarred and seamed by small-pox; huge mouths, and rolling eyes. Not a few were lame and toothless, and the general dress was the ungraceful swaddle of blue, checked or indigo-dyed stuff. Presently we were addressed by an old man, carrying a spear, and attired in Arab fashion, of red cap, loin-cloth (Futah), and Tobe (Taub), or shoulder-scarf. Taking us for traders, who came to buy cocoa and cloves, he placed a Kitandah (cot) under the central calabash, the gossip-place of the village, and brought us cocoa-nut-water, which here takes the place of coffee. In vain we offered high prices for meat; geese, ducks, and fowls, however, were abundant.

After a short rest we set out northwards, to inspect the plantations. Most of the men were at work in their Mashamba; the weeds had been burned for manure, the primitive manner of restoring nutrition to the soil, and the peasant, with his rude implements, was smoothing the lowlands for paddy. Already the light showers of the Azyab had flooded the ground, and the stagnant stream which we forded was choked with rush and sedge. A 'Tell,' or dwarf rise, was occupied by a farm belonging to the late Sayyid; here we were again seated and supplied

with mangoes. This fruit, curious to say, would never fall upon the Prince's head, although his courtiers often suffered severe contusions—at least, so we were assured.

After a long walk, which crippled my naked arms and legs with sunburns, we returned to the shore, and Said complaining, with a visage like Falstaff's 'wet cloak ill-laid up,' that never before had he endured such fatigue, we signalled the Riámi for a boat. It was five hours coming, the wind blew off shore, and we had some trouble in persuading certain Tumbatu men to carry off the party of six in a monoxyle, a single log of wood, propelled by a scarf. A few dates and a dollar sent them back happy, and the Riámi had used her time well in washing decks and taking in water.

The weather now set seriously against us. The thermometer fell some 5° (F.), and heavy showers, mostly in the morning, wetted us clean through, despite all precautions. Lightning from the N. West appeared; the 'egg of the cloud' showed the focus of electric matter, and tornados, exactly resembling those of the Guinea coast, made the crew down sail, and satisfy themselves with one knot an hour. They had a peculiar style of keeping watch; all sat up sing-

ing till 10—11 P. M., after which every man slept as unanimously. The only waker was poor Said, who with red eyes and peeling nose suffered crispations when the squalls came on. About 9 A. M. (January 10) we sighted for the first time Pemba, the Emerald Isle of these Eastern Seas; and after three days' stumbling over 33 miles from Kokoto-ni, Pemba channel, with the hills of the Mrima clear on our left, appeared at 3 P. M. To the right rose the tree-grown banks, and the verdant coral-ledges, which have given a name to the Green Island of the Arabs. Except from the mast-head it is invisible at an offing of 12 miles, this forest-clump emerging from the blue and buoyant wave, and therefore it was neglected by the Periplus. In A. D. 1698 the bold buccaneer Captain Kidd here buried his blood-stained hoards of gold and jewels, the plunder of India and of the further Orient. The people have found pots of 'nuggets,' probably intended for buttons, in order that the pirate might wear his wealth. Thus it is that the modern skipper, landing at Madagascar, or other robber haunts of the older day, still frequently witnesses the disappearance of his brass buttons, whilst the edge of a knife resting upon his throat secures the quiescence

essential to the rapid performance of the operation.

The complicated entrance to Chak-Chak, or Shak-Shak as the Arabs call it, the chief port, fort, and town, has that silent, monotonous, melancholy beauty, the loveliness of death, which belongs to the creeks and rivers of those regions. The air was pure and sparkling; a light breeze played with the little blue waves; the beach, wherever it appeared, was of the purest golden hue, creamed over with the whitest of foam; and luxuriant trees of the brightest green drooped from their coralline beds over a sea, here deeply azure, there verdigris coloured by the sun shining through it upon a sand-shoal. But animated nature was wanting: we heard not a voice, we saw no inhabitant—all was profoundly still, a great green grave. A chain of islets forms the approach to a creek, below all mangrove and black vegetable mud, which stains the water, and bears roots upsticking like a system of harrows; above on both sides are rounded swelling hillocks, crowned with the cocoa and the clove. We sailed about on various tacks, and near sunset we anchored in the outer port, four or five miles distant from the town. On a wooded eminence rose the white walls and

the tall tower of Fort Chak-chak, standing boldly out from its dark green background, and apparently commanded by higher land, nowhere, however, exceeding 150 feet, while the spars of an Arab craft peered above the curtained trees. With the distinctest remembrance of Indian rivers, my companion and I could not but wonder at the scene before us.

Early on the next morning we manned the Louisa, and rowed slowly through a gate, formed on the right by Ra'as Kululu, and on the left by a high plantation Ra'as Bannani. It led to a broad, deep basin, where two or three Sayas, small Arab vessels, not wishing to approach the town, lay at anchor. After a couple of hours, during which progress was of the mildest, we entered a narrow creek, bordered by a luxuriant growth of mangroves. The black and fœtid sea-ooze, softer than mud, which supports these forests of the sea, contrasts strangely with the gay green of their foliage, and the place was haunted by terns, grey kingfishers, and hawks of black and white robe, big as the 'Ak-baba,' and said to be game birds. Here and there a tall man paddled a tiny canoe, and an old slave woman went to catch fish with a body-cloth, used as a net: she suggested the venerable com-

parison of the letter S mounted on 'No. 11.' The old Arab geographers seem to have been struck by the piscatorial peculiarities of these coasts. El Idrisi (1st climate, 7th section) informs us that 'the people supply themselves from the sea without craft or without standing upon the shore. They use, whilst swimming or diving, little nets which they themselves make of woven grass; they tie them to their feet, and by slip-knots and lashings held in their hands, they draw fast the snare when they feel that a fish has entered it. All this they do with exceeding art and with a cunning bred by long experience: they also teach land reptiles to drive their prey'—possibly the iguana.

The tide, which hereabouts rises from twelve to thirteen feet, was then rapidly ebbing. At high water large boats run up under the walls of Chak-Chak; during the ebb the creek within several yards of the landing-place is a quaking bog, which receives a man to his waist. After three hours of persistent grounding, and nearly despairing to reach our mark, a sharp turn showed us the fort almost above our heads: we disembarked and waded up to the landing-place.

Ascending the sea-slope, I was struck, even

after Goa and Zanzibar, by the wondrous fertility of the land. All that meets the eye is luscious green; cocoas, jacks, limes, and the pyramidal mangoes grow in clumps upon the rises; the wild solanum with bright yellow apples, and the castor shrub, rich in berries, spread over the uncultivated slopes; excellent rice, of which the Island formerly paid tribute, clothes the lowlands, and the little fields bear crops of holcus and sesamum, vetches as Thur (Cajanus Indicus), Mung (Phaseolus radiatus), and Chana or Gram (Cicer arietinum), with manioc, and many species of garden-stuff and fruit-trees, especially oranges and citrons. The eternal humidity—páni jo ghano sukh, say the Banyans—unfavourable to human, fosters vegetable development in a luxuriance more oppressive than admirable. After a few minutes' climb we entered Chak-Chak, which, like a Brazilian country-town, consists of one long narrow lane. It is formed by square huts of wattle and dab, raised upon platforms of tamped clay: each tenement has a 'but' and a 'ben,' and most are fronted by a deep verandah, where poultry, fruit, and stale fish are exposed for sale by many familiar faces hailing from Hindostan.

My first visit was to the Wali or Governor,

Mohammed bin Nasif bin Khalaf. In his absence at Zanzibar, we were received by his brother Sulayman, who lay upon his bed shaking with fever: the house was like its neighbours, and the verandah was partly occupied by a wooden ship's-tank. We then took refuge against the sun at the shed called Place of Customs, where we were duly welcomed, whilst cloves were being weighed by the slaves. The Collector of government dues was a nephew of Ladha Damha, this Pisuji was at the head of some ten Bhattias: they are readily distinguished by red conical fools' caps, and by their Indian Dhotis, or loin-cloths. His reception was far more cordial than it would have been in his own land, where Banyans are by no means famous for hospitality to the Mlenchha, or outcaste. We determined him to be an exceptional man, but afterwards, on the coast, we received the same civilities from all the Hindu and almost all the Hindi (Moslem) merchants. Pisu reproached Said for not landing us last night, seated us on cots, and served upon a wooden tray sliced mango and pineapple, rice, ghee, and green tea. An old Sindi tailor, Fakir Mohammed, son of a petty officer who had served as a Turkish gunner in Yemen, brought a bot-

tle, and invited us to carouse with 'wuh safed,' that white one—probably gin. Our refusal to taste it did us good service with the Sherif Mohammed, a Hazramaut man, educated in Sind, and chief of the 25 to 30 Indians who compose the little colony. We were visited by the Jemadar, Musa Khan, who commands a score of Baloch mercenaries, readily distinguished by close-fitting lips and oval heads in this land of muzzles and cocoa-nut skulls. They greatly admired our weapons, specially my basket-hilted Andrea Ferrara, the gift of an old friend, Archibald McLaren, and one young fellow volunteered to accompany us up country. The Wasawahili were the least civil; they heard that certain Muzungu Kafirs had visited their town, and came to stare accordingly.

The good Pisu sent for our casks, and had them filled from the Mto-ni, behind the fort. This streamlet, some 15 feet broad and armpit deep, supplies water far superior to that of the wells and the brackish produce of the sands near the anchorage ground. Finally, he accompanied us, with the chief notables, to the landing-place, and sent us off in his own boat, which he had loaded with rice and fruits.

Pemba is an irregular coralline bank, com-

posed of some 15 or 20 smaller items, covered with the richest vegetable humus. It is, in fact, an archipelago growing up into an island. Like Zanzibar, it is a low bank perched upon the summits of submarine mountains, which rise from depths not yet fathomed. Its extreme length is 42 miles, from Ra'as Kigomathe (Kegomatchy of Owen), the N. West point in S. lat. 4° 47′, and Ra'as Msuka (Said Point), in S. lat. 5° 29′ 30″. The long narrow steep varies in breadth from 2 to 10 miles (Owen), between E. long. (G.) 39° 39′, and 39° 48′, to which 5′ must be added since Bombay[1] and the Cape of Good Hope have been found to be placed that much too far west. Ra'as Kigomathe, the point nearest the mainland, is separated from it by Pemba Channel, here 19 to 20 miles broad, and the greatest width is 35 miles. The western seaboard, where calmer waters under a lea land favour the labours of the polypus, is evidently advancing rapidly, and here the coast-line is notably broken compared with that of Zanzibar

[1] The new system of electric signals has again altered the position of Bombay, which is placed now in E. long. (G.) 72° 48′ 4″. Before that invention the difference between London and Paris varied from 2° 20′ 15″ to 2° 20′ 24″. In 1854 M. Le Verrier determined it from 200 observations to be 2° 20′ 9.45″

and with its own eastern or windward coast. In this point it resembles Jutland, Iceland, and Norway, where the S. West, a prevalent wind, tears to pieces the occidental shores, and deposits the débris upon the leeward half. The reefs and shoals, branching in all directions, but especially westward, are still unexplored, and every ship that sounds does new work. The height of the Island nowhere exceeds 180 feet, and the soil is purely vegetable. The streamlets are not worth mentioning, and the general unimportance of the long narrow bank unfits it for representing the Menouthian depôt.

A strong current runs between Zanzibar and Pemba, carrying ships northwards sometimes at the rate of 50 miles per diem. The principal settlement, Chak-Chak, is built upon a deep inlet on the western coast, where the Island is narrowest. The distance is some 17 direct geographical miles (or 25 by course) north with easting from the southern Cape, and the approach is winding and difficult. The most objectionable part of the Green Isle is its climate. No man here is in rude health, laming ulcers on the legs exactly resembling syphilitic sores, stomach pains, and violent indigestions afflict new comers: hydrocele is a plague, and the

population is decimated by small-pox, dumb agues, and bilious fevers.

In its palmy day many Portuguese, merchants and soldiers, settled at Pemba upon large plantations, and with the abundance of water and provisions, amongst which cattle are specified, consoled themselves for the insalubrity of the atmosphere. At the end of the sixteenth century, when that celebrated corsair the Amir Ali Bey had raised the coast, the 'Moors' of Pemba revolted against their Shaykh, and murdered the foreign settlers—men, women, and children. The chief, with a few fugitives, took refuge in Melinde, and was speedily restored to his own by the Captain-Major Thomé de Souza Coutinho, brother of the Viceroy of India. He was again expelled shortly after A.D. 1594; and this time he retired to Mombasah, became a Christian, and married a Portuguese orphan: he eventually visited India with D. Francisco da Gama, who also promised to restore him, and the promise seems to have been kept. In December, 1608, the Island was visited by Capt. Sharpey, en route to India, and the treacherous Europeans persuaded the 'Moors' to attack his crew, after inveigling them on shore by a show of hospitality. Hence the 'villanies of Pemba' became a proverb on the coast.

A steep path, a yellow streak on the dark green ground, leads up to the Fort, which, situated beyond the settlement, commands the creek and landing-place. It is evidently an old Portuguese building. The frontage is a loop-holed curtain of masonry, flanked on the right by a round tower—a mere shell—and on the left by a square turret, pent-housed, with cajan mats. A few iron guns, honeycombed to the core, lie around the walls; the entrance is dilapidated; and the place, now undergoing repairs, is like most 'Forts' in these regions, about as capable of defence as the castled crag of Drachenfels. Hearing the people of Pemba call it, as at Maskat, 'Gurayza,' evidently a corruption of Igreja, and now meaning a combination of fortress and jail, I inquired about Portuguese ruins, and heard of two deserted churches, in one of which a bit of steeple is still standing. The Lusitanians, in later times, long made the Green Isle one of their principal slave-depôts: even in 1822 their ships traded regularly to Chak-Chak. I did not visit the ruins, which are said to be distant one day's march: there is nothing to interest man in the relics of the semi-barbarous European rule. The Island also boasts of a single mosque. The Pemba men pray at home,

and they are said to pray little. The population is held to be half that of Zanzibar, upon less than two-thirds, perhaps only one-half, of the area; but this appears a considerable exaggeration.

Pemba supplies her bigger sister-isle with a little excellent ghee and poor rice. The principal exports are cocoas and cloves; and here, as every where along the coast, cowries are plentiful. Bullocks, reared on the island, cost from $6 to $10; sheep, brought from the mainland, $3 to $4; and goats, which are rare and dear, from $7 to $9. Cash is evidently not wanting. Fowls are sold at 20 to 23 for $1—half the price of Zanzibar,—and eggs are very cheap, two or three being procured for a pice. The people complain that this year all provisions are exceptionally dear. The Banyans, who make Pemba their head-quarters, demand high agio for small change, giving only 111 pice for the German crown, whereas 128 is the legal rate at the capital. They also regulate the price of provisions according to the Zanzibar market. They have different weights and measures—the Kaylah, for instance, is greater—and, as usual in these regions, they keep the gross amount of exports and imports a profound secret.

Our gallant captain of the beard—'the Lord

have mercy upon him for a hen!'—determined to doze away the day, and to pass a snug sleepy night, anchored in some quiet bight. His crew also, although living upon Jack fruit, and supplied with only two skins of fresh water, grumbled exceedingly when I ordered a δρομος νυχθημερος. For a whole day they had tacked about the creek and basin till the shades of evening fell, and force was required to keep the canvas aloft. Presently, when running out of Pemba, grave doubts and misgivings about the wisdom of the proceeding came over me as the moonless night fell like a pall, and, exaggerated by the dim twinkling of the stars, rose within biscuit-toss the silhouettes of islet and flat rock, whence proceeded the threatening sounds of a 'wash.' Soon, however, emerging from the reefs, we smelt sea air, and we felt with pleasure the throb of the Indian Ocean.

During the three days that followed our patience was sorely tried. The sky was now misty, hiding the shore, so that sometimes we went south instead of north; then the spitting deepened to heavy rain, whilst the thermometer stood at 83° (F.). The Azyab or N. East wind, high and contrary, blew great guns, and a strong current set clean against us. The combing sea,

with waves raised some five feet, was most unpleasant during the long moonless nights: on this coast there are more shoals and coralline reefs than harbours, and the lee-shore, within a few yards of which we were periodically drifted, was steep to, with rocky banks and bars. Mariners rarely sail by night, except before a fair and steady wind, and in the open roadsteads they are ill-defended from the strong N. East monsoon. We long sighted the two high hummocks called Wasin Peaks, and we were compelled to ride at anchor off Gasi Bay, the strained old Riami creaking at every timber, and rolling gunwales under. Pleasant scenes were the rule. Mutton-livered Saíd, groaning and weeping, started up every half-hour during that 'black night,' and screamed with voice altered by violent flesh-quake, till he makes us all nervous as himself. The captain, sitting on the Zuli (deck), cried, Rih! Rih!—wind! wind!—asked what could be done, and more than once, as we were driven on towards a reef, definitively declared the Riami lost. The sailors, green and yellow with hard work and hunger, tacking out with the Barri (land breeze), and in with the Azyab, would not bale except under the stick. The iron boat sinking once, and twice snapping her painter in

the long rolling sea, gave us abundant trouble. At last, as a thick cloud veiled Jupiter and Venus, a cry arose that she had again broken loose; and we resolved to make Mombasah, trusting that Fate would restore her. More than once we thought of landing, and of walking along the shore to our destination: for if all was unpleasant outside the 'Beden,' the inside, with its atmosphere of cockroaches, bilge water, and rotting wood, was scarcely more attractive. Hitherto, from the moment of our leaving England, the expedition had met with little but ill luck.

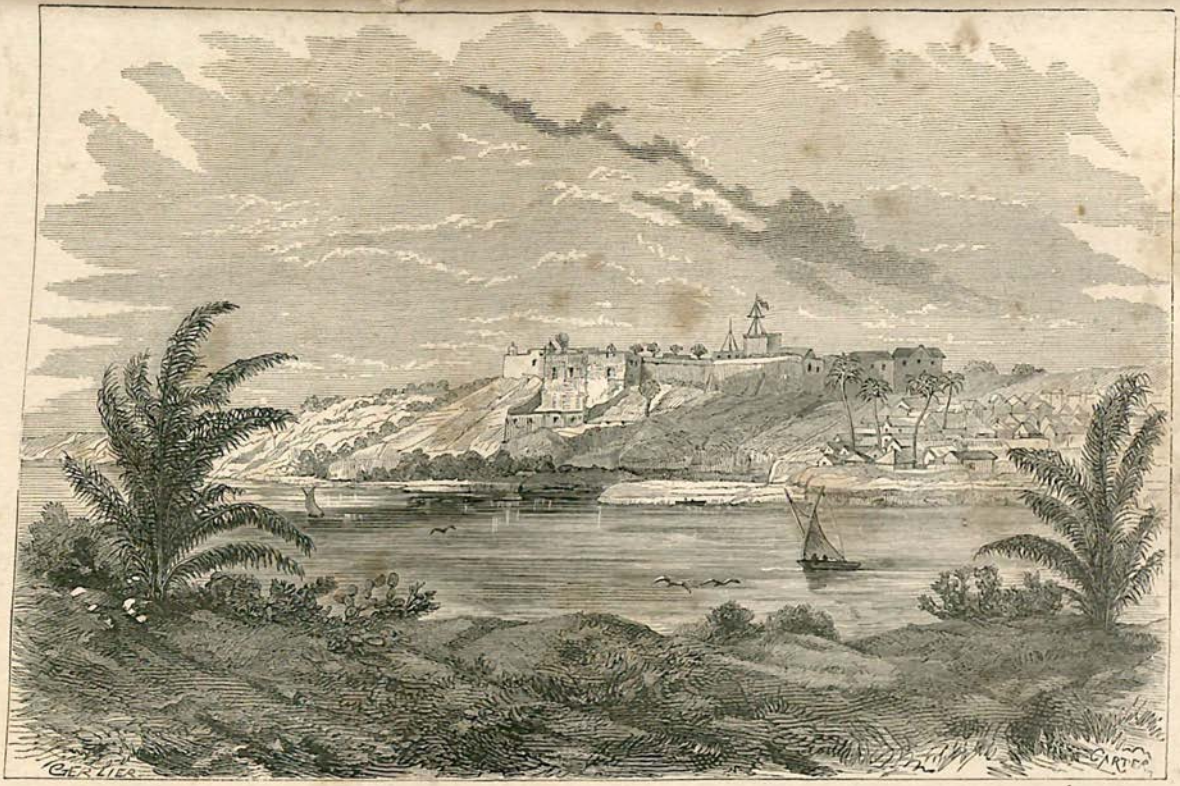
At length, on January 16th, after long and wistfully gazing, as the mist rose, at the three conical heads, which the Portuguese call 'Corôa de Mombaça,' and when almost despairing of reaching them, the wind suddenly became favourable, and we were driven round Ra'as Betani into the land-locked harbour, right joyful to cast anchor opposite English Point, and to pass the quiet night of which we had disappointed our crew at Pemba Island.

The run into Mombasah was truly characteristic of Africa. The men hailed us from afar with the query, 'What news?' We were unmercifully derided as Whites by the black nymphs,

bathing in the costume of Camoens' Nereids. And the sable imps, sunning themselves upon the white sand, shouted the free-and-easy Muzungu—'Europeans!'

I was not a little astonished at the first sight of this 'indomitable village,' whose history is that of the whole East African coast. Can this paltry settlement have been the capital of the King of the Zing, concerning whom Arab travellers and geographers have written such marvels? Is this the place whose stubborn patriotism and turbulent valour rendered her for nearly two centuries a thorn in the side of the Portuguese? that gave them more trouble than all the 2000 miles of shore? that allowed herself to be burnt three times to the ground, and that twice succeeded in massacring an enemy whom she had failed to expel? Can this miserable village have produced heroes, the Samson-like Ahmad bin Mohammed; the generous and chivalrous Abdullah bin Ahmad, and Mubarak, whose daring valour displayed during the war against Sayyid Said, still lives in popular song? Of the second named a story is told, which might belong to the knightly days of Europe. During the siege of Lamu, where, by-the-by, he lent his shoulders as a scaling-ladder to his father's soldiers, the young

chief received a poulet from a fair friend, containing these words: 'I hear that under our walls is a person named Abdullah; if he be the man I love, he will not remain so near me without claiming my hospitality!' To hear was to obey. The Mazrui, taking his trusty sabre, proved himself capable of the perilous enterprise, and after returning to his father's camp, he sent a slave to the governor with the simple message: 'Last night I slept in Lamu, and right soon I will sleep in it with all my men.'



MOMBASAH FORT

CHAPTER II.

MOMBASAH OR MVÍTA.[1]

'Est autem urbs illa sita intra sinum quemdam in rupe præcelsâ et editâ. Fluctus cùm se ab introitu sinus incitant, in adversam frontem urbis incurrunt. Inde deducti introrsus penetrant et utrumque latus urbis alluunt ita, ut peninsulam efficiunt.'—OSORIO, describing Mombasah.

FROM early ages the people of this inhospitable coast left untried neither force nor fraud,

[1] This Kisawahili name is usually written by the Arabs 'Mfita.' Dr Krapf prefers 'Mwita,' and remarks that the 'Wamwita,' together with remnants of 11 other tribes, represent the original inhabitants of Mombasah. The natives would also pronounce Mombasah as Mombásá; and indeed so it is written by Ibn Batuta (chap. ix.). The silent terminal aspirate of the Arabic and Persian becomes in Kisawahili a long á, e.g. Ndíká, a coffee-pot, from the Arabic Dallah and Daríshá, a window, from the Persian Daricheh. The translation of El Idrisi (Climate I. sect. 7), gives Manisa two days from Melinde, evidently a conception of Mvita. Capt. Hamilton (India, chap. i.) unduly contracts it to 'Mombas,' and this seems to be the cacography adopted of late years.

neither secret treachery nor open hostility, to hinder and deter Europeans from exploration. Bribed by the white and black 'Moors'—Arab and Wasawahili — then as now monopolists of the interior trade, Vasco da Gama's pilots attempted to wreck his ships. In later years the Banyans, becoming the chief merchants of this coast, excited against travellers the half-caste maritime races, as usual the worst specimens of the population; these in turn worked upon their neighbours, the sanguinary savages of the interior, who, in addition to a natural fear of everything new, cherish old traditions of the white man's piracy and kidnapping. In 1826 the brig Mary Anne was assaulted near Berberah and her crew was massacred by the Somal at the instigation, according to Lieut. Wellsted (Travels in Arabia, chap. xviii.), of the Banyans, who certainly withheld all information by which the attack could have been prevented or repelled. In 1844 a combination, secretly headed by Jayaram, the Collector of Customs at Zanzibar, so effectually opposed Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton that, unable to hire a vessel on the Island, he crossed over to the Continent in a launch borrowed from the Sayyid and manned by his own boat's crew. Now, however, the increased number and power of the

European houses, the greater facility of communication, the presence of our ships in these ports, and the more settled state of the Dominion, have convinced Arabs, Banyans, and Wasawahili, that it is vain to kick against the pricks in European shape. Yet they yield unwillingly, knowing that exploration will presently divert their monopoly into other channels, and, quoting the Riwayat or rhymed prophecy, that sovereignty shall depart from them when the Franks' first footstep shall have defiled the soil. Even in our time (1857) travellers should consider the countenance of the Sayyid's government a sine quâ non, and unless marching in great force or prepared for universal bakhshish, they should never make their starting-point any port distant from head-quarters.

The town of Mombasah, still called 'Mwita,' meaning fight or battle, is mentioned in A.D. 1331 by the Shaykh Ibn Batuta, as a large place abounding in fruits, and peopled by a 'chaste, honest, and religious race.' Two centuries afterwards the site is thus described by the Colto e buon Luigi—as Camoens was termed by the amiable Tasso.

> The isle before them stood so near the land,
> that narrow was the strait which lay between;
> a city situate upon the strand
> was on the seaboard frontage to be seen:

with noble edifices fairly planned
as from the offing showed afar the scene;
ruled by a king for years full many famed,
the isle and city were Mombasah named.[1]

In João de Barros and others we read attractive details of beautiful gardens, lofty towers, a harbour full of ships; of handsome men and of honourable women habited in silk robes and adorned with gold and jewels; of the 'knights of Mombasah,' which now can hardly show a head of horse, and of the 'ladies of Melinde,' where the plundering Gallas have left only heaps of ruins. The King, 'for years full many famed,' received his first Portuguese visitors with peculiar empressement, and with the kindly purpose of cutting Vasco da Gama's throat, enticed him to land by promises to furnish wax, wheat, ambergris, ivory, and precious metals,[2] and by send-

[1] In the original—

Estava a ilha a terra tão chegada
Que humo estreito pequeno a dividia;
Huma cidade nella situada
Que da fronte do mar apparecia;
De nobres edificios fabricada
Como por fóra ao longe descobria;
Regida por hum Rei de antigua idade,
Mombaça he o nome da ilha e da cidade.

LUSIAD, i. 103.

[2] In 1823 the Arabs informed Capt. Boteler 'that in some rivers in the vicinity gold in small quantities was at times pro-

ing samples of spicery—pepper, ginger, and cloves—apparently all imports, as Calicut Banyans and Christians of St Thomas were upon the spot. But when the great Captain's ship weighed anchor to enter the port, she struck upon a shoal probably at the southern end of the channel formed by 'Leven Reef Head' and the mainland: the 'Moors' tumbled into their canoes, the Mozambique pilot took a header from the stern, and an ugly plot stood forth in its nakedness. To make certain, Da Gama of the 'awful eyes' extracted the truth from his Moslem captives by 'heating lard and dropping it upon their flesh:' unable, however, to revenge himself, he set sail for Melinde.

And here we may explain how arose the contempt and hatred which the coast has attached to the word Faranj, or Feringhee. The Orient became acquainted with Europe at a time when the Portuguese were slavers and robbers in the Lord's name, when the Dutch were second-rate traders, and when the English were rank 'salt-water thieves.' Vasco da Gama did not hesitate to massacre all his prisoners, or to decorate his yard-arms with wretches suspended like the cap-

cured' (Narrative of a Voyage of Discovery, &c., vol. ii., chap. i.).

tives of 'Sallie rovers.' Albuquerque's soldiers hewed off the hands and feet of women and children, the quicker to secure their rings and armlets. Torture and cruel death, especially wholesale burning, fell to the lot of Moslems and Pagans. In the seventeenth century even the commanders of the Hon. East India Company's ships, according to Della Valle, committed robberies ashore and on the high seas. The 'Grand Mogul' regarded our people as a race 'of dissolute morals and degraded religion'—tetræ belluæ, suis molossis ferociores.

In A.D. 1500 Mombasah yielded to D. Alvarez Cabral, and, three years afterwards, the Captain Ravasco settled its tribute. On August 13, 1505—events succeeded one another rapidly in those brave old times—D. Francisco de Almeyda, the first viceroy of Portuguese India, who had been gravely insulted by the turbulent citizens, attacked with his 20 ships, captured and burnt it. The Sultan was admitted to the honours of vassalship and tribute; stringent regulations were made, and the conquest having been placed in the first of the three provinces of Ethiopia and Arabia, with Mozambique as the general capital, the government was confided by the king, in A.D. 1508, to D. Duarte de Lemos. In 1516 Mombasah is

described by Duarte Barbosa as a well-built, wealthy, and flourishing place, which exported honey, wax, and ivory. It was again attacked by D. Nuno da Cunha, who was bent upon avenging the insults offered to his allies, the chiefs of Zanzibar, Melinde, and Atondo. The Sultan defended himself stoutly, introduced into the city 5000 black archers, and armed a fort with cannon taken from Portuguese ships: the women and children were sent to the mainland, and a system of sorties and surprises was organized, which protracted the affair from November 14 to March 3, 1529. At length D. Nuno, after destroying the houses and cutting down the palm trees, set fire to the place, and burnt it to the ground. These active measures secured peace for some years. In 1586 the Turkish corsair, Ali Bey, persuaded Mombasah to place itself, like Makdishu, Ampaza, Lamu, Kelifi, and Brava, under the Sultan of Stambul. D. Duarte de Menezes, viceroy of India, sent from Goa a fleet of 18 ships, under Martim Affonso de Melo Bombeyro, who revenged the insult by burning Mombasah the third time.

Tradition asserts, contrary to received opinion, that the Conquistadores penetrated far into the interior, and common sense suggests that soldiers

so adventurous would not confine themselves to the seaboard. The Wasawahili speak of a ruined castle on Njuira, a hill north of the Pangani river, and placed by M. Rebmann 160 miles from the ocean. At Chaga, a district west of Mombasah, whose apex is the well-known and much-vexed Kilima-njaro or Kilima-ngao, stone walls, a breast-work for cannon, and an image of a long-haired woman seated upon a chair and holding a child, are reported still to remain. The Wanyika, or 'Desert people' of the Mombasah Range, have preserved in their Kayas, or strongholds near Rabai Mku, certain images which they declare came from the west. According to Dr Krapf, these statuettes, called Kisukas, or little devils, are carried in war processions to encourage the combatants. No European has ever seen this 'great medicine,' nor has any Chief ever dared even to propose showing them to the mission: whenever a European evinced more pertinacity than was pleasing, he found the bushes upon his path bristling with bow and spear, and capped by the woolly mops of the sable Roderick Dhu's clansmen.

'And every tuft of broom gave life
To nigger warrior armed for strife.'

Iconolatry is unknown to these tribes, and the

savages probably derived their Kisukas from some civilized race.. According to Andrew Battel, of Leigh, the English captive at Angola (A.D. 1589), the Jagas, or Giagas,[1] did not worship, but had small images in their towns, and a life-sized figure of a man called Quesango. As a rule, however, especially in the non-maritime regions, the negro's want of constructiveness and of plastic power prevent his being an idolater in the literal sense of the word: he finds it more convenient to make a god of 'grass or palm-leaves and broken pieces of calabashes, to which feathers of fowls are fastened by means of blood.'[2]

[1] The racial name of these wandering Lestrigons, so formidable to the Portuguese in the 16th century, and taken from a title of honour, 'Captains of warlike nomades,' is thus confused by Prichard (Natural History of Man): 'In 1569 the same people are said to have been completely routed on the Eastern coast, near Mombasa, after having laid waste the whole region of Monomotapa.' He may have heard of the Highland of Chaga, whose people, however, call themselves not Wachaga, but Wakirima — mountaineers. Or he may have known that the Portuguese inscription over the Fort Gate at Mombasah declares that in A.D. 1635 the Capitão Mor, Francisco de Xeixas e Cabrera, had subjugated, amongst others, the King of Jaca or Jaga. Jaca is also mentioned by J. de Barros (ii. 1, 2). M. Guillain (vol. ii. chap. xxii.) makes 'Chaka' a town between Melinde and the mouth of the Ozi river. We find 'the Jages, Anthropophagos,' in Walker's Map, No. 4, Universal Atlas, 1811.

[2] Messrs J. Schön and Samuel Crowther's Journals with the Niger Expedition of 1841. London, 1842.

The important depôt was again attacked in 1589 by a savage host from the south, called by contemporary historians, 'Zimbas:[1] the city was taken by the savages; and after plunder and massacre, it was again occupied by Thomé de Souza Coutinho. In 1592, according to the Mombasah Chronicle, Shaho bin Misham, its last Shirazian Sultan, was succeeded by Ahmad the Shaykh of Melinde. Two years afterwards a fort was built by order of the Viceroy Matthias d'Albuquerque, and in 1596 D. Francisco da Gama re-established the Portuguese rule. If we may believe the Dominican monk João dos Santos, who was present during the war waged with the Monomotapa about the mines of Chicova, the conduct of the European foreigners was 'outrageous and unreasonable,' and it soon led to the usual consequences. The first deadly blow against the conqueror was struck by Yusuf bin Ahmad, alias Dom Jeronymo Chingoulia, the Nana Sahib of the Eastern Coast. A son of Ahmad, the first Melinde Sultan of Mombasah,

[1] Dos Santos calls the Commander 'Muzimbas.' Duarte Barbosa mentions sub voce Zimbaoche, a great village seven days' journey from Benametapa. De Barros identifies it with the Ptolemeian Agyzimba, and describes it as a royal residence of the Emperor Benomotapa. It is the Zumbo of Dr Livingstone.

he was sent at an early age to Goa, under the charge of Augustine monks, with orders to bring him up in the true religion; he was baptized in A.D. 1627, and, after writing a submissive letter to the Pope, he was permitted to return home, and was imprudently promoted to the chieftainship in August, A.D. 1630. The convert began by making Moslems eat pork, and by similar demonstrations of zeal. When all suspicions were laid at rest, Yusuf, no longer Jeronymo, collected 300 savages, entered the fortress in order to visit its commander, Pedro Leitão de Gamboa; and at a given signal stabbed the latter with his own hand, whilst his followers killed the captain's wife and daughter, together with the priest, who was saying mass. The surviving Portuguese barricaded themselves for a week in the Augustine convent, but opened the doors when the young Sultan promised to spare their lives. He at once caused all the wretches to be arrowed, and the holy buildings to be profaned and destroyed. Brave as he was cruel, he defended during three months his city against a large fleet and armament sent by the Viceroy D. Miguel de Noronha, Count of Linhares; he beat off Francisco de Moura, and having captured two Portuguese vessels, he dismantled the citadel, burnt the city, destroyed the

trees, and escaped with his 'Pandis' to Southern Arabia.

Fatal example! Mombasah thus learned that Europeans were easily conquered. The wasted island was re-occupied by the Portuguese, and the citadel was repaired in A.D. 1635. But after Hormuz and Maskat had fallen into the hands of the Persians and the Arabs, the Yurabi Imam of Oman, Sultan bin Sayf, besieged Mombasah about A.D. 1660, and, after five years' investment, captured only the fort. His son and successor, Sayf bin Sultan, whose squadron was aided by the noble Arab tribe Mazrui, and by the dependent Wasawahili, again attacked the Portuguese, recovered the fort, massacred its defendants, and established an Arab governor. This decisive event took place on the 9th of Jemadi el Akhir, A. H. 1100 (December 14, 1698), a date celebrated in many a local ballad.

I have sketched the modern history of Mombasah when chronicling that of Zanzibar. Sayyid Said, wiser than the Portuguese, secured his conquest by the Tarquinian operation of striking down all the tallest growth. For our temporary protectorate Capt. Boteler is the best authority, and since A.D. 1837 the place has no name in the

annals of the coast. The traveller, as well as merchant, must lament that we abandoned its cause; had England retained it, the interior would long ago have been opened to us. This lament may seem strange in the days when we propose to give up Gibraltar, as we have given up Java, Sicily, and the Ionian Islands—conquests hard won by blood and gold, and parted with for a song.

The harbour of Mombasah is spacious and land-locked; without exception, the best on the Zanzibar coast. Its magnificent basin is formed by one of those small coralline islands which, from Suez to Cape Corrientes, have long been the centres of commerce with peoples who, brutalized by barbarism, and incapable of civilization, would have converted mainland depôts into scenes of rapine and bloodshed. Of this chain the principal links, the Tyre, the Alexandria, and the Araduses of East Africa, are Masawah, old Zayla, Berberah—in the 16th century an islet—Makdishu, Lamu, Wasin, ancient Mtanga, Pemba, Zanzibar, Mafiyah, the original Kilwa, and Mozambique. The island is a mass of coralline, that forms scarps and dwarf cliffs, 45 to 60 feet high, everywhere except on the west, where there is a tongue of sand, and where

the level ground is covered with the fertile humus of decayed vegetation; the shape is an irregular oval, about 3 miles long by $2\frac{1}{2}$ broad, and this flat surface is capable of growing the richest produce. The soil, excessively permeable and bone-dry after a few hours following the heaviest downfalls, allows neither swamp nor bog. Eastward, or outside, there is good riding-ground defended on both sides by reefs; inside a double sea-arm moats the islet in every direction from the coast. This channel of coral-rag and oyster-rock, about 280 yards wide at the mouth, broadens northwards into a deep and secure basin, Captain Owen's[1] Port Tudor, so called from the officer who surveyed it, and westward of the islet is Port Reitz, a longer and a wider water. Vessels usually lie under the town opposite English Point, where they find safe anchorage. In the South-West monsoon, however, between May and September, square-rigged ships must be warped out, and in so doing they run some risk of being wrecked.

On the N. West Point, where a little battery commanded the passage, Mombasah Island is separated from the mainland by a shallow ford, and possibly this canal may be artificial.

[1] A plan of the Island was published by Rezende in 1635.

Here I should be inclined to place the New Fosse[1] of the Periplus, and to identify, as do Vincent and Stuch, the Pyralaon Islands, with Pemba, Zanzibar, and Mafiyah. M. Guillain, by a careful calculation of distances, would transfer the site further north to the natural channel between Patta, Mandra, Lamu, and the mainland. But whilst errors of numerals are easily made, and readily copied in manuscripts; and whilst mistakes of distance can easily be accounted for, it is hard to believe that the Phœnician, Egyptian, and Greek merchants would have neglected the finest harbour and the best site for trade upon the whole Azanian shore. Moreover, there is nothing in the text to prevent the Pyralaon Islands being those off the Benadir, and the Fosse being about the

[1] In the edition of Charles Muller (Paris, 1845) the word καίνης disappears, and the sentence becomes καὶ της λεγομένης διώρυχος, 'and the so-called fosse.' Certainly the term διῶρυξ would suit the Mombasah Canal better than the Channel of Patta, and the former is the only 'digging' where human labour can possibly have been applied. Thus Pliny (v. 3) explains the name of the city Hippo Diarrhytus, 'from the channels made for irrigation.' That the scanty population of Arabs at ancient Mombasah was incapable of excavating a canal 600 metres long is no proof that the work was not done. The Sultan of Mombasah could bring into the field 5000 wild archers, and, similarly, in the Brazil the most astonishing works were effected by a handful of Portuguese, assisted by hordes of Tupy savages.

modern ford of Mkupa on the west of the Island of Mombasah.

Said went on shore as the anchor ran out, and presently returned, accompanied by Lakhmidas Thakurdas, the Banyan Collector of Customs, with a civil message from the Jemadar, or Fort Commandant. Other visitors were Hari, a young Bhattia, speaking English learned at Zanzibar, and a certain Rashid bin Salim, a captain's clerk, whose son is commanding a Kisawahili caravan in the Ukamba-ni country. With them we landed at a natural jetty in the N. Eastern front of the town, and where the dents of cannon-balls mark the position of a battery. Hence we ascended the cliff by a flight of steps in a dark dwarf tunnel, which is a reminiscence of the English. Further to the N. West is the wharf, constructed in 1825 by Lieut. Emery, and near it vessels generally lie. The tunnel opens upon the Mission House, a double-storied box of coarse masonry; the ground-floor belongs to Sayyid Said, and Shangora, the Msawahili 'care-taker,' duly supplied the key. To the right and left were other similar tenements, all more or less dilapidated, and the S. Eastern point was occupied by a small Custom House painfully whitewashed.

We are now in the Gavana (i. e. Governo), at present the Arab town, as opposed to the Mji wa Kale, Harat El Kadimeh, the 'old quarter,' the Black Town of the Portuguese. The site of the former is a dwarf rise at the S. Eastern and seaward edge of the Island, and it faces to the N. East, where over the pure blue channel orchards and verdure and wells of pure water commend the mainland as a villeggiatura. The form of the settlement is a parallelogram running N. West to S. East, and it was separated from the Black Town by a wall 10 to 12 feet high. This, under the Mazrui Shaykhs, was repaired and provided with a few bastions; between the Gavana and the citadel, however, a defensive work was not judged necessary, and now—an excellent sign—the rampart is rapidly falling to ruins. Here are the tombs of the local heroes who made Mombasah a historic name, and under a shed repose the remains of the Mazara governors, beginning with Mohammed bin Usman. The tombs are of masonry, and are distinguished by bearing epitaphs, which are somewhat in the style of prayers recited before the graves of Walis at Meccah and El Medinah. Amongst them is the sepulchre of Khuwaysah bint Abdillah, a woman apparently with a soul,

for Allah is begged to 'make her home Paradise, with the best of its inmates.'

The materials of the Gavana are brown thatch huts, clustering round a few one-storied, flat-roofed boxes of glaring lime and coral rag, equally rude within and without. On the N. West lies the 'native' half, which prolongs the Arab quarter beyond the enceinte; this suburb is wholly composed of sun-burned and wind-blackened hovels, forming a labyrinth of narrow lanes. Outside the faubourg clusters a thicketty plantation of cocoa and fruit trees; here was the favourite skirmishing-ground between the Sayyid's troops and the Mazrui defenders of the city. Mombasah is, as far as Nature made her, pleasing and picturesque, but man has done his best to spoil her work. A glorious 'bush,' a forest of tall trees, capped by waving palms, laced with llianas, and studded with shady mangoes, thick guavas, and fat baobabs, here forming natural avenues, there scattered as in a pleasure-ground, overspreads the vicinity of the town, whilst the more distant parts to the West, S. West, and N. West, are dense wild growths, virgin, as it were, and still sheltering the monkey and the hog, the hyæna and the wild cat. The presence of man is known

only by some wretched hut, or by a dwarf Shamba-plot of meagre cultivation.

We inquired for the tomb of the Resident, Lieut. John James Reitz, who died whilst exploring the Pangani river, and was buried here in 1823. The site was once a church, but it has been turned into a cattle-yard by the Banyans, and now it enjoys the name of Gurayza ya Gnombe (bullock church). Besides some fine old masonry-revetted wells, still supplying the best water, the only traces of the Portuguese and the 'twenty churches of Mombasah' are ruins of three desecrated fanes, especially the Gurayza Mkuba (great church), the Augustine convent which lies in the north-eastern part of the Gavana. It is not to be compared for interest with the Jesuit remains upon the Rio de São Francisco. The people no longer show, as in 1824, the heap of masonry under which, says Boteler (ii. 1—20), they had buried the Moslems who fell during the second massacre of the Portuguese. I did not see the pillar or obelisk and the ruined fort to the S.S. East of the citadel, shown in Captain Owen's chart. The Gurayza Mdogo is near the Augustine convent, and has now all the semblance of a dwelling-house. The battery or citadel, built by the Portuguese in 1594, and repaired in

1635, has been so much altered that it is now an Arabo-Msawahili construction. Its position is excellent, outside and S. East of the Gavana, pointing to the N. East, with complete command, at a distance of 600 fathoms, over the narrow northern entrance, and wanting only a reform in the batteries à fleur d'eau, and clearing out the interior of sheds and forage, to be a match for all the fleets of Arabia. Originally a quadrangle, some 120 yards square, with 4 bastions facing the cardinal points, it was sunk below the level of the coralline rock, which thus forms the footing of the walls, and which supplies a broad, deep moat. According to the Mombasah chronicle, the stones were brought ready cut from Portugal: the phrase is 'Do Reino,' which Capt. Owen has rendered 'from Rainu,' and elsewhere is commemorated 'The Sultan of Rainu.' The S.S. Western is the strongest side, whence a land attack might be expected: the other flanks are rich in dead ground, and the N.N. West front protects the Gavana. My sketch of the north-eastern face, taken from the Mhoma-ni Shamba, on the opposite side of the creek, shows a picturesque yellow pile, with tall, long, and buttressed curtains, which appear slightly salient, enclosing

towers studded with perpendicular loopholes; three tiers of fire opposite the entrance to the northern harbour; a place d'armes; a high donjon with a giant flag-staff, conspicuous for 5 or 6 miles from the south, and sundry garnishings of little domes and luxuriant trees, some even growing out of the wall cracks.

Hearing that strangers are admitted to the Fort—Mrs Rebmann has often visited it—I proceeded to the head-quarters of the Jemadar. Arrived at the land gate leading to the inner Barzeh or vestibule, my attention was directed to the Portuguese inscription before alluded to. It is half defaced by the Arabs, but this is of the less consequence as copies have been published by Captains Owen and Guillain.[1] At the angles of the western and southern bastions are also scutcheons in stone bearing the names Baluarte São Felippe and Baluarte Alberto. That to the north was called Baluarte São Matthias (from Matthias de Albuquerque), but here, as on the south side, the inscriptions have disappeared, probably by the fire of the enemy. A sentinel at the gate

[1] Owen (i. 404, 405) sketches and transcribes it very incorrectly. Guillain (vol. i., Appendix, p. 622) has done his work better. In vol. i., p. 442, however, he gives the name of the governor as 'Sexas e Cabra'—the latter by no means complimentary.

waved his hand and cried, Sir! Sir! (go! go!); but I persisted in sending for the Jemadar Tangai, who took my hand and led me towards a shed of leafy branches, some 15 paces outside the Fort. Here, he assured me, the Sayyid himself used to faire anti-chambre; but I could see only hucksters and negroes. We parted in high dudgeon, nor did we ever become friendly. Saíd bin Salim, who during this scene had remained below and afar off, showed us the chief mosque—there were eight when Lieut. Emery visited the town[1]—and a formless mass of masonry, which marks the last resting-place of some almost forgotten heroes.[2]

The climate of the Island is hotter, healthier, and drier than that of Zanzibar. The rains begin with storms in early April, or before the setting in of the S. West monsoon. They are violent in May, and from that time they gradually decrease. Between December and March there are a few showers, for which the cultivator longs; and, as may be imagined in an island ever subject to the sea-breeze, the dews are exceptionally heavy. The people suffer little from dysentery and fever:

[1] Short account of Mombas and the neighbouring coast of Africa, by Lieut. Emery, R. N. Journal Royal Geographical Society, vol. iii. of 1854.

[2] This may, however, be the pile spoken of by Boteler.

Europeans, however, complain that they are never free from the latter. The endemic complaint is a sphagadenic ulcer upon the legs and parts most distant from the seat of circulation. Here, as in Abyssinia, in Yemen, in the Hejaz, and at Jerusalem, the least scratch becomes an ugly wound, which will, if neglected, destroy life. The cause may be found in the cachectic and scorbutic habit induced by the want of vegetables and by brackish water; the pure element is, indeed, to be found in the old wells beyond the town and on the mainland; but the people save trouble by preferring the nearer pits, where water percolates through briny coralline. The town has suffered severely from epidemics, small-pox, and what strangers call the plague. The citizens still remember the excessive mortality of 1818, 1832, and 1835. At Mombasah I heard nothing about the curious influence which the climate is said to exercise upon cats, causing a sandy-coloured fur to be exchanged for 'a coat of beautiful short white hair'; and producing, according to others, complete baldness, like the Remedio dogs of the Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

Mombasah, as has been seen, trades with the Wanyika for copal, with the people of Chaga

and Ukamba-ni for ivory, and with the inner tribes generally for hippopotamus' teeth, rhinoceros' horns, cattle, cereals, and provisions. Slaves are brought from Zanzibar, natives of the country about and south of Kilwa being preferred. The imports are chiefly cottons, glass, beads, and hardware. There is no manufacturing industry, except a few cloths, hand-made in the town. Besides Harar, Mombasah is the only tropical African city which boasts an indigenous coinage. During the wars with Sayyid Said, the Mazrui chief, finding a want of small change, melted down a bronze cannon, and converted it into pieces a little larger than our sixpence. The bit, which bears on the obverse the name of Mombasah, whilst the reverse assures the owner that it is 'money,' was forcibly circulated, and the value was established at an equivalent to the measure (Kibabah) of Maize. Since the fall of the Mazara this purely conventional coin has fallen into disuse, and I was unable to find specimens of it.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE KISULODI-NI MISSION HOUSE.

Tremolavano i rai del sol nascente
Sovra l'onde del mar purpuree e d'oro,
E in vesti di zaffiro il ciel ridente,
Specchiar parea le sue bellezze in loro.
D'Africa i venti fieri e d'Oriente,
Sovra il letto del mar prendean ristoro.—TASSONI.

LEAVING directions with Lakhmidas to land and lodge our cockroach-gnawed luggage, and deputing Saíd bin Salim, supported by our two Portuguese servants and his three slaves, to protect it, we set out on the morning after our arrival to visit M. Rebmann of the 'Mombas Mission' at Kisulodi-ni, his station. Before the sun gained power to destroy the dewy freshness of dawn, we slowly punted up the northern sea-arm which bounds the Mombasah islet: in our

heavy 'dau'—here all the lesser craft are so called—manned by two men and a small boy, we justified the stern Omar's base comparison for those who tempt the sea, 'worms floating upon a log.' Whilst threading the channel our attention was attracted by groups of market people, especially women, who called to be ferried across. On the part of our crew the only acknowledgment was an African modification of Marlow Bridge, far-famed amongst bargees. Sundry small settlements, bosomed in thick undergrowth, relieved by brabs, cocoas, and the W-shaped toddy-tree, appeared upon each 'adverse strand.' After a two miles' progress, lame as the march of civilisation at S'a Leone, we entered Port Tudor, a salt-water basin, one of the canals of Mombasah Bay, about two miles broad, and in depth varying from one to fifteen fathoms. Broken only by the 'Rock of Rats,' and hedged on both sides by the water-loving mangrove, it prolongs itself towards the interior in two tidal river-like channels for about ten miles, till stopped by high ground. The northern is named 'Water of the Wakirunga,' and the north-western 'Water of the Rabai,' from tribes owning the banks. Captain Owen has christened them respectively William

Creek and River Barrette, after the officers who aided in his survey. Similarly, Port Reitz, to the south-west, projects a briny line called 'Water of Doruma'—the region which it drains—and receiving the Muache, a sweet rivulet that flows from uplands 20 to 30 miles from the coast. Such in nature is the Tuaca, or Nash river, which defaces our maps. It is a mere confusion with Mtu Apa, the 'River Matwapa' of Captain Owen, a village and a little runnel five miles north of Mombasah. Lieut. Emery mentions the 'hamlet of Mtuapa, situated at the entrance of a small river, which runs about sixteen miles into the country.' Like the Cuavo, or great 'Quiloa river,' a salt-water inlet receiving during the rainy season the surface drainage of a seaward slope, the 'Tuaca' becomes a noble black streak, dispensing the blessings of intercourse and irrigation athwart three inches of white paper. The presence of such rivers must always be suspected: they would long ago have fundamentally altered the social condition of the interior. We may remark the same of Ptolemy's three great Arabian streams, which could have existed only in the imagination of travellers.

As we advanced up the Rabai Water the sea

arms shrank, and the scenery brightened till we felt that any picture of this gorgeous and powerful nature must be comparatively grey and colourless. A broken blue line of well-wooded hills, the Rabai Range, first offsets of the Coast Ghats, formed the background. On the nearer slopes, westward, were the rude beginnings of plantations, knots of peasants' huts hove successively in sight, and pale smoke-wreaths, showing that the land is being prepared for the approaching showers, curled high from field and fell. Above was the normal mottled, vapoury sky of the rainy zone, fleecy mists, opal-tinted, and with blurred edges, floating on milk-blue depths, whilst in the western horizon a purple nimbus moved up majestically against the wind. Below, the water caught various and varying reflections of the firmament: here it was smooth as glass, there it was dimpled by the pattering feet of the zephyrs, that found a way through the hill-gaps, and merrily danced over the glistening floor. Now little fish, pursued by some tyrant of the waters, played duck and drake upon the surface: then larger kinds, scate-shaped, sprang five or six feet into the air, catching the sun like silver plates. On both sides the wave was bounded

by veritable forests of the sea. The white mangrove affected the unflooded ground; the red species (Rhizophora Mangle, Linn.) rose unsupported where solidly based, but on the watery edge it was propped, like a Banyan tree in miniature, by succulent offsets of luscious purple and emerald green, so intricate that the eye would vainly unravel the web of root and trunk, of branch and shoot. Hence, doubtless, the name Aparaturie, or Apariturier, of the old French travellers, from parere, because the tree reproduces itself like mankind before split into Adam and Eve. Clusters of parasitical oysters adhered edgeways to the portions denuded by the receding tide; the pirate-crab sat in his plundered shell, whilst the brown newt and rainbow-tinted cancers, each with solitary claw, plunged into their little hiding-holes, or coursed sidling amongst the harrow-work of roots, and the green tufted upshoots binding the black mass of ooze. These are the 'verdant and superb, though unfruitful, trees' of the old Portuguese navigator, which supply the well-known 'Zanzibar rafters.' Various lichens sat upon the branch forks, and tie-tie, or llianas, hung like torn rigging from the boughs. Here and there towered a nodding cocoa, an armed

bombax (silk-cotton tree), or a 'P'hun'-tree, with noble buttressed shaft and canopied head of leek-green, glinted through by golden beams. Fish-hawks, white and brown-robed, soared high in ether. Lower down, bright fly-catchers hunted the yellow butterflies that rashly crossed from bank to bank; the dove coo'd in the denser foliage; the yellow vulture, apparently keeping a bright look-out, perched upon the topmost tree-crest overhanging the shoal water which lined the sides; the small grey kingfisher poised himself with twinkling wings; the snowy paddy-bird stood meditating upon the margin of the wave, while sober-coated curlews and sandpipers took short sharp runs, and stopped to dive beak into the dark vegetable mud.

After seven hours, or ten miles, of alternate rowing, sailing, and pushing through pelting rain and potent sunbeams, we reached, about mid-day, the pier—a tree projecting from the right bank over the miry graves of many defunct mangroves. Our boat, stripped of sail, oars, and rudder, to secure her presence next morning, was made fast to a stump, and we proceeded to breast the hills. We began with rolling ground, sliced and split by alternate heat and moisture, thickly grown with tall coarse grass,

sun-scorched to a sickly tawny brown, and thinly sprinkled with thorny trees. Amongst the latter I recognized the 'Gabol'-mimosa of Somaliland, whose long sharp needle, soft whilst young, but dry, hard, and woody when old, springs from a hollow filbert-like cone.

Another mile brought us to the first ascent of the Rabai hills. The pitch of the fell was short but sharp, and the path wound amongst boulders, and at times under palms and clumps of grateful shade. On the summit appeared the straggling lodges of the savages, pent-housed sheds of dried fronds, surrounded by sparse cultivation, lean cattle, and vegetation drooping for want of rain. The desert people were all armed, being in terror of the Wamasai, the natural enemies of their kind. None, however, carried guns, the citizens of Mombasah having strictly prohibited the importation of powder; a wise precaution which might be adopted by more civilized races upon the West African coast. Amid cries of Yambo!—a salutation which recalled dim memories of Mumbo Jumbo—especially from that part of the community termed by prescriptive right the fair—questions as to whether our bundle contained provisions, and the screams of lean-ribbed children,

we pursued our road under the grateful cover of a little wood, and then over ridgy ground where a scattered village, shortly to be wasted by the Kimasai spear, was surrounded by the scantiest cultivation. At the end of a five-mile walk we entered the Mission House, introduced ourselves, and received from Mr and Mrs Rebmann the kindest welcome. They were then alone, M. Deimler, who had lived with Mr Isenberg in Abyssinia, having left them three days before in H. M.'s ship Castor, the late Commodore Trotter. We afterwards saw the latter at Zanzibar.

The Kisulodi-ni Mission House[1] at Rabai Mpia appeared to us in these lands a miracle of in-

[1] I made a sketch of it which was published in Dr Krapf's Travels, chap. xiii. Rabai Mpia, 'New Rabai,' is thus distinguished from a neighbouring settlement, Rabai Khú or Kale, 'old Rabai.' According to M. Guillain (i. 247), the 'Montagnes de Rabaye' correspond with the 'Alkerany' of the geographer Ibn Saíd, who says, 'East of Melinde is Alkerany, the name of a mountain very well known to travellers. This height projects into the sea for a distance of about 100 miles in a north-east direction; at the same time it extends along the Continent in a straight line, trending south for some 50 miles. Amongst the peculiarities of this mountain is the following: the continental portion contains an iron mine, which supplies all the country of the Zenj, besides being exported, and the part under the sea contains magnetic matter which attracts iron.' Evidently 'Alkerany' belongs to the geography of El Sindibad of the Sea, better known as Sindbad the Sailor.

dustry. Begun about 1850 by Messrs Rebmann and Erhardt, it was finished after some two years of uncommonly hard work. The form is three sides of a hollow square, completed with a railing to keep poultry from vagrancy, and the azotea, or flat roof, is ascended by an external ladder; the material is sandstone, clay-plastered and white-washed; mangrove rafters form the ceiling, and Mvuli planks the doors and shutters. It has, however, its inconveniences, being far from that source of all comfort, the well, and beplagued with ants—the little red wretches are ubiquitous by day, and by night overrunning the clothes, nestling in the hair, and exploring nose and ears without a moment's repose, they compel the inmates to sleep with pans of water supporting the couch legs. We enjoyed sundry huge 'sneakers' of tea, and even more still the cool, light, refreshing air of the heights, and the glorious evening, which here, unlike 'muggy' Zanzibar, follows the heavy showers. The altitude by B. P. proved to be 750 feet, not 1200 to 2000, as reported.

The servants, most grotesque in garb and form, gathered to stare at the new white men, and those hill-savages who were brave enough to enter a house stalked about, and stopped occasionally

to relieve their minds by begging snuff or cloth. One of the attendants had that in his face and manner which suggested the propriety of having a revolver ready. 'Do not mind him,' said Mrs Rebmann, 'he is a very dear friend,—one of our oldest converts.' 'Yes,' pursued her husband, 'Apekunza was mentally prepared for Christianity by a long course of idiocy, poor fellow!' We were somewhat startled by the utter simplicity of the confession when it was explained to us that the convert Apekunza, whom Dr Krapf calls Abbe Gunja, had, as often happens to Africans, been driven to distraction by the loss of all his friends and relatives. M. Rebmann also related to me in pathetic terms the death of the mechanic missionary, Johannes Wagner, a youth who, suffering from typhus, was very properly, but in vain, supplied with abundant stimulants, therefore the Arab version of the event was Sharrabúhu Khamr kasír—sár sakrán—mát wa Jehannum (they gave him much strong liquor—he got drunk—died, and went to Gehenna). To compare the edification of the people round the Christian death-bed, as set forth in the Missionary Intelligencer, was not a little suggestive of the delusions in which even honest men can live.

At a conference with the secretaries of the Church Missionary Society in London, Major Straith and the Rev. Mr Venn had intrusted me with an open letter to their employé, dated Sept. 30, 1856, giving him leave of absence in case he decided to accompany the East African expedition at the expense of the latter. They had neglected to forward a copy, but M. Rebmann had received a second communication, which he did not before produce. His earliest impulse was evidently to assist in carrying out the plans which had been first formed by the 'Mombas Mission,' and personally to verify the accuracy of the map, then so loudly and violently criticised, now gaining credit every year. But presently cool reflection came. He was not in strong health; he had, perhaps, seen enough of the interior; and, possibly, after a few conversations he thought that we relied too much on the arms of flesh—sword and gun. The home instructions were, 'The Committee have only to remark that they entirely confide in you, as one of their missionaries, that wherever you go you will maintain all the Christian principles by which you are guided; that should you see fit to go with the expedition your experience and knowledge of the language may prove very valu-

able; while you may also obtain access to regions and tribes where missionary enterprise may be hereafter carried on with renewed vigour.' This did not quite suit us, who had been pledged by Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton to avoid 'Dutchmen' and proselytizing. Briefly, M. Rebmann did not accompany us. A few weeks afterwards we met him again at Zanzibar, whither he had been driven by the plundering Wamasai in February, 1857. His passion for the 'wunderbar' had not abated, and he told us impossible legends about vast forests and other mythical features, near the Nyassa, southern or Zambezean Lake. During the years which he had spent in the Wanyika country he had never studied its language; but when driven from it, he immediately applied himself to Kinyika. An honest and conscientious man, he had yet all the qualities which secure unsuccess. He was the last of the ten members of the hapless Mission: all of them were attacked by bilious remittents a few weeks after commencing their labours; several had died, and the others had sought less dangerous fields for labour, and some possibility of doing something in the spiritual way. That it has been highly successful, geographically speaking, none can doubt. The short trips into the

interior, and the long conversations with the natives, duly published by Messrs Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, gave an impulse to East African exploration utterly unknown before their day. And as the recent valuable labours of Messrs Wakefield and New prove, the 'Mombas Mission' is not likely to derogate from its former fame.

We had proposed for ourselves a short excursion inland from Mombasah; but everything combined to oppose the project. The land was parched, provisions were unprocurable, the robber tribes were out, and neither guides nor porters would face the plundering parties then approaching the town. Indeed, it is to be feared that the entrance to Chaga, Kilima-njaro, and the hill country around will now be closed to travellers for many a year. Caravans dare not risk a contest with professed plunderers; and hereabouts a successful raid always leads to sundry repetitions. Such is the normal state of East Africa, from the Red Sea to the Cape. The explorer can never be sure of finding a particular road practicable: a few murders will shut it for a generation, and effectually arrest him at the very threshold.

We had no object during a mere 'trial trip,' either to fight our way, or to pave it with gold.

Our course was to economize life and money for the great task of exploring the Lake Regions. This was duly explained by me to the Royal Geographical Society, and no African traveller would have required the explanation. But a certain Herr Augustus Petermann, of Gotha, could not resist the temptation of taunting me with having hesitated to face dangers through which the missionaries had passed, 'weaponed only with their umbrellas.' This gentleman from Germany had visited England, and had created for himself the title of 'Physical Geographer to the Crown': when, however, no salary was the result, he returned to his native land, declaring that the Crown must take its geography without physic. His style of settling geographical questions, for instance in the 'Skizze' before alluded to (note 1, chap. v.), seems to be simply striking a mean between the extremes of the disputants. The process reminds one of a Bombay savan, locally famed, who, having collected every observation published upon the disputed longitude of that port, added them all, divided them by the number of the items, and produced *his* meridian. As a reward for Herr Petermann's 'zealous and enlightened services as a writer and cartographer in advancing geographical science,' that is to

say, persistent book-making and map-drawing, he, and not Mr Alexander Findlay, received, in 1867, the Founder's medal of the Royal Geographical Society; and I can only say that in this case the gift has gone cheap, and has been easily gained, as what is called in familiar French 'un crachat.'

Unlike the traveller, the merchant always commands an entrance for his goods: if one line be shut up, another forthwith opens itself. Such we found this year to be the case at Mombasah; the western country has suddenly been closed to Arabs and Wasawahili; the north-western has become as unexpectedly practicable. On January 19 (1857) returned the van of a large trading party, which had started for the interior in September last. It was composed of about 200 men—Arabs, Wasawahili, and slaves, of whom 40 bore provisions, rice and maize, pulse, sugar, and tobacco, whilst 150 armed with muskets carried packs to the value of $3000 in 'Merkani' (American domestics), sheetings, longcloths, and other stuffs; green, white, and spotted beads, knives, tin (bátí), brass wires, and small chains, with stores and comforts for the journey. After 19 days of actual marching, and sleeping out 24 nights, they reached Kitui, the farthest point

visited by Dr Krapf in 1849, and thence they dispersed through Ukamba-ni and Kikuyu, its north-western province, to purchase ivory. The latter article sold per Farsalah (35 lbs.) for 88 cubits of cotton cloth, probably worth at Zanzibar 11 German crowns and a small merchant could thus afford to being back from 1400 to 1500 lbs.

I wrote down a list of their marches[1] and

[1] The route which follows seems to agree, as far as it goes, with the Rev. Mr Wakefield's No. 3, from Mombasah to Dhaicho. I have not changed my notes, which still appear in my diary of 1857.

1. Mombasah viâ Mkupa to Rabai: 1 full day.
2. Kitakakai in the plains of the Wakamba: 1 day.
3. Mtu 'Ndogoni (M'tu Anggoni of Capt. Guillain?): 1 day.
4. Wamamba of the Doruma: 1 day.
5. Kisima (little well), amongst high hills, with a small reservoir: 1½ day. This appears to be the Ngurunga za Kimiri and Ngurunga za Mlala of Capt. Guillain, and the Gurungani of Mr Wakefield).
6. Dayda (Tayta, the Taveta of Capt. Guillain, which Mr Wakefield makes a corruption of a Kikwavi word, 'Ndoveta'): 2 days (1 long and 1 short).
7. Ndi, a place infamous for thieves: 1½ day.
8. The Chágo (Zavo) or Tsavo river: 1½ day. (Captain Guillain has a village, Segao.)
9. Mtitowandei: 1½ day.
10. Kikumbulu, or country on the southern frontier of Ukamba: 1 day.
11. The Adi (Sabaki or Sabbak) river, which disembogues itself north of Melinde, unfordable after rains: 1½ day.
12. The Tiwa river in Yátá: 1 day.
13. Nzáu, the land of tobacco: 1½ day.

stations, carefully comparing the accounts of several travellers. Ukamba-ni was described to me as a country rich in game, whose rivers were full of hippopotamus; with gazelles, jungle-cattle, and 'wild camels' (giraffes) in the plains, and in the bush lions and leopards, elephants, and the rhinoceros, which the Arabs here call 'El Zurraf,' and describe to be very fierce. The tribes are subject to head men, whose influence extends over a few miles: these chiefs must be propitiated with cloth and beads, for which they return safe conduct and provisions. At Kikuyu the caravan found a royalet, Mundu Wazeli, whose magical powers were greatly feared. The people, a semi-pastoral and hospitable race, willingly escorted the strangers. They are braver than the Wanyika, and they effectively oppose the Wamasaa, when invading their country to drive the Galla cattle. The Wakámbá claim blood-relationship with the Wakwafi and the Wagálla, who, it must be remembered, speak an Arabic dialect. All spring from the three sons

14. Kitui: 2½ days.

Thence, to the beginning of Kikuyu, the travellers make from 4 to 8 stages. The day's work would be 9 hours, including 2 of halt, and the distance, assuming the pace to be 2½ miles per hour, would be about 17 miles. Here, say the people, 10 marches do the work of a month on the southern lines, the reason being want of food and water, and fear of enemies.

of a venerable keeper of cattle, Mkwáfi the senior, Mgálla, and Mkámbá: the legend seems invented to account for the inveterate blood-feud between the cousin tribes. When the founders had inherited their father's property, they had been cautioned against robbing wild honey, and they were told, as in the Crystal Palace, 'Never kill a Bee.' Mkámbá, apparently having a sweet tooth, attacked a wild hive, and had the misfortune to see all his cattle rush violently to the forests, where in time they became 'buffaloes' and antelopes. He naturally robbed his second brother, who, in turn, robbed the senior, who retorted by robbing the junior, and so forth till the present day. The climate is good, water abounds, and provisions are cheap. The honey is 'white as paper'; sugar-cane, manioc, holcus, and tobacco are everywhere cultivated by the women; poultry is plentiful, and goats cost 8, while cows fetch 24 cubits of cotton cloth. The beasts of burden are asses and a few camels. The return road was rendered dangerous by the Gallas and the Wamasai, who both harry Ukamba-ni, but who did not dare to attack so large a body armed with guns. The caravan marched from sunrise till the afternoon, halting about half an hour after two hours' walking, the stages

being mostly determined by water. Every night they surrounded themselves with a corral, or rude abbatis, and they lighted huge fires against the wild beasts. I did not hear that any of the party died. My informants could tell me nothing concerning the giant snow-mountain, Ndur-Kenia,[1] that exceptional volcano, still active, when distant 6° from the sea, which would postulate a large lacustrine region, possibly the Baringo or Behari-ngo. They had never heard of the Tumbiri or Monkey river, flowing to the N. West; of the direct communication with the Upper Nile, or of other geographical curiosities whose existence the study of the interior during the last few years has either confirmed or annulled. Yet they were acute and not incurious men. One of them, Mohammed bin Ahmad, had kept a journal of his march, carefully noting the several stages. The late M. Jomard, President of the French Geographical Society, had been in-

[1] The reports forwarded by the Rev. Mr Wakefield render it very probable that Mount Kenia is the Dŏĭnyo Ebor, 'White Mountain,' the block rising north of Kikuyu, and almost in a meridian with Kilima-njaro. Moreover, a native traveller has lately described a mass of 30 to 40 craters in the Njemsi country, south of the Baringo or Bahari-ngo Lake; the apex of the mountains being the Doenyo Mburo, alias the Kirima ja Jioki (Mountain of Smoke), heard of by Dr Krapf (Church Miss. Int., p. 234. 1852.)

formed (and misinformed) that an annual caravan of 'red people,' from the neighbourhood of Mombasah, carried beads to buy ivory on the Nile, about N. lat. 3°. He laid down the length of the journey at two to three months. The Arabs knew nothing of the matter.

Nothing even among the Somali Bedawin can be wilder than the specimens from Ukamba-ni; these Warimangao,[1] as the people of Mombasah call them, the 'sons' of the chief Kivoi, that danced and sang the Nyunbo or song of triumph in the streets of Mombasah. It was a perfect picture of savagery. About 50 blacks, ruddled with ochre, performed the Zumo (procession); men blowing Kudu-horns, or firing their muskets, and women 'lullalooing.' They sat with us for some hours drinking a sherbet of Ngizi, or molasses extracted from cocoa-tree toddy, and the number of gallons which disappeared were a caution. The warriors of the tribe, adorned with beads on the necks, loins, and ankles, were armed with the usual long bows and poisoned arrows, spears or rather javelins, knobsticks for striking

[1] The singular is Mrimangao, hence Mr Cooley's Meremongáo, whence iron was exported to make Damascus blades—risum teneatis? Dr Krapf says 'the Wakambá are called by the Suahili, Waumanguó.' M. Guillain (iii. 216) translates 'M'rimanggâo, or Ouarimanggâo' by 'gens qui vont nus.'

or throwing; knives and two-edged swords of fine iron, the latter a rude imitation of the straight Omani blade, of which I afterwards saw specimens upon the Congo river. Some had shock heads of buttered hair, wondrous unsavoury, and fit only for door-mats; others wore the thatch twisted into a hundred little corkscrews; their eyes were wild and staring, their voices loud and barking, and all their gestures denoted the 'noble savage' who had run out of his woods for the first time. They were, however, in high spirits. Before last year (1857) no Arab had visited their country; trading parties from Ukamba-ni sold ivory to the Wanyika for four times round the tusk in beads, and these middlemen, after fleecing those more savage than themselves, retailed the goods at high profits to the citizens. The Wakamba of the coast are, of course, anxious to promote intercourse between Mombasah and their kinsmen of the interior, and thus the road, first opened at the imminent risk of life, by the enterprising Dr Krapf, has become a temporary highway into the interior of Eastern Intertropical Africa —a region abounding in varied interest, and still awaiting European exploration. But let not geographers indulge in golden visions of the future! Some day the Arabs of Mombasah will seize and

sell a caravan, or the fierce Wamasai or the Gallas will prevail against the traders. Briefly, no spirit of prophecy is needed to foresee that the Kikuyu line shall share the fate of many others.

A report prevalent in Mombasah—even a Msawahili sometimes speaks the truth—that the Mission House had been attacked by the savages, and the march of an armed party from the town, showing a belief in their own words, hurried us up to Kisulodi-ni, on Sunday, January 18. The rumour proved to be false, but it was a shadow forethrown by coming events: as M. Rebmann showed certain velléités for martyrdom, I insisted that his wife, an English woman, should be sent down to Mombasah, and we had the satisfaction to see the boxes packed. This second visit added something to our knowledge of the country. The Ghaut, or Coast Range, which has no general but many partial names, as Rabai, Shimba, and others, varies in height from 700 to 1200 feet, and fringes the shore from Melinde to the Panga-ni river. Distant but a few miles from a seaboard of shelly coralline, it shows, like Madagascar, no trace of the limestone formation, which forms the maritime region of Somaliland. These hills are composed of sandstones, fine and coarse,

red-yellow and dark brown, with oxide of iron; the soil, as usual in Western Intertropical Africa, is a 'terrier rouge,' as Senegal was called by the French of the 17th century, a red ochreous clay, and bits of quartz lie scattered over the surface. Beyond it are detached hills of gneiss and grey and rufous granite: the latter is so micareous that the Baloch firmly believe it to contain gold.

Inland of Mombasah the Rabai Range is a mere ridge, with a gentler counter-slope landwards, declining 150 to 200 feet, not, as such maritime formations usually are, the rampart of an inland plateau. This unusual disposition probably gave rise to the novel idea—instruments were not used—that the interior falls to, and even below, sea-level, thus forming a depression, bounded north and south by rapid rivers, the Adi and the Panga-ni. The chine is broken by deep ravines, which during the rains pour heavy torrents into the sea-arms at their base: the people might make tanks and reservoirs by draining the smaller clefts, but they prefer thirst and famine to sweating their brows. Though exposed to the blighting salt breeze, the land wants nothing but water, and, this given, no man need 'tread upon his neighbour's toes.' Arecas and cocoas, bushy mangoes and small custard-apples, the guava and

the castor plant, the feathery manioc, and the broad-leaved papaw and plantain flourish upon its flanks. In the patches of black forest spared by the wild woodman, the copal, they say, and the Mvule, a majestic timber-tree whose huge trunk serves for planking and doors at Zanzibar, still linger. I saw none of the cinnamon plants mentioned by Dr Krapf. A little gum-animi or copal is here dug; but the inveterate indolence of the natives, their rude equality, in which, as amongst Bushmen, no one commands, and their inordinate love for Tembo, or palm-wine, are effectual obstacles to its exploitation. When we visited these hills drought and its consequence, famine, had compelled the people to sell their children: contented with this exertion, they did no more.

We left Kisulodi-ni on January 22, 1857. Some nights afterwards fires were observed upon the neighbouring hills, and the Wanyika scouts returned with a report that the Wamasai were in rapid advance. The wise few fled at once to the Kaya, or hidden barricaded stronghold, which these people prepare for extreme danger. The foolish many said, 'To-morrow we will drive our flocks and herds to safety.' But ere that morning dawned upon the world, a dense mass of wild

spearmen, numbering some 800 braves, sweeping like a whirlwind, with shout and yell and clashing arms, passed the Mission House, which they either did not see or which they feared to enter; dashed upon the scattered village in the vale below, and strewed the ground with the corpses of wretched fugitives. Thence driving their loot they rushed down to the shore, and met a body of 148 matchlock-men, Arabs and Baloch, Wasawahili and slaves, posted to oppose progress. The bandits fled at the first volley. The soldiers, like true Orientals, at once dispersed to secure the plundered cattle, when the Wamasai rallying, fell upon them, and drove them away in ignominious flight, after losing 25 men, to the refuge of their walls. The victors presently retired to the hill-range, amused themselves with exterminating as many Wanyika as they could catch, and, gorged with blood and beef, returned triumphant to their homes. The old Jemadar Tangai took from the unfortunate Wanyika all their remaining cows; they also retired into the interior, and the price of provisions at Mombasah was at once doubled.

The wild people of Eastern Africa are divided by their mode of life into three orders. Most primitive and savage are the fierce pastoral nomades, Wamasai and Gallas, Somal, and cer-

tain of the 'Kafir' sub-tribes: living upon the produce of their herds and by the chase and foray, they are the constant terror of their neighbours. Above them rank the semi-pastoral, as the Wakamba, who, though without building fixed abodes, make their women cultivate the ground: these clans indulge in occasional or periodical raids and feuds. The first step towards civilization, agriculture, has been definitively taken by the Wanyika, the Wasumbara, the Wanyamwezi, and other tribes living between the coast and the inland lakes: this third order is usually peaceful with travellers, but thievish and fond of intestine broils.

But a few years ago the Wakwafi,[1] who in

[1] Dr Krapf's 'Vocabulary of the Engútuk Eloikob' (Wakwafi), Tübingen, 1854. The author, a far better ethnologist than linguist, made the Wakwafi tribe extend from N. Lat. 2° to S. Lat. 4°, and in breadth from 7° to 8°. He derives the racial name from Loi or Eloi ('those,' plural of Oloi), and Gob or Kob (country) 'those in or of the country'; the word has been corrupted by the Wakamba to Mukabi, and by the Wasawahili to Mukafi and Mkwafi, in the plural, Wakwafi. Late reports represent the fact that the Wamasai tribe, after the fashion of all Inner Africa, is struggling to obtain a settlement upon the coast, where it can trade direct with Europeans, and has actually succeeded in driving the Waboni from the southern bank of the Adi or Sabakí river: thence its progress to Melinde and the seashore is easy and sure. I regret to state that the valuable papers by Herr Richard Brenner (Mittheilungen, &c., Dr A. Petermann, 1868) have not been translated into

their raids slew women and children, were the terror of this part of the coast: now they have been almost exterminated by their Southern and S. Western neighbours, the Wamasai, a tribe of congeners, formerly friends, and speaking the same dialect. The habitat of this grim race is the grassy and temperate region, from N. Westward and to S. Westward of Chaga: nomades, but without horses, they roam over the country, where their flocks and herds find the best forage; they build no huts, but dwell under skins, pitching rude camps where water and green meat are plentiful. They are described as a fine, tall, dark race resembling the Somal, with a fearful appearance caused by their nodding plumes, their hide pavoises or shields, longer than those of the 'Kafirs,' and their spears with heads broad as shovels, made of excellent charcoal-smelted metal. According to native travellers, they are not inhospitable, but their rough and abrupt manners terrify the Wasawahili: they will snatch a cloth from the trader's body, and test his courage with bended bow and arrow pile touch-

English. Mr Edward Weller, however, has made use of that traveller's map in preparing his excellent illustration of these volumes. Herr Brenner is stated to be still in Africa; he appears to be an intelligent traveller, and we may justly hope that we have not heard the last of him.

ing his ribs. Life is valueless among them; arms are preferred to clothes, and they fear only the gun because it pierces their shields. They are frequented when in peaceful mood by traders from Mombasah, Wasin, Mtanga, and Panga-ni: this year, however, even those who went up from the Southern ports feared to pass the frontier. Such visits, however, are always dangerous. 'If a number of persons are killed by a certain tribe, and there happen to be parties belong to that tribe staying amongst the race which has suffered loss, the visitors are immediately put to death,' says Mr Wakefield. Cattle is the main end and aim of their forays, all herds being theirs by the gift of the Rain-god and by right of strength;. in fact, no other nation should dare to claim possession of a cow. They do not attack by night, like other Africans: they disdain the name of robbers, and they delay near the plundered places, dancing, singing, and gorging beef to offer the enemy his revenge. Until this year they have shunned meeting Moslems and musketeers in the field: having won the day, they will, it is feared, repeat the experiment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PEOPLE OF MOMBASAH. THE WANYIKA TRIBE.

Statio benefida carinis.—VIRGIL.

IN 1844 Dr Krapf allowed the population of Mombasah town, without its dependencies, to be 8000 to 10,000. In 1846 M. Guillain reduced it to 2500 or 3000 souls, not including a garrison of 250 men, but including 40 families of Arabs (220 to 230 souls), and 50 Banyans and Hindostani Moslems. In 1857 I was assured that it contained 8000 to 9000 souls, thus distributed: Arabs, about 350; 300 Baloch and other mercenaries, 50 Bhattias, 25 to 30 Indian Moslems, the rest being Wasawahili and the slave races. The Wasawahili are distributed into two great groups. Older and consequently nobler, though

less numerous, are the Wamwita; they derive their origin from a Shirazi Shaykh whose name is locally forgotten. The other and far larger division is the Wakilindi-ni, who trace their name from Kilindi, whence they emigrated to Shungaya alias Shiraz, and eventually to Mombasah. Originally they occupied on the western shore of the island a separate settlement, which they called after their oldest homes; they built a tower of stone, surrounded it with a wall, provided it with wells, and thus rendered themselves independent of their patrons. Some remnants of eight other tribes, coast-Arabs who had suffered from the invader, also colonized Mwita. Under the rule of the Portuguese an amalgamation took place, and the several races all became Wasawahili. The city is now governed by three Shaykhs—of the Arabs, of the Wamwita, and the Wakilindi-ni: they receive a small salary, and they communicate direct with Zanzibar, visiting the Island once a year. Justice is administered by three Kazis similarly chosen: the troops are under a Jemadar, and a Banyan sent by the farmer-general from head-quarters, manages the Custom House.

The Kisawahili spoken at Mombasah is purer than that of Zanzibar, the result of being nearer

the fountain-head. Here the people can hardly articulate an initial 'A:' they must say, for instance Bdúlá, or as often Mdúlá, not Abdullah, and they supply a terminal vowel, as Shkúlá for School; the Hindostan man who shirks our double initial consonants would change it to ishkúl. The explosive sound of the *B* by forcibly closing the lips is given to the *M*, which becomes a perfect consonant having sound and continuance: before another consonant it creates in strangers' ears the suspicion of being preceded by the original vowel-sound, and when following a vowel it is articulated as a final not as an initial consonant—M'áná-*m*ke (a woman), for example, would be pronounced M'ána*m*-ke. The initial *N* also becomes before a consonant hard and explosive, and it sounds to the tyro as if a rapidly pronounced 'I' or 'E' were prefixed: Europeans, for instance, write *N*jia, 'Endia.' At Mombasah I heard the Arab 'Hamzeh,' or compression and contraction of the larynx, when a hiatus of two similar vowels occurs, as in Mcho'o (rain) and Tá'á (a lamp): in the dialects less pure the gap would be filled up by inserting the liquid R or L, as Mfuru for Mfu'u (the name of a tree). The Arabs and the more civilized tribes, I have remarked, prefer the R to the L, and say Rufu for

Lufu, the Upper Pangani river, and so forth. The *T* also assumes the cerebral sound of the Sanskrit and that which renders the English dentals so hard to foreigners.

We found unexpectedly at Mvíta—the 'Mombas Mission' having been kindly received—a reception which could not be called friendly. Small communities are rarely remarkable for amiability, and these citizens are taxed by the rest of the coast-people with overweening pride, insolence of manner, bigotry and evil speaking, turbulence and treachery. They cannot forget their ancient glories, their hereditary chiefs who ruled like kings with Wazirs, Shayhks of tribes and Amirs or chief captains commanding hosts of savage warriors. Of course they regret the Mazara whom they themselves were the first to betray —they would betray them again and regret them again to-morrow. Like all 'civilized' Africans, they are not only treacherous and turbulent, but also inveterate thieves and pilferers: few travellers have failed to miss some valuable in the boat that lands them. Lies were plentiful as pronouns. Whilst some for their own purposes made very light of travel in the interior, others studiously exaggerated the expense, the difficulty, and the danger; and recounted the evils which

had befallen Dr Krapf because he refused to take their advice. As I determined to disregard both, so they combined to regard us as rivals and enemies. They devoted all their energies to the task of spoiling us; and failing in that matter, they tried bullying: on one occasion I was obliged to administer, sword in hand, the descent down-stairs. The Jemadar Tangai, a gaunt Mekrani some 60 years old, and measuring 6 ft 2 in., insisted courteously upon supplying an escort, with the view of exchanging his worthless swords for our guns and revolvers: he could neither read nor write, but he was renowned for "'Akl,' intellect, here synonymous with rascality. His son Mustafa brought a present of goats and fruit, for which he received the normal return-gift; he expected a little cloth, gunpowder, and a gold chronometer. We were visited by a certain Shafei Shaykh; by a Mombasah merchant, Jabir bin Abdullah el Rijebi, who seemed to think that men should speak in his presence with bated breath: he almost merited and he narrowly escaped being led out of the room by his ears. The very Hindus required a lesson of civility. We were on the best of terms with the Wali or Governor, Khalfan bin Ali el Bu Saídí, a fine specimen of the Arab gentlemen: he was on board when the Sayyid died, and he

told us all the particulars of that event. But the manifest animus of the public was such as to make a residence at Mombasah by no means pleasant to us.

Considering the intense curiosity of civilized humanity to know something of its fellow-men in the state so-called of nature, of the savages which now represent our remote ancestors, I proceed to sketch the typical tribe of this part of Africa. My principal authority is M. Rebmann, who during nine years has made a conscientious study of the race, and who imparted his knowledge with the greatest courtesy.

The name 'Wanyika' means People of the Nyika,[1] or wild land: it is useless, with M. G. de Bunsen, to identify their land with the Νίκωνος ὄρμος of the Periplus, as every wilderness is here called Nyika. Moreover, the name is not anciently known upon the coast: we read of the Wakilindi-ni and of the 'Muzungulos,' the plundering tribe which occupied the terra firma of Mombasah, and thus we may suspect the Wanyika to be a race which has emigrated from the interior since the middle of the 17th century. Their own

[1] From Nyika, the wild land, comes Mnyika, the wild lander; Wanyika, the wild land folk; and Kinyika, the wild land tongue.

tradition is that they were expelled by the Gallas from the lands lying N.N. West of Melinde. They occupy the highlands between S. lat. 3° and 5°, and they are bounded north by the Wataita, and south by the Wasumbara. Dr Krapf proposes for them a census of 50,000 to 60,000 souls, which appears greatly exaggerated. They are, as usual, divided into a multitude of clans, concerning which we know little but the names. Mulattoes of an early date, negroes mixed with Semitic blood and with a score of tribes, these East African families appear to have cast off in the course of ages the variety and irregularity of hybridism; moreover, if it be true that 'the Semite is the flower of the negro race,' the produce would hardly be properly called half-caste. Receiving for ages distinct impressions of the physical media around them, they have settled down into several and uniform national types: these, however, will not be detected by the unpractised eye. Many considerations argue them to be a degeneracy from civilized man rather than a people advancing towards cultivation. Their language attaches them to the great South African race, and some have believed in their ancient subjection to the Ethiopian or Kushite Empire. The historian of these lands, however,

has to grope through the glooms of the past, guided only by the power to avail himself of the dimmest present lights. I vehemently doubt, moreover, the antiquity of maritime races in Tropical Africa—a subject which has been discussed in my sundry studies of the Western Coast. A case in point is the latest move of the pastoral Wamasai.

Physically the Wanyika race is not inferior to other negroids, nor degraded as is the Congo negro. Like the Galla and the Somal, the skull is pyramido-oval, flattened and depressed at the moral region of the phrenologist—a persistent form amongst savages and barbarians — and straight or 'wall-sided' above the ears, a shape common both to 'Semite' and negro. The features are 'Hamitic' only from the eyes downwards: the brow is moderately high, broad, and conical; the orbits are tolerably distant; the face is somewhat broad and plain, with well-developed zygomata; the nose is depressed with patulated nostrils, coarse and ill-turned; the lips are bordés, fleshy and swelling, and the jaw is distinctly prognathous. The beard is scant; the hair, which though wiry, yet grows comparatively long, is shaved off the forehead from ear to ear, and hangs down in the thinnest of cork-

screws, stiffened with fat. The skin is soft, but the effluvium is distinctly African; the colour is chocolate-brown and rarely black, unless the mother be a slave from the South. The figure is, like the features, Semitic above and negrotic below. The head is well seated upon broad shoulders; the chest is ample, and the stomach, except in early boyhood or in old age, does not protrude or depend. But the bunchy calf is placed near the ham; the shin-bone bends forward, and the foot is large, flat, and lark-heeled. Nothing is more remarkable than the contrast between form and face in the woman-kind: upon the lower limbs, especially the haunches, of the Medicean Venus a hideous ape-like phiz meets the disappointed eye: above hangs a flaccid bosom, below

> wand-like is
> Her middle falling still,
> And rising whereas women rise—
> Imagine nothing ill!

There is not, as amongst the Hottentots, that exaggeration of the steatopyga which assimilates the South African man to his ovines: the subcutaneous fat overlying the gluteian muscles and their adjacents, forms in early life a cushion rather ornamental than otherwise. Young men often

show a curious little crupper which gives a whimsical appearance to the posterior surface —I have observed this also amongst the Somal. The favourite standing position is cross-legged, a posture unknown to Europe; sometimes the sole of one foot is applied to the ankle or to the knee of the other leg: the gait—no two nations walk exactly alike—is half-stride, half-lounge. Eyes wild and staring, abrupt gestures, harsh, loud, and barking voices, still evidence the ignoble savage.

The Wanyika afford a curious study of rudimental mind. A nation of semi-naturals as regards moral and intellectual matters, their ideas are all in confusion. To the incapacity of childhood they unite the hard-headedness of age, and with the germs of thought that make a Bacon or a Shakespeare they combine an utter incapability of developing them. Their religion is of the 'small' category, the large being Brahmanism and Buddhism, Judaism, Christianity and El Islam, the first active Reformation of its predecessor, and the triumph of Arianism over Athanasianism. The system is that of a 'Gentile worshipping nothing,' yet feeling instinctively that there is a Something above or beyond him. It is the vain terror

of our childhood rudely systematized, the earliest dawn of faith, a creation of fear which ignores love. Thus they have not, in our sense of the words, God or devil,[1] heaven or hell, soul or spirit.

'Mulungu' is the Mnyika's synonym of the Kafir Umdali, Uhlanga, and Unkulumkulu, the Morungo of Tete, the Unghorray of Madagascar, and the Omakuru of the Damaras. Amongst the most advanced tribes it denotes a vague kind of God: here it means any good or evil ghost, especially of a Pagan. The haunting Moslem is distinguished as P'hepo, the plural of Upepo (a whirlwind, or 'devil,' generally called Chamchera). As amongst all Fetish worshippers, the evestrum which they call Koma—pronounced like Goma—meaning etymologically 'one departed,' is a subject of horror; but of the dead they say Yuzi sira—he is ended. They cannot comprehend a future state, yet they place sheep and goats, poultry and palm wine, upon the tombs of their dead. It is a modern European error (Rev. Mr J. F. Schön and Rev. Mr Sam. Crowther) to suppose that drops of liquor spilt, as by the Brass men,

[1] The Moslem Wasawahili adapts the modified Arabic form, 'Shaytani.'

in honour of the old people (ancestors), food-offerings at graves, and fires lighted there on cold wet nights, evidence the European's, the East African's,[1] or the American's belief in futurity: as the act proves it is a belief in presentity, and after a few years the ceremony showing 'a continuation of relationship between the living and the dead, is always disused. Savages cannot separate the idea of an immortal soul from a mortal body: can we wonder at this when the wisest of the civilized have not yet agreed upon the subject? The characteristic of the venerative faculty amongst savages and barbarians is ever irreverence: they cannot raise themselves to the idea of a Deity, and they blaspheme as if speaking of a man and an enemy. The Wanyika horrify the Moslems by their free language concerning Allah. So King Radáma I. of Madagascar, a comparatively civilized man, who attempted to regulate his forces upon

[1] I say East African because the western regions, especially Fanti-land and Dahome, believe in a Hades, or world of shades, which is apparently derived from Egypt. Of this I have spoken in my Mission to Dahome. Vitruvius exactly explains what my meaning is in the celebrated passage, Virgo civis Corinthia, jam matrem nuptiis, implicito morbo decessit; post sepulturam ejus quibus ea viva poculis delectabatur, nutrix collecta et composita in calatho pertulit ad monumentum, et in summo collocavit.

a European pattern, was in the habit of firing guns during storms; he declared that the two deities were answering one another—the God above speaking by thunder and lightning, the god below by cannon and powder. Yet he could anticipate the Bon Général Janvier by General Tazo, the swamp-fever, who he declared was his best aid against the French invader. Something of this irreverence is remarkable in the character of Richard Cœur de Lion.

The Wanyika thus hold, with our philosophers, that the Koma is a subjective, not an objective, existence; and yet ghost-craft is still the only article of their creed. All their diseases arise from possession, and no man dies what we should term a natural death. Their rites are intended either to avert evils from themselves or to cast them upon others, and the primum mobile of their sacrifices is the interest of the Mganga, or Medicine-man. When the critical moment has arrived, the ghost, being adjured to come forth from the possessed one, names some article, technically called a Kehi, or chair, in which, if worn round the neck or limbs, it will reside without annoying the wearer. This idea lies at the bottom of many superstitious practices: this negro approach to

a 'sympathetic cure' is the object of the leopard's claw, of the strings of white, black, and blue beads, called Mdugu ga Mulungu (ghost-beads), worn over the shoulder, and of the rags taken from the sick man's body, and hung or fastened to what Europeans call the 'Devil's Tree.' The 'Kehi' is preferred by the demon-ghost to the patient's person, and thus by mutual agreement both are happy. Some, especially women, have a dozen haunters, each with its peculiar charm: one of them is called, ridiculously enough, 'Barakat,' in Arabic 'a blessing,' and the P.N. of the Æthiopian slave inherited by Mohammed.

It has not suited the Moslem's purpose to proselytize the Wanyika, who doubtless, like their kinsmen the Wasawahili, would have adopted the Saving Faith. As it is, the Doruma tribe has been partly converted, and many of the heathen keep the Ramazan fast, feeling themselves raised in the scale of creation by doing something more than their pagan brethren. The ceremonies are the simplest contrivances of savage priestcraft. Births are not celebrated, and the weakly or deformed infant is at once strangled: it is a failure, and as such it is put away. Children become the property of the mother, or rather of her brother, to be disposed of

as he pleases: the only one who has no voice in the matter is the putative father. Circumcision, an old African custom extending from Egypt to the Cape, and adopted from the negroid by the Hebrews, is a semi-religious act performed once every five or six years upon the youths en masse, and accompanied by the usual eating and drinking, drumming and dancing. A man may marry any number of wives; the genial rite, however, is no tie to these fickle souls: it is celebrated by jollifications, and it is broken as merrily.

The principal festivities, if they can be so called, are funerals: the object is to 'break the fear' (Ussa kiwewe) of death, an event which, savage-like, they regard with a nameless dread, an inexpressible horror. For a whole week the relations of the deceased must abstain from business, however urgent, and ruin themselves by killing cattle and broaching palm-wine for the whole community. At these times there is a laxity of morals, which recalls to mind the orgies of the classical Adonia, and refusal to lavish wealth upon the obsequies of relations is visited with tauntings and heavy fines.

A characteristic of Wanyika customs is the division of both sexes into distinct bodies, with

initiatory rites resembling masonic degrees. The orders are three, not four as in India, Persia, and ancient Greece; and traces of such organization, founded as it is upon the ages of man, may be found in many communities of negroes and negroids. The Kru Republic, for instance, a pure democracy, flourishing close to the despotisms of Ashanti and Dahome, makes a triple division of its citizens: the Kedibo, or juveniles; the Sedebo, or soldiers (adults); and the Gnekbadi, elders and censors. The southern Gallas appear to be divided into 'Toibs,' or officers; the 'Ghaba,' adult warriors, who wear four Gútu or pigtails, projecting at right angles from the poll; and the 'Ari,' cadets or aspirants, who have a right to only two. The Wakwafi have the El Moran, warriors, young men who live with their fathers; the Ekieko, married men; and the Elkijaro or Elkimirisho, elders. The Wanyika split into the Nyere, or young; the Khambi, or middle-aged; and the Mfaya, or old. Each degree has its different initiation and ceremonies, with an 'elaborate system of social and legal observances,' the junior order always buying promotion from the senior. Once about every twenty years comes the great festival 'Unyaro,' at which the middle-aged degree is con-

ferred. This (1857) is Unyaro-year; but the Wamasai hindered the rite. Candidates retire to the woods for a fortnight, and clay themselves for the first half with white, and during the second with red earth; a slave is sacrificed, and the slaughter is accompanied by sundry mysteries, of which my informants could learn nothing. When all the Khambi have been raised to the highest rank, the Mfaya, these, formerly the elders, return, socially, to a second childhood; they are once more Nyere, or (old) boys, and there is no future promotion for them. After the clay-coatings and the bloody sacrifice, the chief distinctions of the orders are their religious utensils. For instance, the Muansa (plural Miansa) drum, a goat-skin stretched upon a hollowed tree-trunk, six feet long, whose booming, drawn-out sounds, heard at night amongst the wild forested hills, resembles the most melancholy moaning, is peculiar to the third degree or elders of both sexes. It is brought during the dark hours to the Kaya, and the junior orders may not look upon it. Similarly, the women have earthenware drums, which are concealed from the men. El Idrisi (1st climate, 2nd section) had heard that the people of El Banes, 150 Arab miles by sea from Manisa or

Mombasah, adored a drum called Esrahim. It was covered with skin only at one end, and was suspended by a cord to be beaten; the result was a frightful sound, heard at the distance of a league.

Languor and apathy are here at once the gifts of the media or climate, and the heritage of the race: moreover, man in these lands, wanting little, works less. Two great classes, indeed, seem everywhere to make of life one long holiday—the civilized rich, who have all things, and the savage, who possesses almost nothing. Yet is the Mnyika, and indeed mostly the wild man, greedy of gain—alieni appetens, sui profusus—perfectly dishonest in quest of lucre, and not to be bound by honour or oath, as he is reckless, wasteful, and improvident. Like their neighbour-nations in this part of Africa, these people are instinctively and essentially thieves. They never go to war; agriculture, commerce, and a settled life have enervated them into pusillanimity without supplying superior knowledge for offence or even for defence. They scratch the ground with their little hoes; they wander about after their few cows and goats; they sit dozing or chatting in the sun or before a fire; and they spend hours squatting

round an old pit till water collects, rather than sink it a few feet. Thus they idle away three days, and they rest from non-labour on the fourth, called Juna, from Jum'a the Moslem 'sabbath.' This, as amongst the Dahomans and other African tribes, is their week. Spare time is passed mostly in drunkenness, induced by Tembo or palm-wine, and with stronger liquors, when they can get them. They begin the potations early in the morning, and after midday they are seldom sober, except for want of material. The tom-tom is hardly ever silent: as amongst the Somal and the Wasawahili, it sounds at all times, seasons, and occasions: and they dance, accompanying themselves with loud cries, even to expel the bad ghost from the body of a bewitched friend. They have also the Dahoman rattle, an empty gourd or cocoa-nut, filled with pebbles and provided with a handle: this is the celebrated 'Tamaraka' idol worshipped by the Tupy-Guarani tribes, between the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio de la Plata. The music is simple, and they are contented to recitative for the livelong night such merum nectar as—

'Kitosí múlálání ká-uká.'

'The bird from the palm starts not.'

This reminds us of the Histoire d'un bouton and the magical Teutonic refrain—

'Trink Bier, liebe, liebe Lieschen,'

arguing, says the witty author, so deep a devotion to that art which hath power to soothe the savage breast. With time and tune well developed, but wholly wanting in initiative, the wild men easily learned music from the missionaries; yet they have always preferred their own meaningless declamation. Of course the Kinyika is an illiterate language.

The policy of the Wanyika is a rude and lawless liberty, equality, fraternity. None commands where none obeys: consequently there is no 'temperamentum of chief,' no combination, and no possible improvement. The headman plies his hoe, like the serf, in his little plot of maize or manioc; and the clans will not unite even to protect life. Causes are decided by a council of elders, according to the great African code—ancient custom. The chief of the five Shaykhs is he of Rabai Mku; but even he dare not arrogate to himself any authority. Pilfering is common, robbing is rare; and a man caught in the act of stealing is chastised by the proprietor with sword or bow. Adultery is punished by the fine of a cow and abundance of liquor. The mur-

derer is more often mulcted than handed over for death to the family of the slain; and little is said concerning the slaughter of a slave. Divided into half-a-dozen sub-tribes, each barely sufficient to stock an English village, these savages find petty political jealousies and intrigues as necessary and as ready to hand as do the highly civilized. ..

The Wanyika readily attended the European schools as long as these were a novelty; presently, with the characteristic African levity and inconsequence, they grew weary of application, and they dubbed all who so exerted themselves Wazingu, or fools. Yet in one point they are an anomaly. They possess, in a high degree, the gift of many negro and negroid races, an unstudied eloquence which the civilized speaker might envy, and which, like poetry, seems to flourish most in the dawn of civilization. To see, says a Brazilian author, men so eloquent and so badly governed does not suggest that public speaking in the virility of civilization is a great ruling power. Their unpremeditated speech rolls like a torrent; every limb takes its part in the great work of persuasion, and the peculiar rhythm of their copious dialect, favourable to such displays of oratory, forms an effective com-

bination. Few, however, can 'follow the words,' that is to say, answer in due order the heads of an opponent's speech. Such power of memory and logical faculty is not in them. The abuse of the gift of language makes them boisterous in conversation, unable to keep silence—the negro race is ever loquacious—and addicted to 'bending their tongues like their bows for lies.' They cannot even, to use a Zanzibar German merchant's phrase, 'lie honestly.' Their character may thus be briefly summed up: a futile race of barbarians, drunken and immoral; cowardly and destructive; boisterous and loquacious; indolent, greedy, and thriftless. Their redeeming points are, a tender love of family, which displays itself by the most violent 'kin-grief,' and a strong attachment to an uninviting home.

A certain critic, who had probably never transgressed the bounds of Europe, but who probably had read Macaulay ('by judicious selection and previous exaggeration, the intellect and the disposition of any human being might be described as being made up of nothing but startling contrasts'), thus complained of my description of Somal inconsistency. 'This affectionately-atrocious people,' he declares, 'is painted in strangely opposite colours.' Can we not, then,

conceive the high development of destructiveness and adhesiveness, to speak phrenologically, combining in the same individual? And are not the peasantry of Connaught a familiar instance of the phenomenon? Such is the negro's innate destructiveness, that I have rarely seen him drop or break an article without a loud burst of laughter. During fires at Zanzibar he appears like a fiend, waving brands over his head, dancing with delight, and spreading the flames, as much from instinct as with the object of plunder. On the other hand, he will lose his senses with grief for the death of near relatives: I have known several men who remained in this state for years. But why enlarge upon what is apparent to the most superficial observer's eye?

The male dress is a tanned skin or a cotton cloth tied round the waist, strips of hairy cowhide are bound like garters, or the 'hibás' of the Bedawin Arabs, below the knee, and ostrich and other feathers are stuck in the tufty poll. The ornaments are earrings of brass or iron wire, and small metal chains: around the neck and shoulders, arms and ankles, hang beads, leather talisman-cases, and 'ghost-chairs'—the latter usually some article difficult to obtain, for instance, a leopard's claw. Those near the seaboard

have ceased to extract one or more of the lower incisors—a custom whose object was probably the facilitating of expectoration—and they now rarely tattoo, saying, 'Why should we spoil our bodies?' They have abandoned the decoration to women, who raise the cutis with a long sharp thorn, prick it with a knife-point, and wash the wounds with red ochre and water. Abroad the Mnyika carries his bow and long skin-quiver full of reed arrows, tipped with iron or hard wood, and poisoned by means of some bulbous root: his shield is a flat strip of cowhide doubled or trebled. He has also a spear, a knife at his waist for cutting cocoa-nuts, a Rungu or knobstick in his girdle behind, and a long sword, half sheathed, and sharpened near the point. He hangs round his neck a gourd sneeze-mull, containing powdered tobacco with fragrant herbs and dried plantain-flower. On journeys he holds a long thin staff surmounted by a little cross, which serves to churn his blood and milk, a common article of diet in East Africa—similarly, the Lapps bleed their reindeer. He also slings to his back a dwarf three-legged stool, cut out of a single block of hard wood. In the 'Reise auf dem Weissen Nil' (p. 32), extracted from the Vicar-General Knoblecher's Journals, we read of the chief

Nighila and his followers carrying stools of tree-stumps, ornamented with glass-ware. The other approximations of custom, character, and climate between the North Equatorial basin of the White River (Nile) and the coast of Eastern Intertropical Africa are exceedingly interesting.

The costume of the Domus Aurea and Rosa Mystica is as simple: a skin or a cloth round the loins, another veiling the bosom, and in some cases a Marinda or broad lappet of woven beads, like the Coëoo of Guiana, falling in front, with a second of wider dimensions behind. A flat ruff of thick brass wire encircles the throat, making the head appear as in a barber's dish; white and red beads, or the scarlet beans of the Abrus tree, form the earrings and necklace, bracelets and anklets, whilst a polished coil of brass wire, wound round a few inches of the leg below the knee, sets off the magnificent proportions of the limb. Young girls wear long hair, and the bold bairn takes his bow and arrows before thinking of a waist-cloth.

The Wanyika are a slave importing tribe: they prefer the darker women of the South to, and they treat them better than, their own wives. Children are sold, as in India, only if famine compels, and all have the usual hatred of slave

merchants, the 'sellers of men.' When a certain Ali bin Nasir was Governor of Mombasah he took advantage of a scarcity to feed the starving Wanyika with grain from the public depôts. He was careful, however, to secure, as pledges of repayment, the wives and children of his debtors, and these becoming insolvent, he sold off the whole deposit. Such a transaction was little suspected by our acute countrymen, when, to honour enlightened beneficence, they welcomed with all the plaudits of Exeter Hall, 'that enlightened Arab statesman, His Excellency Ali bin Nasir, Envoy Extraordinary of H.M. the Imam of Muscat, to the Court of H. B. Majesty;' presented him with costly specimens of geology, and gold chronometers; entertained him at the public expense, and sent him from Aden to Zanzibar in the Hon. East India Company's brig of war, Tigris. This Oriental votary of free trade came to a merited bad end. He was one of the prisoners taken by the doughty B'ana Mtakha of Sewi, where the late Sayyid's ill-starved and worse-managed force was destroyed by the Bajuni spear. Recognized by the vengeful savages, he saw his sons expire in torments; he was terribly mutilated, and at last he was put to death with all the refinements of cruelty. And he deserved his fate.

The Wanyika consider service, like slavery, a dishonour: they have also some food prejudices which render them troublesome to Europeans, and those who live amongst them are obliged to engage Moslem menials. As regards the success of the 'Mombas Mission,' which was established in 1846, and upon which a large sum of money has been expended, the less said the better. Dr Krapf had started with the magnificent but visionary scheme of an 'Apostle's Street,' a chain of mission posts stretching across Africa from sea to sea: he never, however, made converts enough to stock a single house. Those unacquainted with savage life would think it an easy task to overthrow the loose fabric of wild superstitions, and to raise upon its ruins a structure, rude, but still of higher type. Practically, the reverse is the case. The Wanyika, for instance, are so bound and chained by Adá, or custom, that inevitable public opinion, whose tyranny will not permit a man to sow his lands when he pleases; so daunted and cowed by the horrors of their faith; so thoroughly conservative in the worst sense of the word, and so enmeshed by tribal practices, of which not the least important is their triple initiation, that the slave of rule and precedent lacks power to set himself free.

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We may easily understand this. Religion is the mental expression of a race, and it cannot advance in purity without a correspondent intellectual improvement on the part of its votaries. On the other hand, not a few nations, especially in the dawn of civilization, have risen despite their follies of faith: but these are peoples who have within them the germs of progress. Judaism did not make the Falasha of East Africa, nor the remote colonists of Southern Arabia, an intellectual people: the Jews of Aden, to this day, show no traces of mental superiority over their neighbours. Christianity has done nothing for Abyssinia or Egypt: these lands are inhabited by peoples which have remained as nearly stationary as it is possible for human nature. Nowhere, indeed, has 'the Church' proved herself in the long course of ages a more complete and hopeless failure than in her own birthplace, and in her peculiar ethnic centre, Syria. Here the Marronites are in no ways superior, and in many points, such as courage and personal dignity, inferior to their neighbours, the Metawali, who have a debased religion, and the Druzes, who have none. El Islam, also, has not much to boast of on the coasts of Guinea and of Zanzibar, except that it has abolished certain abominations

such as witch-killing, twin-murder, and poison ordeals, of which many have been practised in semi-civilized Europe and Asia. When, therefore, we tell the world that the Bible made England or the Koran Stambul, we merely assist in propagating a fallacy.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MOMBASAH TO THE PANGANI RIVER.

> The sweeping sword of Time
> Has sung its death-dirge o'er the ruined fanes.
>
> QUEEN MAB.

NOT a head of game, not a hippopotamus, was to be found near Mombasah. We finished our geographical inquiries; shook hands with divers acquaintances; re-shipped, after sundry little difficulties, on board the Riami; and on the 24th of January we left the turbulent island with gladdened hearts. The accidents of voyage now turned in our favour: there was a bright fresh breeze and a counter-current running southward thirty or thirty-five miles a day. After 6 hours of drowsy morning sailing, Ra'as Tewi, a picturesque headland, hove in sight, and two hours more brought the Riami to anchor at

Sandy Point, in Gasi (جاسی) Bay. It lies half-way between Mombasah and Wasin Island, and the position is correctly laid down in the 'Mission Map.'[1] It is a mere roadstead, without other protection against the long sweep and swell of the Indian Ocean than a few scattered 'washes,' and a coralline islet. The settlement lies at some distance from the shore, deep-bosomed in trees, behind a tall screen of verdant mangrove; only the nodding cocoa, sure indicator of man's presence in East Africa, towering high over the plebeian underwood, betrays its position to the mariner. The large village of wattle and dab huts is inhabited, like Mtuapa and Takaungu, by remnants of the proud Mazrui irreconcileables, still self-exiled from Mombasah. They live under the Shaykh Abdullah bin Khamis, and a sister of Shaykh

[1] 'Imperfect sketch of a Map,' by the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern Africa. J. Rebmann, Rabia Mpia, April 4, 1850. This is the best yet published as regard the names and position of the settlements. It places Gasi half-way between Wasin Island and Mombasah, and it gives correctly the Jongoliani promontory. The same cannot be said of Herr Augustus Petermann's 'Skizze nach J. Erhardt's Original und der Engl. Küsten Aufnahme (Captain Owen's, I presume) gezeichnet. Geographische Mittheilungen.' Gotha, 1856. It omits Tanga Bay and Cape Jongolia-ni, whilst it places the Gasi roadstead close to Mombasah.

Mubarak of Mombasah, who is said to display peculiar energy. They have given refuge to fugitive slaves from Marka, and behind the coast-line they have founded a new settlement, Mwasagnombe. It is not improbable that, in common with their brethren established in other villages, they look forward to recovering Mombasah, their old appanage.

Gasi is surrounded by plantations, and the Arabs, unmolested by the Wadigo savages, to whom the fertile land belongs, live in comparative comfort. Our crew armed themselves to accompany my companion, who, despite the bad name of the people, was civilly received on shore, with sundry refreshments of cocoa-nut milk and cake of rasped pulp and rice-flour. The footprints of a small lion appeared upon the sands, but we were not young enough to undertake the fruitless toil of tracking it. This was the breeding season, as the frequent birds'-nests proved. Ensued a cool, breezy night on board the Riami, the thermometer showing 75° (F.). Our gallant captain, the melancholist, sat up till dawn, chatting with Said bin Salim, who trembled at the sound of scattered washes, and at the wind moaning over the coral bank and through the barren 'forests of the sea.'

About sunrise we again made sail, and, guided by that excellent landmark, the Peaks of Wasin, whose height is in charts 2500 feet, we entered, after three hours, the narrow channel, with never less than 5 fathoms of water, which, running nearly due east and west, separates Wasin Island from the continent. The north of this coralline bank, an 'insula opaca,' about $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long by 1 in breadth, is defended by sundry outlying ledges and diminutive cliffs, where the gulls and terns take refuge, and upon which the combing sea breaks its force. The low southern shore is rich in the gifts of floatsom and jetsom; here the tide, flowing amongst the mangrove fringes and under shady crags, forms little bays, by no means unpicturesque. To windward, or south, lies the Wasin Bank, with three or four plateaux of tree-tufted rock emerging a few feet above sea-level.

The Island, which does a little cultivation, belongs to Zanzibar, and the only settlement, about the centre of its length, is on the northern shore, fronting Wanga Bandar on the Continent. Wasin contains three Mosques, long flat-roofed rooms of coral rag and lime ranged obliquely to face Meccah, and scattered amongst little huts and large houses of 'bordi' or man-

grove timber: the latter are tied with coir rope and plastered over with clay, which in rare cases is whitewashed. The sloping thatch-roof already approaches in size and in sharpness of pitch the disproportions of the Madagascar cottage. Huge calabashes extend their fleshy arms over the hovels, affording the favourite luxury of a cool lounge, and giving from afar a something of pleasant village aspect to the squalid settlement. Water must be brought from the mainland; the people own it to be brackish, but declare that it is not unwholesome. The climate is infamous for breeding fever and helcoma, the air being poisoned by cowries festering under a tropical sun, and by two large graveyards—here also, as at Zanzibar, the abodes of the dead are built amongst the habitations of the living. The population is a bigoted and low-minded race, Hassádin (envious fellows) of evil eye, say the Zanzibarians; a mixture of lymphatic Arabs, hideous Wasawahili, ignoble half-castes, and thievish slaves. The Sayyid maintains no garrison here; the Banyans have been forbidden to deal in cowries, and the native merchants have all the profits such as they are.

I could hear nothing of Mr Cooley's 'tribe named Masimba, on the coast at Wassína

(Wasin Island), near Mombasa,' a term which he translates 'lions,' and identifies with the Zimba invaders of Do Couto. There is, however, a district of that name between Wasin and Gasi; and it may be connected with the range crossed by M. Rebmann, in 1847, and usually written Shimba. In the interior the word Masimba is used when addressing man or woman, and the root appears to be identical with that of the Vazimba or aborigines of Ankova. The people of Wasin send caravans of 100 men to the interior, viâ Wanga Bandar. They set out about the end of February, make some 20 marches, and return with ivory and slaves after about four months.

Landing, we found the shore crowded with unarmed spectators, who did not even return our salams: we resolved in future to reserve such greetings for those who deserve them. After sitting half an hour in a mat-shed, redolent with drying cowries and dignified with the name of Furzeh, or Custom House, presided over by a young Bohrah from Cutch, we were civilly accosted by an old man, whose round head showed him to be a Hindostani. Abd el Karim led us to his house, seated us in chairs upon the terrace, and mixed for us a cooling sherbet in a

kind of one-handled blue and white vase, not usually, in Europe at least, devoted to such purpose. The Riami discharging cargo, we walked into the jungle, followed by a ragged tail of men and boys, to inspect some old Portuguese wells: as we traversed the village all the women fled—a proof that El Islam here flourishes. This part of the island is thinly veiled with a red argillaceous soil which produces a thick and matted growth of thorny plants, creepers, and parasites: eastward, where the mould is deeper, there is richer vegetation, and a few stunted cocoas have taken root. After fighting through the jungle, we came upon two pits sunk in the soft rock: Said bin Salim was bitterly derided whilst he sounded the depth, 40 feet; and by way of revenge, I dropped a hint about buried gold, which has doubtless been the cause of aching arms and hearts to the churls of Wasin. There is no game on the Island or on the main: in the evening, after a warm bath amongst the mangroves, we left the dirty hole without a shade of regret.

The coast is here concealed by the usual thickset hedge of verdure, above which nod the tufts of straggling palms: its background is the rocky purple wall of Bondei — Capt. Owen's

'Sheemba Range of Hills, about 1500 feet high' —here and there broken by tall blue cones. After 1 h. 30 min. we sighted Wanga Bandar, where the land was smoking; this place has rarely the honour of appearing in maps. The environs belong to the Wadigo, amongst whom Said bin Salim lost a slave-girl: she had gone on leave of absence to her tribe, and though she never returned, he received from her an annual remittance of a dollar. These people, who are divided into half-a-dozen clans, occupy a fine high country which extends westward to Usumbara: they dwell in large villages, fenced to keep out the Wamasai, and they are agriculturists, fond of Jete, or public markets, at which they dispose of their grain to the coast-traders. Those whom we saw were poor-looking men: their bows were well turned and bent, with brass knobs and strings of cowgut; the notched and neatly feathered arrows had triangular iron piles. The women, who veiled the bosom, were remarkably plain, and apparently had never seen a European. These Wadigo with their southern neighbours, the Wasegeju, are porters of the inland traffic. Caravans, if they may so be called, numbering sometimes a hundred men, slaves included, set out at the beginning of the rains in March or

April, from Wanga and other little 'Bandars' on the coast. If the capital be $1000, they distribute it into $400 of beads, and brass and iron wires (Nos. 7 and 8), with $400 of American domestics and cotton-stuffs of sorts: the remainder serves to pay 40 porters, who each receive $10 per trip, half before starting and the rest upon return. After twenty days' march, these trading parties arrive at Umasai and the adjacent countries; they remain there bartering for three or four months, and then march back laden with ivory and driving a few slaves purchased en route.

Our Nakhoda again showed symptoms of 'dodging:' he had been allowed to ship cargo from Mombasah to Wasin, and thereupon he founded a claim or rather a right to carry goods from Wasin to Tanga. Unable to disabuse his mind by mild proceedings, I threatened to cut the cable, and thus once more, the will of Japhet prevailing over that of Shem, we succeeded about 1 P.M., not without aid from an Omani craft, in hauling up our ground-tackle. The old Riami, groaning in every rib, flirted with some reefs, and floated into the open sea, whose combing waves were foaming under a stiff N. Easter. As we sped merrily along Said bin Salim busied him-

self in calculating the time it would take to round the several promontories. But when the water smoothened under the lee of Pemba Island he became bold enough to quote these martial lines:—

> 'I have backed the steed since my eyes saw light,
> And have fronted Death till he feared my sight;
> And the riven helm and the pierced mail
> Were my youthtide's dream, are my manhood's delight.'

After two hours of brisk sailing, we lay abreast of a headland called by our crew Kwala (Chala Point of the Hydrographic Map), bounding the deep inlet and outlying islets of Jongolia-ni or Chongolia-ni. Approaching the gape of Tanga Bay, he shortened sail, or we might have made it at 4 P.M.: the entrance, however, is intricate; we had no pilot, and the crew preferred hobbling in under a bit of artemon or foresail, which they took a good hour to hoist. At sunset, having threaded the 'Bab' or narrow rock-bound passage which separates Ra'as Rashid, the northern mainland-spit, a precipitous bluff some 20 feet high, from the head of Tanga Islet, we glided into the smooth bay, and anchored in three fathoms, opposite and about half a mile from the town, which is known by the cocoas and calabashes crowning the ridge.

Tanga Bay is placed by Captain Owen in S. lat. 4° 35′, or five miles N. of Wasin Island, and thus the positions of the whole Coast are thrown out.[1] It is in S. lat. 5°; South of Wasin, and between that place and the mouth of the Panga-ni river. This extraordinary error can have been made only by a confusion of the survey-sheets, and it appears the more singular in a work of such correctness. The inlet, called probably from its

[1] Sheet X. from S. lat. 6° 38′ to S. lat. 4° 23′ (Tom Shoal) is the offending member in commission and omission. It places Chala (Kwala) point 14 instead of 45 miles North of Tanga, and thus the latter, which is parallel with the Northern third of Pemba Island, is thrown 25 miles north of it. Wasin Island, between Mombasah and Tanga, is transferred five miles South of the latter. It also omits the ruins of Mtangata. North of this, the 'Island and Ports of Mombaza' are remarkably correct, but further North again the Coast, owing to the sickness of the surveyors, was perfunctorily laid down: they seem not to have landed at Makdishu, nor to have sought the debouchure of the Juba river. The late Lieut. Carless, I.N., did not extend his admirable labours beyond Ra'as Hafun. Southward, also, many important places were left unnoticed by Capt. Owen. The Rufiji river is omitted, and the Tanchi inlet (about S. lat. 9° 55′), a little above the mouth of the Lindi river, does not appear upon the chart: it was till lately a nest of slavers, who shared their secret with certain Zanzibar merchants, till unpleasantly disturbed by H. B. Majesty's ship Grecian. In a return made to the House of Commons from the Hydrographic Department (1848) it was stated that 'many researches might probably be made from Delagoa Bay to the Red Sea'; I therefore proposed (April 19, 1856) a fresh survey of the Coast, but the project found an obstacle in the Persian War.

shape, Tanga, the sail, or kilt, is five miles deep by four broad, and the entrance is partially barred by a coralline bank, the site of the ancient Arab settlement. Tanga Islet, a lump of green, still contains a scatter of huts, and a small square stone Gurayza (fort), whose single gun lies dismounted: it is well wooded, but the water obtained by digging pits in the sand is scarcely potable. As a breakwater it is imperfect during the N. East trades: when a high sea rolls up ships must anchor under the mainland, and when the S. West monsoon blows home it is almost impossible to leave the harbour without accident. The bay, embanked with abundant verdure and surrounded by little settlements, receives the contents of two fresh-water streamlets: westward (311°) is the Mtofu, and N. of it (355°) the Mto Mvo-ni[1] or Kiboko-ni—Hippopotamus river. The latter at several miles distant from its mouth must be crossed in a ferry; it affords sweet water, but the people of Tanga prefer scratching into their sand

[1] Mvo is the Mvubu of the Kafir tongues: here the generally used term for the Hippopotamus is Kiboko. I agree with the Rev. Mr Wakefield (p. 307), that the diminutive forms, Kiboko, plural Viboko (Viboko-ni, p. 316), are preferred to the root-name Boko, plural Maboko. It may, however, be doubted if Boko, like Lima, be not the intensitive of Mboko and Mlima, a hippopotamus and a mountain.

to the trouble of fetching the pure element. The 'Kiboko' is found in small numbers at the embouchures of these islands, and often within a few yards of where the boys bathed. I defer an account of our sport till we meet that unamiable pachyderm upon the Panga-ni river.

Like all the towns of the 'Mrima' proper, which here, I have said, begins, Tanga is a patch of thatched pent-roofed huts, built upon a bank overlooking the sea in a straggling grove of cocoa and calabash. The population is laid down at 4000 to 5000 souls, including 20 Banyans and 15 Baloch, with the customary consumptive Jemadar. The citizens are chiefly occupied with commerce, and they send twice a year in May to June and in October to November, after the Great and Little Rains, trading parties to Chaga and Umasai. At such times they find on the way an abundance of water: the land, however, supplies no food. From Tanga to Mhina-ni (the place of Mhina, Henna, or the P.N. of man, in Herr Petermann's Map 'Mikihani,' and in Mr Wakefield Mihináni), on the Upper Panga-ni river, passing between Mbaramo and Pare, are 13 marches: here the road divides, one branch leading northward to Chaga, the other westward across the river to the Wamasai's

country. The total would be 15 stages, at least 20 days for men carrying[1] merchandise. These caravans are seldom short of 400 to 500 men, Arabs and Wasawahili, Pagazi or free porters who carry 50 lbs. each, and slaves. The imports are chiefly cotton-stuffs, iron wires (Senyenge), brass wires (Másángo), and beads, of which some 400 varieties are current in these countries. The usual return consists chiefly of ivory, per annum about 70,000 lbs., we were told—a quantity hardly credible. I heard of some gold dust from Umasai being sent as a specimen to Sayyid Mayed: they bring also a few slaves, some small mangey camels, and half-wild asses.[2] The citizens

[1] Mr Wakefield (J. R. G. Society for 1870, p. 304) gives 11 marches: of these, however, 4 are 12 hour marches, 2 are of 8 hours, 1 is of 7 hours, and 4 are of 6 hours.

[2] The following is a native list of the stages between Tanga and Chaga: I leave it as written in 1857, and the reader will find the first part almost identical with Mr Wakefield's Route No. 1. I was surprised to see the coincidence.

1. Tanga to Bwetti: 1 whole day (others say two), through the Wadigo and Wasegeju jungle to a stream.

2. Dongo Khundu (red earth): half a day to a day, path straight easy through the Wasegeju and Wadigo.

3. The Umba river: 1 day of jungle march.

4. The Mtó Mchanga (Sand river): 1 day of wilderness march.

5. Mbaramo in the Usumbara country, many streams: 1 day's march. The hill belongs to King Kimwere's sons, and some make it the 3rd station.

6. Gonja in the Pare country: 1 long day, the men gen-

trade with the coast-savages, and manufacture, from imported iron, billhooks and hard wares for the Wasegeju. This tribe, once powerful, now uninfluential, preserves a tradition that when expelled with the Wasawahili from Shungaya by the Gallas, it migrated to the River Ozi or Dana (Zana), to the Bay of Kilifi, and finally to Wanga and Tanga. The dialect, they say, is similar to

erally dividing it and sleeping in a jungle. Water is found flowing from a hill.

7. Kisiwa-ni in Pare: 1 day jungle march.

8. Sáme, at end of Pare: 1 day of jungle.

9. The Upo-ni river in the Wakwafi country, where robbers are feared: men sleeping in the jungle 2 days.

10. The Rufu, or Upper Panga-ni river, whose banks are here woody, and whose crocodile-haunted waters must be crossed in boats: 2 days. Here is the Mhiná-ni station.

The Chaga road does not cross the stream, but runs northward with the following stages, which are not mentioned by Mr Wakefield.

1. Mhina-ni to Arusha, a populous agricultural country: 1 day.

2. Kiboko-ni on left bank of Panga-ni river: 1 day of desert march.

3. Kahe Water of the Wakahe people: 1 long day, generally made 2, the people sleeping in the jungle.

4. Chaga: 1 to 2 days under similar circumstances; water, however, is found at night.

The caravans are of course armed and ready to fight: they march from sunrise to 11 A.M., and from mid afternoon to sunset —sometimes a forced march compels them to walk all day. The porters carry about 1½ Farsaleh. These details serve to prove that there are many points by which the European traveller can more or less safely enter the interior.

that of the Pokomo of the Dana, hence probably Mr Guillain (i. 402) declares them to have been indigens of the coast about Melinde. Still a violent, warlike, and furious brood, as described by Do Couto (Decad. xi. chap. xxi.), they hunt the Bondei Hills for slaves, and of late years, having sundry blood-feuds with their neighbours the Wadigo, they have sought the protection of King Kimwere and of the Wazegura race south of the Panga-ni river. Tanga has for some time since been spared the mortification of the Wamasai, who in this vicinity have driven and harried many a herd. I here saw two of their women, veritable human Cynocephali, flat-headed, with receding brows à la Robespierre, eyes close together, long low noses with open nostrils, projecting muzzles, and ears in strips. The land is now, comparatively speaking, thickly inhabited, and dotted with flourishing villages, Mvo-ni, Ambo-ni, Janja-ni, and others.

The only modern tribe which figures in the history of the coast is the Wasegeju. We first read of them in 1589, when the Zimba or Wazimba Kafirs, who had devastated the dependencies of Tete and Rios de Sena, on the Zambeze, swarmed northwards, massacring, and, it is said, devouring, all who opposed them

between Kilwa and Mombasah. After destroying Kilwa, where they are reported to have killed and eaten 3000 Moors, men and women, they appeared upon the seaboard opposite Mombasah, whilst Thomé de Souza Coutinho was attacking the rebellious city in which the Corsair Ali Bey had taken refuge. The savages sided with the Portuguese, crossed the ford, and fell upon the townspeople with assegai and arrow. The citizens fled, preferring to face the sword and the musket of the Christian invader. After this the Zimbas marched upon Melinde, and threatened it with the fate of Kilwa and Mombasah. But the firmness of the Sultan and the courage of Mattheus Mendes de Vasconcellos were equal to the occasion: they reinforced themselves with a host of 3000 Wasegeju, and they succeeded in annihilating the cannibals. In 1592 the Wasegeju, again summoned to the assistance of Melinde, slew its enemy, the Shaykh of Kilifi. The last Shirazi Sultan of Mombasah, determining to avenge the death of his kinsmen, assembled 5000 wild men from the neighbouring hills to attack Melinde. The Wasegeju, however, not only defeated and slew him, with three of his sons, and many of the chief Moslems who accompanied him; they also captured Mom-

basah, and sending a young son of the defunct Sultan to Melinde, they gave up to it a city, which for a whole century had been its deadly enemy. The name 'Mosseguaies, very barbarous,' appears in the map of John Senex (1712). The tribe is mentioned by Dr Krapf ('Wasegedshu' Church Missionary Intelligencer of 1849, p. 86), and by Mr Wakefield (Wasegeju, p. 212).

We landed on the morning of Jan. 27, and were received with peculiar cordiality. In the absence of the Arab Governor, Mohammed bin Ali, we were met upon the seashore by Khalfan bin Abdillah, Hammed bin Abdillah, and the headman Kibaya Mchanga, with sundry Diwans and Wasawihili notables; by the Jemadar, with his Baloch, and by Miyan Sahib, a daft old Hindu, who here collects the customs. They conducted us up the bank to the hut formerly tenanted by M. Erhardt, seated us on chairs facing couches; brought coffee, fruit, and milk, with a goat, by way of welcome, and succeeded in winning our hearts. That day was spent in inquiries about the commerce and geography of the interior, and in listening to wild tales concerning the Æthiopic Olympus, the Sierra Nevada of Eastern Africa, which Jupiter Cooley decreed to

be eternally snowless. Most of the people here pronounced the word Kilima-ngao 'Mont bouclier,' Ngáo being the umbo or shield-boss: from others I heard Kilima-njaro, which in Kikwafi, according to the missionaries, means 'Mountain of Greatness.'[1] Here Sheddad bin 'Ad built the City of Brass, and encrusted the hill-top with a silver dome, that shines with various and surprising colours. Here the Jánn, beings made of fire, as humans are of earth and mermen of water, hold their court, and baffle the attempts of man's adventurous feet. The mountain recedes as the traveller advances, and the higher he ascends the loftier rises the summit. At last blood bursts from the nostrils, the fingers bend backwards (with cramp?), and the hardiest is fain to stop. Amongst this Herodotian tissue of fact and fable [2] ran one golden thread of truth, —all testified to the intense cold.

[1] I will not stand godfather to this name, not being aware that in Kikwafi there is any word 'aro' signifying great or greatness. The abstract term, however, is general in South African languages. Mr Rebmann says it may mean the 'Mountain of Caravans' (Jaro), that is to say, a landmark for caravans—but this is going far afield.

[2] Capt. Grant (a Walk across Africa, chap. viii.) has given 'Jumah's Stories about Kilimanjaro.' We could not meet with specimens of the onyxes, carnelians, and crystals washed by rain-torrents down the gorges and gullies of Kilima-njaro, and of which a few have found their way to the coast—hence

Westward of the great mountain are placed in the 'Mombas Mission Map' the Wabilikimo (Wambelikimo), 'literally the two measuring, i. e. twice the measure from the middle finger-tip to the elbow. This is of course an exaggeration, but they are no doubt a diminutive race of men. They come to Jagga to trade, where they are called Wakoningo.' The name, however, 'Kimo,' or Vazimba, the first occupants of Ankova (Madagascar), is mentioned even by Rochon: he makes them a people of pigmies, in stature averaging three feet six inches, of a lighter colour than the negro, long-armed, and with short woolly hair. South of Kafa, again, the Doko[1] race is said to be only four feet in stature. Formerly we explained these traditional Blemmyes, or pigmies, by supposing them to be apes that have been submitted to savage exaggeration. But the state of the question has been completely changed since the Second Expedition of my friend Paul du Chaillu, who, despite the late Mr John Craufurd,

probably the 'carnelian currency' (p. 29) of Mr Cooley's 'Kirimanjara.' Of course such a circulation could never have sufficed for one-thousandth part of the interior trade, nor could the frozen heights of Kilima-njaro ever have 'been the highest ridge crossed by the road to Monomoezi.'

[1] Mdogo in Kisawahili means a short man.

discovered the 'Obongô,' a race not only dwarfish, but living close to a tribe of unusually tall and powerful negroes: curious to say, they occupy about the same parallel of latitude as do the traditional Wabilikimo.

In the evening we were honoured with a Ngoma Khu, or full orchestra, for which a dollar was but a paltry bakhshish, were noise worth coin. The spectators appeared by no means a comely race, but they were healthier and in far better condition than the churls of Wasin. I saw, however, amongst them many cases of leprous white spots on the palms and soles. We took leave at night, provided by the Díwáns with a bullock and half-a-dozen goats, with fruit, and with milk. These headmen, who prefer to be entitled Sultan, are in the proportion of half-a-dozen per village, each one omnipotent within his own walls. In their presence the many-headed may not sit on chairs, carpets, or fine mats; use umbrellas, wear turbans, nor walk in the pattens called Kabkab: moreover, on solemn occasions such as this none but the Diwan may pace and whirl through the Pyrrhic dance. Said bin Salim described them as a kind of folk that want to eat—in fact, des escrocs: they accompanied us, however, gratis, on our

various excursions, and when we went out shooting, our difficulty was to shirk an escort.

Knowing that Arab and Persian colonies had been planted at an early epoch in this part of the Sawahil, I accepted with pleasure a guide to one of the ancient cities. Setting out at 8 A.M. with a small body of spearmen, I walked four or five miles S. West of Tanga on the Mtangata road over a country dry as Arabian sand, and strewed with the bodies of huge millepedes. The hard red and yellow clays produced in plenty holcus and sesamum, manioc and papaws; mangoes and pine-apples were rare, but the Jamli, or Indian damson (in Arabic Zám and in Kisawahili Mzambaráni), the egg-plant, and the toddy-tree grew wild. The baobabs were in new leaf, the fields were burned in readiness for rain, and the peasants dawdled about, patting the clods with bits of wood. At last we traversed a Khor, or lagoon drained by the receding tide, and insulating the ruins: then, after a walk of five miles over crab-mounds, we sighted our destination. From afar it resembled an ancient castle. Entering by a gap in the enceinte, I found a parallelogram some 200 yards long, of solid coralline or lime, in places rent by the roots of sturdy trees, well bastioned and

loop-holed for bows and muskets. The site is raised considerably above the mean level of the country, attesting its antiquity: it is concealed from the seaside by a screen of trees and by the winding creek, that leaves the canoes high during the ebb-tide; full water makes it an island. In the centre, also split by huge coiling creepers, and in the last stage of dilapidation, are the remains of a Mosque showing signs of a rude art. I was led with some pretension to a writing, perpendicularly scratched upon a stuccoed column: it proved to be the name of a lettered Msawahili—Kimángá wá Muamádi (Mohammed) Adi (Walad) Makame —and the character was more like Kufic than anything that I had ever seen at Harar. The ruins of houses are scattered over the enceinte, and a masonry revetted and chumam'd well, sunk 8 feet deep in the coralline, yields a sufficiency of water with an earthy taste. There are some others of similar style, but bone-dry, upon the creek-bank—they had probably been built from above, as the Arabs and Indians still do, and allowed to settle. The modern village of cajan-thatched huts, palisaded with trees, and the hovels of a few Wasegejgu savages, who use the ruins as pens for their goats, and stunted high-

humped cows, attest present degradation. There were a few of the small Umasai asses, which are said to be useless for travelling. Amongst the children I remarked an Albino with flaxen hair and reddish-white skin, as if affected by leprosy. None of the tenants preserved any tradition about the place, which they call 'Changa Ndumi.' The Arabs, however, who accompanied me, declared that they belonged to the 'old ancient' Y'urabi, the dynasty preceding the present rulers of Oman; and if so, they must have been built before the middle of the last century (A.D. 1741). We returned in time to witness a funeral. The mourners were women with blackened faces, and habited in various coloured clothes, unpleasantly outlining angles and segments of circles. They 'keened' all day, and the drum paraded its monotonous sounds till the dawn streaked with pale light the shoulders of the far Bondei hills. I visited the little heap of cajan huts called Jánjá-ni, and lying half a mile to the north-east: here were four civil men, Bohrahs from Hindostan, who lived by the cowrie trade.

On every fifth day the Tanga people hold at the neighbouring village of Ambo-ni a market with the savages of the interior. Having

assumed an Arab dress—a turban of portentous circumference, and a long henna-stained shirt—and accompanied by Said bin Salim with his Excalibur; by the consumptive Jemadar who sat down to rest every ten minutes, and by Khalfan bin Abdillah, an old Arab who had constituted himself cicerone, we attended the 'Golio' on January 29. Walking along the coast, we passed through a village rich in cocoas and in iron forges, which were hard at work: a school of young hopefuls was busily employed in loud reading and in swaying the body. The country was pretty and fertile, rich in manioc and cocoas, in plantains, and the Ricinus shrub; there were a few mangoes—the people asked for the stones to plant—and many Dom or Theban palms (Crucifera Thebaica), whose bifurcations and re-bifurcations are so remarkable, and whose crimson fruit is eaten as in West Africa. Formerly the land was harried by the beef-eating Wamasai, hence the scarcity of cattle. After two miles we crossed some tidal creeks, corded over with creepers, and tree roots growing from black mire; we waded a sandy inlet, and we forded the small sweet surface drain Mtofu, which had water up to the waist. Another mile brought us to the

River Mvo-ni (of Behemoth), here called the Zigi—two names in three miles, a truly African fashion! Salted by the tide, it flows under banks forty to fifty feet high, crowned with calabash and other jungle trees. Women were being ferried over: in ecstasies of terror they buried their faces between their knees till the moment of danger had passed away. These savages are by no means a maritime race, they have no boats, they rarely fish, and being unable to swim, they are stopped by the narrowest stream unless they can bridge it by felling a tree in the right direction, as it is said the beavers do.

Having crossed the river, we traversed plantations of cocoas and plantains, and ascending a steep hill, we found, after five miles of walking, the market 'warm,' as Easterns say, upon the seaward slope. All Tanga was there. The wild people, Wasumbara and Washenzi,[1] Wadigo and Wasegeju, were clothed in greasy hides and cotton wrappers of inveterate grime. Every man carried his bow and arrow, his knobstick

[1] The Moslems of the islands and the coast call all the pagans Washenzi, and the word is opposed to Mhâji—a Moslem generally—and to Wazumba, the Wasawihili of the northern region. On the continent it is, I have said, applied to a servile or helot caste, originally from the S. West of the Panga-ni river, and afterwards settled in Bondei.

(Rungo), his club, his sword, and his shield, but few owned muskets. Some had come from afar, as was shown by their low wooden stools and small churning staves. The women were more numerous, and harder worked; the girls were bare-breasted, and every matron had her babe tied in a bundle to the back, its round black head nodding with every movement of the maternal person. Yet it never cries—that model baby! They carried, besides masses of beads strung round the neck, zinc and brass armlets all down the arms, and huge collars and anklets of metal, heavy loads of valuable stuff; and others sat opposite their belongings, chaffering and gesticulating upon knotty questions of fragmentary farthings. These ill-used and hard-favoured beings, with patterns burnt into their skins, paid toll for ingress at a place where cords were stretched across the path, a primitive style of raising octroi. The Bedawin exchanged their lean sheep and goats, cocoas and bananas, grain and ghee, for white and blue cottons, beads, and rude iron ware—knives, bills, and hatchets, made on the coast of metal brought from Zanzibar. The luxuries were dried fish, salt, Tembo or cocoa-toddy, spices, needles and thread, fish-hooks, and bluestone used in their rude medicine. Formerly

a large quantity of ivory found its way to the 'Golio'; now it is purchased in the interior by trading parties. The groups, gathered under the several trees, were noisy, but civil to us. Often, however, a lively scene, worthy of Donnybrook in its palmiest days, takes place, knobstick and dagger being used by the black factions as freely as fists and shillelaghs in more civilized lands. At noon we returned over the sands which were strewed with sea-slugs, and in places chœtodons lay dead in the sun. The heat of the ground made my bare-footed companions run from time to time for the shade, like the dogs in Tibet.

Sundry excursions delayed us six days at Tanga. We failed to bag any hippopotamus, the animals being here very timid. A herd of six, commanded by a large black old male, gave us a few long shots; at first the beasts raised the whole head and part of the neck; afterwards nothing but the eyes were exposed. The people declare that they always charge a man who has left a pregnant wife at home. Our only result was the dropping of my big Beattie (2 barrelled, 24 lbs.) into the water. I had fired it when sitting in a mangrove tree, and 'purchase' being wanted, I narrowly escaped following it. The river, however, was only 2 fathoms deep, and we presently

recovered it by diving: the Arabs usually claim half the value of things thus reclaimed.

Our visit ended with a distribution of embroidered caps and Jamdani muslins, and we received farewell visits till dark. At 5 A.M. on Feb. 2nd, after a sultry night varied by bursts of rain, which sounded like buckets sluicing the poop, we drifted out to sea under the influence of the Barri or land-breeze. Five hours of lazy sailing ran us to an open road between Tanga and Panga-ni, called Mtangata, which, according to the guides, was derived from the people living on toasted grains during war or famine. It is evidently the Portuguese 'Montagane,' whose Shaykh, with 200 men, assisted in 1528 Nuno da Cunha against the Sultan of Mombasah. Exposed to the N. East wind, and imperfectly defended by two low and green-capped islets, Yambe (North) and Karangú (East), it is rendered by the surf and rollers of the Indian Ocean a place of trembling to the coast sailors. The country appears fertile, and a line of little villages, Kisizi, Marongo, Tamba-ni, and others, skirt the shore. Here we spent the day, in order to inspect some ruins, where we had been promised Persian inscriptions and other curios.

After casting anchor, I entered a canoe and

was paddled across a bay once solid ground, in whose encroaching waters, according to local tradition, a flourishing city, extending over the whole creek side, had been submerged. The submarine tombs were like those of the Dead Sea: apparent to the Wasawahili's eyes, they eluded mine. The existing settlements are all modern, and none of them appear upon Capt. Owen's charts. After an hour's work we pushed up a narrow creek, grounding at every ten yards, and presently we reached an inlet, all mangrove above and mud below. Landing at a village called Tongo-ni, where the people stood to receive us, we followed the shore for a few paces, turned abruptly to the left, over broken ground, and sighted the ruins.

Moonlight would have tempered the view: it was a grisly spectacle in the gay and glowing shine of the sun. A city was once here; and the remnants of its mosques showed solid and handsome building, columns of neatly cut coralline blocks and elaborate Mihrabs, or prayer-niches. Fragments of homesteads in times gone by everywhere cumbered the ground, and the shattered walls, choked with the luxuriant growth of decay, sheltered in their shade the bat and the night-jar. I was shown in an extensive ceme-

tery the grave of a Wali or Santon, whose very name had perished. His last resting-place, however, was covered with a cajan roof, floored with tamped earth, cleanly swept and garnished with a red and white flag. Other tombs bore cacophonous Wasawahili appellations embalmed in mortally bad Arabic epitaphs: these denoted an antiquity of about 200 years. Beyond the legend above noticed, none could give me information concerning the people that have passed away: the architecture, however, denoted a race far superior to the present owners of the land.

Each of the principal mausolea had its tall stele of cut coralline, denoting, like the Egyptian and Syrian Shahadah, the position of the corpse's head. In one of these, the gem of the place, was fixed a chipped fragment of Persian glazed tile, with large azure letters in the beautiful character called 'Ruka'a,' enamelled on a dirty-yellow ground. The legend, شيد روشن (Shid i raushan, the 'bright sun'), may be part of a panegyrical or devotional verse removed from the frieze of some tomb or mosque. The country people hold it an impregnable proof that the men of Ajem once ruled in Tongo-ni:[1] but the tile,

[1] For the Persian ruins on this coast the reader will consult Herr Richard Branner's Forschungen in Ost Afrika, Mittheilungen, 1868.

like two China platters, also mortared into the Shahadah, is evidently an importation from the far north. It was regarded with superstitious reverence by the Wasawahili, who informed me that some years before Kimwere, Sultan of Usumbara, had sent a party of bold men to bear it away: of these, nineteen died mysterious deaths, and the relic was thereupon returned to its place. A few muslins, here representing dollars, had a wonderful effect upon their fancies: I was at once allowed by the principal Diwan to remove it; although no one would bear a hand to aid the Beni Nár, or Sons of Fire, as the Arabs honourably style our countrymen. The tile, a common encaustic affair, found its way to the Royal Geographical Society; nor did the East African expedition feel itself the worse for having sent it. We did not visit the Támbá-ni settlement, where, according to the people, there is a coralline mosque, and tombs are to be seen under the seawater.

Our purchase concluded, we returned to the Riámi, followed by the headmen, who after refreshment of dates, Maskat Halwa (sweetmeats), and coffee, naturally became discontented with the promised amount of 'hishmat,' or honorarium. At last they begged us to return, and to assist

them in digging for sweet water. There were four or five carefully-built wells in the ruined city; but all had been exhausted by age, and the water supplied by the lowland-pits was exceedingly nauseous. As a rule, these people readily apply for advice and assistance to the 'Wazungu,' or wise-men, as Europeans are styled; and if showers chance to accompany the traveller, he is looked upon as a beneficent being, not without a suspicion of white magic. Here, with $6, we took leave of pleasant old Khalfan, our guide, a veteran, but still hale and vigorous: no Omani Arab is, I may again remark, worth his salt till his beard is powdered by Time.

At 5 A.M. on February 3rd, having shipped a pilot, we hoisted sail; after three hours we ran past Maziwi Island and slipped down before the light and tepid morning breeze to the port of Panga-ni. It was necessary to land with some ceremony at a place which I determined to make our starting-point into the interior. Presently after arrival I sent Said bin Salim, in all his bravery, to deliver the Sayyid of Zanzibar's circular letters addressed to the Wáli, or Governor, to the Jemadar, to the Collector of Customs, and to the several Diwáns. All this preparation for a trifle of 80 miles! But we are in Africa; and

even in Europe such a raid through an enemy's country is not always easy.

My companion and I landed in the cool of the evening with our Portuguese servants and our luggage. We were received with all honours of noise and crowding. The orchestra consisted of three monstrous drums (Ngoma Khu), caissons of cocoa-trunk, covered at both ends with goat-leather, and pounded, like the pulpit, with fist; and of Siwa or bassoons of hard blackwood, at least five feet long. These were enlivened by a pair of Zumari, or flageolets, whose vile squeaking set the teeth on edge; by the Zeze, or guitar; the Kinanda, or banjo; by the Barghumi or Kudu horn; and by that instrument of dignity, the Upatu, a brass pan, the primitive cymbal, whose bottom is performed upon by little sticks like cabbage-stalks. The Jemadar, Asad Ullah, came en grand' tenue. The Diwans capered and pyrrhic'd before us with the pomp and circumstance of drawn swords, whilst the prettiest of the slave girls, bare-headed and with hair à la Brutus, sang and flapped their skirts over the ground, performing a *pavane* with a very modest and downcast demeanour, as if treading upon a too hot floor. They reminded me of a deceased friend's clever doggrel—

You look so demure, ma'am, so quiet, so calm,
Ever chanting a hymn, ever singing a psalm;
Yet your thoughts are on heaven and virtue no more
Than the Man's in the Moon'—

And as the dance waxed warm certain movements of the loins appeared, as might be expected. A crowd of half-breeds and sooty sons of Africa stood around to enjoy the 'pi-pi' of the flutes, the 'bom-bom' of the huge drums, the mjimbo (singing) of the men, and the vijelejeh (lullalooing) of the women. After half-an-hour's endurance of this purgatory we were led to our sleeping place, the upper rooms, or rather room, of the Wali or Governor's house—its owner was one Meriko, a burly black freedman of the late Sayyid Said—and there the evening was spent by us over considerations of ways and means.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM PANGA-NI TOWN TO TONGWE OUTPOST. THE BALOCH GUARD.

Ma tutta insieme poi tra verdi sponde
In profondo canal l'acqua s'aduna,
E sotto l'ombra di perpetua fronde
Mormorando sen va gelida e bruna;
Ma transparente si, che non asconde
Del imo letto sua vaghezza alcuna. TASSO.

IN the heroic ages of Bruce and Mungo Park, Denham and Clapperton, Hornemann and Caillié, African travel had a prestige which, after living through a generation, came, as is the fate of all things sublunary, to a natural end. The public glutted with adventure and invention, which the 'damnable license of printing' ushered into the world, soon suffered from the humours of a severe surfeit: it learned to nauseate the monotonous tale of rapine, treachery, and murder; of ugly and

unsavoury savagery—the mala gens, as was said anent certain South countrymen, of a bona terra —of bleared misery by day and animated impurity by night, and of hunting adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which often made the reader regret the inevitable absence of a catastrophe. It felt the dearth of tradition and monuments of the olden time, the lack of romance, variety, and history, whilst the presence of a 'future,' almost too remote for human interest, was rather an aggravation than a palliation of the evil. A temporary revival of interest was, it is true, recited by the Egyptian hippopotamus and Gordon Cumming's trophies: Livingstone's first journey and Paul du Chaillu's gorilla also caused a transient burst of enthusiasm. But this soon had its day, and the night that followed was darker than before. In fact it still glooms.

Yet African travel still continues to fulfil all the conditions of attractiveness as laid down by that great city authority, Leigh Hunt. The theme has remoteness and obscurity of place, difference of custom, marvellousness of hearsay; events passing strange yet credible; sometimes barbaric splendour, generally luxuriance of nature, savage life, personal danger and suffering always borne (in books) with patience, dignity,

and even enthusiasm. Moreover, no hours are more fraught with smiling recollections to the author: nothing can be more charming than the contrast between his vantage ground of present ease, as he takes up his pen at home, and that past perspection of want, hardships, and accidents upon which he gazes through the softening, beautifying atmosphere of time. And the animus of the writer must to some extent inspire his readers.

We arose early in the morning after making Panga-ni, and repaired to the terrace for the better enjoyment of the view. The river-vista, with cocoa avenues to the north, with yellow cliffs on the southern side, some 40 feet high, abrupt as those of the Indus, and green clad above; with a distance of plum-blue hill, upon which eye and mind both love to rest; the mobile swelling water bounded by strips of emerald verdure and golden sand, and the still and azure sea dotted with 'diabolitos,' little black rocks, not improperly called 'devilings,' wanted nothing but the finish and polish of art to bring out the infinite variety, the rude magnificence of nature. A few grey ruins upon the hills would enable it to compare with the most admired prospects of the Rhine, without looking as if it had been made picturesque by contrast, to attract tourists, and with

half-a-dozen white Kiosks and Serais, minarets and latticed summer villas, it would almost rival that gem of creation, the Bosphorus.

Panga-ni[1] 'in the hole,' or 'between the highlands,' as was said of the River Lee, and its smaller neighbour, Kumba, hug the left or northern bank of its river: the site is a flat Maremma bounded by the sea and by a hill range, ten or eleven miles distant. Opposite are Mbweni and Mzimo Mpia, small villages built under tall bluffs of yellow sandstone, precipitous and impenetrably covered with wild growth. The stream which separates these rival pairs of settlements may be 200 yards broad: the mouth has an ugly line of bar-breakers, awash at low tide; the only fairway course is a narrow channel to the south, and the entrance is intricate, with reef and shoal. This in Capt. Owen's time was some 12 feet deep: now it it is reduced to seven or eight: although a report had been spread that the 'Shah Allum' had crossed it, nothing but country craft can safely enter, as some of our enterprising compatriots have discovered, to their cost. Panga-ni Bay is shown to the mariner by its 'ver-

[1] The Arabs, who have no P, must change it to an F, e.g. Fanga-ni and Fagazi for Pagazi, a porter. The latter word is ridiculously enough turned into a verb, e.g. 'ba-yatafaggazú, 'they act carriers.'

durous wall' of palms and by its dotting of small dark rocks; by Maziwi Island, a green-capped gem in a bezel of golden sand, bearing S. East, and southwards by the yellow cliffs of Mbweni. Vessels lie snugly in the outer roads, but when making the inner harbour even Hamid, most niggardly of Suris, expended a dollar upon a pilot. At low water in the dry season the bed of this tidal stream is partly exposed, and its produce during the flow is briny as the main: the rains cause it to swell with the hill-freshets, and then it becomes almost potable. The wells produce heavy and brackish drink, but who, ask the people, will take the trouble to fetch sweeter? The climate is said to be tolerably healthy; throughout the long and severe rainy monsoon, however, the place is rich in dysenteries and in fatal bilious remittents.

Panga-ni boasts some 19 or 20 stone houses of the usual box style: the rest is a mass of cajan huts, each with its large and mat-encircled patio or courtyard, whose outer lines form the streets, and wherein almost all the business of life is transacted. The settlement is surrounded by a thick thorny jungle, harbouring not a few leopards. One of these felines lately scaled the high terrace of our house, and seized a slave-

girl: her master, the burly Wáli, who was sleeping by her side, snatched up his sword, hurried into the house and bolted the door, heedless of the miserable cry, 'B'ana, help me!' The wretch was carried into the jungle, and incontinently devoured. As full of crocodiles is the river: whilst we were at Panga-ni a boy disappeared. When asked by strangers why they do not kill their crocodiles and burn their bush, the people reply that the former bring good luck, and that the latter is a fort to which they can fly when need drives them. Plantains, arecas, and cocoas grow all about the town; around it are plantations of papaws, betel, and Jamlis, whilst further lie extensive Shambas, or plantations, of holcus, maize, sesamum, and other grains. The clove flourishes, and, as elsewhere upon the Zanzibar coast, a little cotton is raised for household purposes; it will be long, however, before East-African cotton can influence the English market, and as yet it has proved only a snare and a delusion. A notable and narrow-minded party-cry of these modern days, as applied to Africa, are the three Cs—Cotton, Civilization, and Christianity: they 'pay,' however, better than to beg in the name of roads and schools, steamers and steam engines—the true means

which will eventually lead to the wished-for end.

Animals are here rare. Cows soon die after eating the grass, and even the Banyans despair of keeping them alive. Sheep are scarcely to be found, and goats, being almost wild, give very little milk, and that only before yeaning. But fish is abundant; poultry thrives, as it does all over Africa, though not so much on the coast as in the interior; and, before the late feuds began, clarified butter, that 'one source' of the outer East, was cheap and plentiful. Made in the interior by the Wazegura, and other Washenzi, with rich milk, stored in clean vessels, and sold when fresh, it reminded me of the J'aferabádi 'Ghi,' so celebrated throughout Western India.

Panga-ni, with its three neighbours, may contain a total of 4000 inhabitants, Arabs and Wasawahili, slaves and heathenry: of these a large proportion are feminines and concubines. Twenty Banyans manage the lucrative ivory trade of the Chaga, Nguru, and Umasai countries, which produce the whitest, largest, heaviest, softest, and, perhaps, finest ivory known. The annual export is said to be 35,000 lbs., besides 1750 lbs. of black rhinoceros horn, and 160 lbs. of hippopotamus' teeth; the latter is an article which, since porcelain teeth were invented, has

lost in value.[1] The other exports are holcus, maize, ghi, and Zanzibar rafters, cut near the river mouth, and up stream.

Trading parties travel to the Umasai, Chaga, and Nguru countries at all seasons, even when the rainy monsoon makes the higher Panga-ni difficult to cross. As many as 1000 Wasawahili and slavers, directed by a few Arabs, set out, laden with iron and brass wires (Nos. 7 and 8), some 50 of the former to 3 of the latter; with small brass chains which, fastened together, are used as kilts Mkifu) by the Wamasai; with American domestics, indigo-dyed calicoes (Kiniki), and checks, with beads of sorts, especially the white and the blue. Each man carries a pack worth from $15 to $25: consequently the total venture is of £4000. The caravan reaches its ground in about 20 days, and returns after a period varying between two and six months. The purchase of slaves is not on a large scale; nor is the

[1] Yet it has not become wholly obsolete. Mr Henry Adrian Churchill, C.B., formerly H. M.'s Consul, Zanzibar, when examined before the Select Committee on slave trade (July 13, 1871), made the total amount of exportation from Zanzibar Island, $1,527,800. Of this $100,000 represented copal; $2400 stood for hippopotamus' teeth; $663,600 for ivory; and $270,000 for slaves. Thus no notice of cowries is taken; and the trade rivalry of H.M. Régis and Fabre has succeeded in putting down the shell-money.

coast journey distinguished by inhumanity. Here the free traveller dies as frequently as the servile. The merchants complain loudly of the 'Pagazi,' or porters: these fellows are prepaid $10 for the trip, and the proprietor congratulates himself if, after payment, only 15 per cent. abscond. The Hindu's profit must here be enormous, I saw one man to whom $26,000 were owed by the people. What part do interest and compound interest play in making up such a sum, when even Europeans will demand 40 per cent. for moneys lent on safe mortgage or bottomry? We heard of another case, in which a bond worth $60, and sold for $30, became, by post-obits and other processes, $10,000: the affair was referred to the Zanzibar Government, which allowed $1000 by way of indemnification. Some of their gains are swallowed up by the rapacity of these savages, whose very princes are inveterate beggars. The pliant Banyan always avoids refusals, like the diplomatic Spaniard, 'saying no, although he may do no'; consequently he will find at his door every evening some 70 or 80 suitors, who besiege him with cries for grain, butter, or a little oil.

After the dancing ceremony arose a variety of difficulties, resulting from the African traveller's

twin banes—the dollar and the blood-feud. Panga-ni, Mbweni, and the other settlements on this coast, nominally belong, by right of conquest and succession, to the Sayyid of Zanzibar, who invests and confirms the Governors and Diwans. At Panga-ni, however, these officials are par congé d'élire, selected by Kimwere, Sultan of Usumbara, whose ancestors received tribute from the Mountains of Paré eastward to the Indian Ocean, and who still claims the northern villages. On the other hand, Mbweni and the southern settlements are in the territory of the Wazegura, a violent and turbulent tribe, inveterate slave-dealers, and cunning at kidnapping, whilst the Christian merchants of Zanzibar have been thoughtlessly allowed by the Prince Regnant to supply them freely with muskets and ammunition. Of course the two tribes, Wasumbara and Wazegura, are inveterate, deadly foes: moreover, about a year ago, a violent intestine feud broke out amongst the latter, who at the time of our visit were burning and plundering, selling and murdering one another in all directions. About two months had passed since they had cut the throat of one Moyya, a slave belonging to the Sayyid of Zanzibar; and, as usual, the murder was left unpunished. The citizens of

Panga-ni, therefore, hearing that we were bearers of a letter from the Sayyid of Zanzibar to Sultan Kimwere, marked out for us the circuitous route viâ Mtangata, where no plundering Wazegura from the south of the Panga-ni river could try their valour. We, on the other hand, wishing to inspect that same stream, determined upon proceeding by the directest line, along its left or northern bank. The timid townsmen had also circulated a report that we were bound for Chaga and Kilima-njaro; the Wamasai were 'out,' the rains were setting in, and they saw us without armed escort. They resolved, therefore, not to accompany us; but nevertheless did each man expect his gift of dollars and his bribe of inducement.

The expense of the journey was an even more serious consideration. In these lands the dollar is almighty. If it be lacking, you must travel alone, unaccompanied, at least, by any but blacks; without other instrument but a pocket-compass, and with few weapons. You must conform to every nauseous custom; you will be subjected at the most interesting points to perpetual stoppages; the contents of your note-book will be well-nigh worthless; and unless you be one in a million, you may make up your mind that

want and hardship will conduct you to illness and perhaps to death. This is one extreme, and from it to the other there is no 'golden mean.' With abundance of money—say £5000 per annum—an exploring party in these parts could trace its own line, paying off all opposers. It could study, if it pleases, even infusoria; handle sextants in the presence of negroes, who would willingly cut every throat for one inch of brass; and, by travelling comfortably, it would secure the best chance of return. Either from Mombasah or from Panga-ni we might have marched through the plundering Wamasai to Chaga and Kilima-njaro; but an escort of at least 100 matchlocks would have been necessary. Pay, porterage, and provisions for such a party would have amounted to at least £100 per week; and a month and a half would have absorbed the whole of our scanty supplies. Thus it was, gentle reader, that we were compelled to rest contented with a walking trip to Fuga.

Presently the plot thickened. Muigni Khatib, eldest son and heir of Sultan Kimwere, a black of unprepossessing physiognomy, with a 'villainous trick of the eye and a foolish hanging of the nether lip;' a prognathous jaw garnished with cat-like mustachios and cobweb beard; with

a sour frown and abundant surliness by way of dignity, dressed like an Arab, and raised above his fellows by El Islam, sent a presumptuous message requesting us to place in his hands what we intended for his father. This chief was then journeying to Zanzibar with fear and trembling: he had tried to establish at his village, Kirore, a Romulian asylum for fugitive slaves, and having partially succeeded in enticing away many ruffians, he dreaded the consequences. The Baloch Jemadar strongly urged us privily to cause his detention in the Island, a precaution somewhat too Oriental for our taste; he refused, however, the Muigni's request in his own tone. Following princely example, the dancing Diwans claimed a fee for permitting us to reside. As they worded it El Ada—the habit—basing it upon an ancient present from Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, and as they were in palpable, manifest process of establishing a local custom, which in Africa becomes law to the latest posterity, we flatly objected, showed our letters, and in the angriest of moods, threatened reference to Head Quarters. Briefly, all began to angle for bakhshish, but I cannot remember any one catching it: they revenged themselves by promising to show us a minaret, and by showing only an old tomb—

poor reward for 16 miles in the burning sun.

Weary of negro importunities, we resolved to visit Chogwe, the nearest Baloch outpost upon the Rufu[1] (Lufu), or Upper Pangani river, and thence, aided by the Jemadar, who had preceded us, to push for Fuga, the capital village of Usumbara. We made our preparations silently, paid off the Riámi, rejected the Diwans who wished to accompany us as spies, left Said bin Salim and Caetano, the Goanese lad, in the house of the Wali Meriko, who presently accompanied his Muigni to Zanzibar; and under pretext of a short shooting excursion, we hired a long canoe and four men, loaded it with the luggage required for a fortnight, and started with the tide, at 11 A.M. on January 6, 1858.

First we grounded, then a puff of wind drove us on at railway speed, and then we scraped again: it was impossible to avoid being taken

[1] Mr Wakefield (loc. cit.) writes the word 'Rúvu,' and says that it is Kizegúa (Kizegura). I believe that this is the name by which it is known, not only 'a few days in the interior,' but immediately beyond the embouchure. As has already been remarked, the wild people would pronounce the words Kizegúa and Mzegúa, the civilized Kizegura and Mzegura. Dr Krapf prefers Luffu, Lufu being the more truly African form. Mr Cooley (Lower Africa, &c., p. 79) has Ruvú, a mere error, and he actually confounds it with the great Rufuma stream, a hundred miles to the south.

FUGA, CAPITAL OF USUMBARA.

aback, so abrupt are the windings of the bed. At last we were successful in turning the first dangerous angle: here, where sea-breeze and tide meet the buffing stream, forming a 'Lahr,' as the Baloch call it, navigation becomes perilous to small craft. There is, as usual at and near the mouths of African rivers where the water acts as wind conductor, a little gale blowing upstream, a valuable aid to craft bound inland, but not without its risks; here many a boat has filled and sunk beneath the ridge of short chopping waves. After five miles, during which the turbulent river, streaked with lines of froth, gradually narrowed, we found it barely brackish, and somewhat farther it was sweet as the celebrated creek-water of Guiana.

Often since that day, while writing amid the soughing blasts, the dashing rain, and the darkened air of a wet season in West Africa and the Brazil, have I remembered with yearning the bright and beautiful spectacle of those Zangian streams, whose charm, like the repose of the dead, seems heightened by proximity to decay. We had soon exchanged the amene and graceful, though somewhat tame scenery of the sandstone formation on the seaboard, for a view most novel and characteristic. Behemoth now reared his head from the

foaming waters, gazed upon us, snorted at us, and sank back surlily and suspiciously into the depths of his home. Crocodiles, terrified by the splash of paddles, waddled down, as dowagers might, with their horrid claws dinting the slimy bank, and lay upon the water like yellow-brown tree-trunks, measuring us with small malignant green eyes, deep set under warty brows. Monkeys rustled the tall trees, here peeping with curiosity almost human, there darting away in fear amidst the wondrous frondage and foliage; now gambolling and frolicking up and down the corkscrew-like bush-ropes, nature's cables, shrouds, and stays; then disappearing amidst the gloom of virgin forest. Below, their younger brethren, the jungle men and women—

> 'So withered and so wild in their attire,
> That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
> And yet are on't'—

planted their shoulder-cloths, their rude crates, and their coarse weirs upon the muddy inlets where fish abounded. The sky was sparkling blue, the water was bluer, and over both spread the thinnest blue haze, tempering raw tones of colour to absolute beauty. On both sides of the shrinking stream a dense curtain of many-tinted vegetation,

'Yellow and black, and pale and hectic red,'

shadowed swirling pools, where the current swept over the growth of intertwisted fibres. The stunted Mkindu, brab or wild date (Phœnix sylvestris), much used for mats, contrasted with the Nakhl el Shaytan, or Devil's Date (Raphia Vinifera), which, eccentric in form and frondage, curved arms sometimes 30 and even 35 feet long, over the dancing wave: this dwarf-giant of the palms has no trunk to speak of, but each midrib is thick as a man's thigh, and the vegetable kingdom cannot show such length of foliage. Not a few of the trees were so distinguished by oppositions of tall and sturdy trunk supporting frail and tender belongings, that they seemed to bear leaves and blossoms not their own. Upon the watery margin large lilies of snowy robe, some sealed by day, others wide expanded and basking in light and air, gleamed beautifully against the black-green growth and the clear bitumen-brown of the bank-water. In scattered spots were inhuman traces of human presence; tall arecas and cocoas waving over a now impenetrable jungle; whilst plantains, sugar-canes, limes, and bitter oranges, choked with wild verdure, still lingered about the broken homestead and around the falling walls, blackened by the murderer's fire. And above all

reigned the peculiar African and tropical stillness of noontide, deep and imposing, broken only by the curlew's scream or by the tepid breeze rustling the tree-tops in fitful gusts, whispering among the matted foliage, and swooning away upon the warm bosom of the wave.

Amid such scenes we paddled and poled till the setting sun spread its cloak of purple over a low white cliff, upon whose feet the ripple broke and on whose head lingered venerable trees that stood out from the underwood of the lower banks. Here lies the Pir of Wasin, a saint described by our Baloch guide as a 'very angry, holy man' (bará jabrá Pir). A Sherif of pure strain, he gallantly headed, in times long gone by, his Moslem followers flying from Panga-ni, when it was attacked by a ravenous herd of heathenry. The infidels seem to have had the advantage in running: they collared the Faithful at these cliffs, and would have made mince-meat of them, when Mother Hertha, at the prayer of the Pir, opened wide and received them in her bowels. This Shaykh will not allow the trees to be felled or the floods to rise above the level of his grave: moreover, if the devotee, after cooking food at the tomb in honour of its tenant, venture to lick his fingers—the usual succedaneum for napkins in

East Africa, and throughout the Moslem world—he is at once delivered over to the haunting Jinns. The Baloch never pass the place without casting a handful of leaves, a bullet, or a few grains of powder by way of humble heave-offering into the stream. Our guide told us, in accents of awe, how a Suri Arab, doubtless tainted with Wahhabi heresy, had expressed an opinion that this Pir had been a mere mortal, but little better, if at all better, than his own sinful self; how the shallow scoffer's ship was wrecked within the year, and how he passed through water into the fire of Jehannum. *Probatum est*—defend us, Allah! from the sins of Reason.

We passed three small Arab timber-craft which were laying in a cargo of red and white mangrove trunks, and in many places floated small rafts of palm-fronds ready to be guided down-stream. At sunset the tide, running like a mill-race, compelled our crew to pole up a little inlet near Pombui or Kipombui, a village on the left bank, well stockaded with split areca trunks. The people who are subject to Zanzibar, and are claimed by Kimwere, flocked out to welcome their strangers, laid down a bridge of cocoa-ribs, brought chairs, and offered a dish of small green mangoes, here a great luxury. We sat under a tree

till midnight, unsatiated with the charm of the darker hours. The moon rained molten silver over the black foliage and the huge fronds of the Devil's Dates (Raphias); the stars gleamed like golden lamps hung unusually high in the limpid air, and Venus, the beautiful, glittered diamond-like upon the pure front of the firmament. The fireflies rose in a scatter of sparks—'a shower of fire' Southey has it—now all shone out simultaneously. through the dark; then the glow melted away, as if by concerted impulse, amidst the glooms of the ground. At our feet rolled the black waters of the creek; in the jungle wild beasts roared fitfully; Leviathan and Behemoth crashed through. the bush, and the night breeze mingled softly sighing sounds with the murmurs and the gurgling of the stream.

About midnight, when the tide flowed strong, we resumed our way. The river then became a sable streak down the avenue of lofty trees except where a bend suddenly opened its mirrory surface to the reflection of the moon, and stretched it before us like a silver ribbon. The deep roar of the hippopotamus, the snorting, and the occasional blowing sounded close to our stern, and the crew begged me to fire for the purpose of frightening a certain pernicious

'rogue' whose villanies had gained for him the royal title of 'Sultan Mamba,' or King Crocodile: now we heard the splashing of the huge beasts, as they scrambled over the shoals; then they struggled with hoarse grunts up the miry slippery banks which led to fields and plantations; then, again, all was quiet as the grave. After a protracted silence, deep and drear, the near voice of a man startled us as though it had been some ghostly sound. At 2 P.M., reaching a cleared tract on the river-side, the 'ghaut' or landing-place of Chogwe, we made fast the canoe, looked to our weapons, and covering our faces against the clammy dew and the blinding, paralyzing moonlight, we lay down to snatch an hour's sleep. The total distance rowed was about 13½ miles.

We began the next morning with an inspection of Chogwe, the bazar, to which we were escorted with sundry honorary discharges of matchlocks, by the Jemadar, and 20 Bashi Buzuks. It was first occupied some few years ago, when the Church Missionary Intelligencer had published (Jan. 1850) a 'fact,' namely, that the 'Imam of Zanzibar had not one inch of ground between the Island of Wasin and the Panga-ni river.' The fact proved to be a fiction, and the late Sayyid at once garrisoned Chogwe and

Tongwe with 25 Baloch. About this time, also, King Kimwere, with cheap generosity, had offered to Dr Krapf by way of mission-station a choice of Tongwe, of Pambire, or of Meringa, a lofty peak in the continuous range to the N. West. A certain French admiral declared that he would occupy these places where the 'Imam' had little authority; 'if they do, I'll burn the country faster than they can travel,' was the Arab's reply. M. Guillain next strove hard to prove that none of the Bu Saidi ever included even Makdishu in their dominions.

Chogwe is situated upon an eminence gently rising from the grassy plain of black alluvial soil which is flooded during the rains. It is seven direct miles distant from Panga-ni town, bearing west 288°; the walk over a rugged path occupies four or five hours, yet few men but slaves availed themselves of the short cut. The position is badly chosen, water is distant, the rugged soil produces nothing but stunted manioc, and when the inundation subsides in the lowlands it is exposed to miasma, whilst the frequent creeks must be crossed upon tree trunks acting bridges. The garrison at such times suffers severely from sickness, especially from fever and diarrhœa, and the men, dull as a whaler's crew lorn of luck, abhor

HILL-FORT AT TONGWE.

he wretched desolate out-station. Commanding, however, the main road to Usumbara, Chogwe affords opportunity for an occasional something in the looting line—which is a consideration.

A stiff snake-fence surrounds the hill-crest and defends the cajan penthouses of the Bashi Buzuks: the only works are two platforms for matchlock-men planted on high poles like the Maychan of Hindostan and the Mintar of Syria. The Washenzi savages sometimes creep up at night, shoot a few arrows into the huts, set fire to the matting with the spicula ignita, and after other such amenities, hurriedly levant. The Wazegura, though fighting with one another, did not when we visited the place molest the Baloch. To the North and West of Chogwe rises a continuous range, the outliers of Usumbara: about 15 miles S. Westward (233° 15′) in the plains of the Wazegura beyond the river is a succession of detached hills of which the most remarkable, Tongwe Mwanapiro, in our charts called Gendagenda, may be seen from Zanzibar. Here rules one Mwere, a chief hostile to the mercenaries, who boast that if they numbered 50 they could overrun and plunder the whole land: the Asiatics, not caring to soil their hands with negro blood, make their slaves fight his men even as the in-

genuous youth of Eton offered their scouts to meet in the cricket-field the ambitious youth of Rugby. It is certain that a few stout fellows, with a competent leader and a little money for good arms and ammunition, might easily establish an absolute monarchy over the independent blacks, and filibuster for Zanzibar, as the Khedive is now doing for Egypt.

These Baloch mercenaries merit some notice. They were first entitled Askar in the days of Sultan bin Ahmad, father of the late Sayyid Said, who preferred them to his unruly self-willed Omani Arabs and his futile half-castes and blacks: he acted upon the same principle which made the Ayyubite sultans of Syria and Egypt arm first Kurdish and afterwards Circassian 'Mamlukes.' From 1000 to 1500 men were scattered over the country in charge of the forts: the ruler knew that they were hated by all Arabs, and to create dissensions even amongst his own children was ever the astute Sayyid's policy. The Wáli and the Jemadar, like the Turkish Wáli and Mushir, are rarely on speaking terms, and if not open enemies, they are at least rivals. The people nickname these foreigners Kurára Kurára—to sleep! to sleep! 'rárá' being the Asiatic mispronunciation of lálá. Boasting themselves to be Baloch, they

are mostly from the regions about Kech and Bampur: they are mixed up with a rabble rout of Arabs and Afghans, of Sidis[1] and Hindostan men. The corps spoke some half-a-dozen different languages, and many of the members have left their country for their country's good—a body of convicts, however, generally fights well. The Mekrani especially are staunch men behind walls, and if paid, drilled, and officered, they would make as 'varmint' light-bobs as any Arnauts. They have a knightly fondness for arms: a 'young barrel and an old blade' are their delight: like schoolboys, they think nothing so fine as the report of a gun; consequently ammunition is kept by the C. O., and is never served out except before a fight. All use the matchlock: while good shots are rare, many are tolerably skilful with sword and shield. Their nominal pay is from $2 to $3 per mensem, a pittance of some 20 pice (120 pice = $1) per diem: this must find them in clothes and rations as well as in arms; often there is not a sandal amongst

[1] The full-blooded negro is called Sidi (Seedy) or Sidi bhai ('my lord brother') throughout Western India. I have said that the expression, derived from his address to his master, is unknown at Zanzibar: to Europe it is made familiar by El Cid Campeador, but it must not be confounded with Sayyid, as it has lately been by a writer in the Athenæum (No. 2288, Sept. 2, 1871).

them, and they are as ragged a crew as ever left the barren wolds of Central Asia in quest of African fortune. They live in tattered hovels, which they build for themselves, upon one meal a day, which is shared by their slave concubines. To the natural greed of mountain-races, the poor devils who come in horse and salt-boats, and act barbers and sailors, porters, labourers, and date-gleaners, add the insatiable desires of beggars. The Banyans have a proverb that a Baloch, a Brahman, and a buck-goat eat the trees to which they are tied. Sudden and sharp in quarrel, they draw their daggers upon the minutest provocation; they have no mitigation nor remorse of voice, and they pray in the proportion of one to a dozen. Africa is to them what the Caucasus is to the Russians, Kabylie to the French, and Sind to the English soldier. All look forward to 'Hindostan—bagh o bostan,' India the flower-garden; but the Arabs have a canny proverb inporting that the fool who falleth into the fire rarely falleth out of it.

Fraudare stipendio, saith ancient Justin, was the proverb of the Great King's satraps: the custom has been religiously preserved by the modern East. Each station is commanded by a Jemadar, who receives $4 to $5 per month, and ample license to pay himself by peculation. This

class is at once under-salaried and over-trusted. The Jemadar advances money upon usury to his men; he keeps them six months in arrears, and not a few of them never see the colour of Government coin from the year's beginning to the end. He exacts perquisites from all who fear his hate and who need his aid; and he falsifies the muster-rolls impudently and with impunity, giving 25 names to perhaps four men. Thus, like the Turkish Colonel of Nizam, the Jemadar lives in great state. He has a wife or two, and perhaps a dozen slaves; he sports a fine coat of scarlet broadcloth, a silver-hilted sword and dagger, and a turban of rich silk. He keeps flocks of sheep and goats, and he trades with the interior for ivory and captives. Such has been, such is, and such ever will be till Europe steps in, that false economy which throughout the 'East,' from Stambul to Japan, grasps the penny and flings away the pound. It is a state inseparable from the conditions of society and of government, where public servants are not paid, they must, of course, pay themselves; and they often prefer the latter mode, as they pay themselves far better than they would otherwise be paid. About a century ago we did the same thing in India, where men amassed fortunes, and

until the late reforms, such was notoriously the case throughout the Russian empire. Perhaps in the present day the best place to study the system of all peculation and no pay is Damascus.

Having confided our project to the Jemadar of Chogwe, he promised his good-will—for a consideration. He undertook to start us the next day, and, curious to relate, for as usual he was a Cathaian of the first water, he kept his word. The small garrison, however, could afford but four match-lock-men as a guard, and the same number of slave-boys acting porters. The C. O., therefore, engaged for us, nominally paying $10, and doubtless retaining one half, a couple of guides, who proved to be a single guide and his chattel.

After a night spent in the Maychan, where wind, dust, and ants conspired to make us miserable, we arose to prepare for marching. We reduced our kit to the strictest necessaire, surveying instruments, weapons, waterproof blankets, tea, sugar, and tobacco for ten days, a bag of dates, and three bags of rice. About noon, issuing from our shed, we placed the baggage in the sun; thus mutely appealing to the 'Sharm'—shame or sense of honour—possessed by our Baloch employés. A start was not effected till 5 P.M.; every slave grumbling loudly at his load,

snatching up the lightest of packs, fighting to avoid the heavier burdens, and rushing forward regardless of what was left behind. This nuisance endured till abated by an outward application easily divined. I had only to hope that after a march or two the scramble would subside into something like order. At length, escorted in token of honour by the consumptive Jemadar and most of his company, we set out, in a straggling Indian file, towards Tongwe.

The track wound over stony ridges, and after an hour it plunged into a dense, thorny thicket, which during the rains must be impassable. The evening belling of the deer and the near 'clock clock' of the partridge struck our ears pleasantly. In open places lay the dry lesses of elephants, and footprints retained by the last year's mud: these animals, as in the Harar country, descend to the plains during the rainy monsoon, and when the heats set in retire to the cool hills—a regular annual migration. The Baloch shoot, the wild people kill them with poisoned arrows. More than once during our march we found the grave-like trap-pits in India called Ogi. They are wedge-shaped holes 10 feet deep, artfully placed in the little rises frequented by the beasts, and the size must exactly fit the victim, which easily extricates

itself from one too large or too small: if fairly jammed, however, it cannot escape. We did not sight a single specimen; but judging from the footprints—three to three and a half circumferences showing the shoulder-height—the elephant here is not of tall stature. From the further interior come tusks commonly weighing 100 lbs. each; those of 175 lbs. are not rare, and I have heard of a par nobile sent from Delagoa Bay to the King of Portugal, whose joint weight was 560 lbs. We also saw many traces of lion, antelope, and wild cattle, here called buffalo. It was a severe disappointment to us that we could not revisit, as we had promised ourselves, this country during the rains; but Lieut.-Col. Hamerton strongly dissuaded us from again risking jungle fever; and we had other work to do in Inner Africa. Sporting, indeed, must occupy the whole man, and even to shoot for specimens is often to waste time in two ways. The 'serious traveller' must indulge himself by taking at times a week or a fortnight's leave from geograpical work, and even then he will frequently find circumstances interfere with his plans. Throughout our march in these regions game was rarely seen; none lives where the land is peopled; in the parts near the stations it is

persecuted by the Baloch, and the wild Jägers will kill and eat even rats. We heard, however, many tales of Mabogo, or wild cattle, and of lions; of leopards in plenty; of a hog, probably the masked boar; amongst many antelopes, of one resembling the Nilghai (A. Picta), and of an elk said to be like the Samhar of Hindostan.

Another hour's marching, and a total of six miles, as shown by the pedometer, brought us to the Makam Sayyid Sulayman, a partially cleared ring in the thorny jungle. It was bounded on one side by a rocky and tree-fringed nullah, where water stagnates in pools during the dry season; and here ensued a comical scene. The whole party went to drink, when suddenly all began to dance and shout like madmen, pulling off their clothes and frantically snatching at their lower limbs. It was our first experience of that formican fiend, the bull-dog ant (Siyáfú or Ch'hungu Fundo),[1] black, and a good half inch long, which invariably reserves its attentions for the tenderest portions of the person attacked. The bite of this wretch, properly called 'atrox,' burns like the point of a red-hot needle, and whilst engaged in its cannibal meal, literally beginning to devour

[1] Ch'hungu, the generic name for an ant, must not be confounded with 'Chungu,' a pot.

man alive, even when its doubled-up body has been torn from the head, the pincers will remain embedded in flesh. Moreover, there are the usual white ants (Ch'hungu Mchwa, Termes fatalis), death upon your property; the ginger-coloured Ch'hungu ya moto, whose name 'fire-ant' describes its bite, and the hopper ant, who, like the leopard, takes a flying leap from the nearest branch, and cleverly alighting upon the victim, commences operations. And where the ant is in legions, one of the most troublesome is the smelling ant (Ch'hungu Uvundo), which suggests that carrion is concealed behind every bush. Verily, in Africa, as was said of the Brazil, the ant is king, and he rules like a tyrant.

We spent the night in a small Babel of Baloch. It was a savage opera scene. One recited his Koran, another prayed, a third told funny stories, whilst a fourth trolled out in minor key lays of love and war, made familiar to my ear upon the rugged Sindian hills. This was varied by slapping away the lank mosquitoes that flocked to the gleaming camp-fires, by rising occasionally to rid ourselves of the ants, and by challenging the small parties of savages who, armed with bows and arrows, passed amongst us, carrying grain to Panga-ni. The Baloch kept a truly

oriental watch. They sang and shouted, and they carefully fed the camp fire during early night, when there is no danger; but all slept like the dead through the 'small hours,' the time always chosen by the African freebooters, and indeed by almost all savages, to make their unheroic onslaughts. Similarly, throughout our expedition to the Lake Regions, the 'soldiers' never dreamed of any precaution whilst in dangerous regions. As we approached the coast, however, sentinels were carefully set, that all might be well which ends well.

At daybreak on February 9, accompanied by a much reduced detachment, we resumed our march: the poitrinaire Jemadar, who was crippled by the moonlight and by the cold dew, resolved, when thawed, to return with the rest of his company Chogwe-wards. An hour's hard walking brought us to the foot of rugged Tongwe, the Great Hill. Ascending the flank of the N. Eastern spur, we found ourselves at 8 A.M., after five or six bad miles, upon the chine of a little ridge, with summer facing the sea, and a wintry wind blowing from the deep and forested valley to landward. Thence, pursuing the rugged incline, after another half-hour we entered the 'fort,' a crenellated, flat-roofed, and whitewashed room, 14 feet square, sup-

ported inside by smooth blackened rafters. It was tenanted by two Baloch, who figure on the muster-rolls as 20 men. They complain of loneliness and of the horrors: though several goats have been sacrificed, an obstinate demon still haunts the hill, and at times the weeping and wailing of distressed spirits makes their thin blood run chill from their hearts.

Tongwe is the first offset of the massive mountain-terrace which forms the Region of Usumbara: here, in fact, begins the Highland block of Zangian and equatorial Africa, which culminates in Kilima-njaro and Doenyo Ebor, or Mount Kenia. It rises abruptly from the plain, and projects long spurs into the river valley, where the Panga-ni flows noisily through a rocky trough, and whence we could distinctly hear the roar of the celebrated waterfall. Situated N. West of (324°), and nine miles as the crow flies from, Chogwe, the hill summit, about 2000 feet above sea-level, is clothed with jungle, through which we had to cut a way with our swords, when seeking compass bearings of the Nguru hills. The thickness of the vegetation, which contains stunted cocoas, oranges grown wild and bitter, the Castor shrub, the Solanum, and the bird-pepper plant, with small berry, but very hot i' the mouth, renders the

eminence inaccessible from any but the Eastern and Northern flanks. The deserted grounds showed signs of former culture, and our negro guide sighed as he told us that his kinsmen had been driven by the Wazegura from their ancient seats to the far inner wilds. Around the Fort were slender plantations of maize and manioc springing amongst the 'black jacks,' which here, as in the Brazil, are never removed. The surface is a reddish, argillaceous, and vegetable soil, overlying grey and ruddy granite and schists. These rocks bear the 'gold and silver complexion' which was fatal to Colin Clout, the chivalrous 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' and the glistening spangles of mica still feed the fancy of the pauper Baloch mercenary. Below Tongwe hill, a deep hole in the northern face supplies the sweetest 'rock-water,' and upon the plain a boulder of well-weathered granite, striped with snowy quartz, contains two crevices ever filled by the purest springs. The climate appeared delicious, temperate in the full blaze of an African and tropical summer, and worthy of verse—

> 'Fair is that land as evening skies,
> And cool though in the depths it lies
> Of burning Africa.'

The temperature would correspond with a similar

altitude upon the Fernando Po and the Camarones peaks. But whilst the hill was green the lower lands were baked like bread crust—the 'fertile and flourishing regions about Tongwe' belong to the category of things gone by.

We had much to do before leaving Tongwe. The Jemadar had, it is true, ordered for us an escort, but in these latitudes obedience to orders is an optional matter. Moreover, the Baloch, enervated by climate and by long habits of utter indolence, looked forward with scant pleasure to the discomforts of a mountain march. Shoeless, bedless, and almost ragless, they could hardly be induced, even by the offer of 'stone dollars,' to quit for a week their hovel homes, their black Venuses, and their whitey-brown piccaninnies. They felt truly happy with us at Tongwe, doing nothing beyond devouring, twice a day, vast quantities of our dates and rice, an unknown luxury; and they were at infinite pains to defer the evil hour of departure. One fellow declared it was absolutely impossible for him to travel without salt, and proposed sending back a slave to Chogwe: the move would have involved the loss of at least three days, so we thought it best at once to begin with firmly saying no.

By hard talking I managed at last to secure a

small party, which demands a few words of introduction to the reader—it is the typical affair in this part of Africa, and the sketch may be useful to future travellers. We have four slave boys, idle, worthless dogs, who never work save under the rod, who think of nothing beyond their stomachs, and who are addicted to running away upon all occasions. Petty pilferers to the backbone, they steal, magpie-like, by instinct, and from their impudent fingers nothing is safe. On the march they lag behind to see what can be 'prigged,' and not being professional porters, they are as restive as camels when receiving their loads. 'Am I not a slave?' is their excuse for every detected delinquency, and we must admit its full validity. One of these youths happening to be brother-in-law—after a fashion—to the Jemadar, requires almost superhuman efforts to prevent him loading the others with his own share.

The guide, Muigni Wazira, is a huge broad-shouldered, thick-waisted, large-limbed Msawahili, with coal black skin and straight features, massive and regular, which look as if cut in jet; a kind of face that might be seen on the keystone of an arch. He frowns like the Jann spoken of in the Arabian Nights, and he often makes me wish for a photographer. He is purblind, a de-

fect which does not, however, prevent his leading us by the shortest path into every village that aspires to mulct our slender store of sprig-muslin. Wazira is our rogue, rich in all the perfections of African cunning. A prayerless Sherif, he utterly despises all Makafiri or infidels; he has a hot temper, and when provoked he roars like a wild beast. He began by stubbornly refusing to carry any load; but he yielded when it was gently placed upon his heavy shoulder, with a significant gesture in case of recusance. He does not, however, neglect to pass it occasionally to his slave, who, poor wretch, is almost broken down by the double burden.

Rahmat the Mekrani calls himself a Baloch, and bears the proud title of Shah-Sawar, or the Rider King. He is the Chelebi, the dandy or tiger of the party. A good-looking brown man, about 25 years of age, with a certain affectation and girlishness of speech and tournure which bode no good, the Rider King deals in the externals of respectability: he washes and prays with artificial regularity; he is ever combing his long hair and beard; he trains his bushy mustache to touch his eyes, and he binds on crookedly a huge turban. His cue is to affect the Jemadar, to take command. He would have monopolized, had I

permitted him, the general store of gunpowder, a small leathern bottle wrung from the C. O. at Chogwe: and having somewhat high-flown ideas of discipline, he began by stabbing a slave-boy. He talks loud in his nasal native Balochki, debased Persian, ridiculous Arabic, and voluble Kisawahili; moreover, his opinion is ever to the fore. The Rider King, pleading soldier, refuses to carry anything but his matchlock and a private stock of dates, which he keeps ungenerously to himself. He boasts of prowess in vert and venison: I never saw him hit the mark, but we missed some powder and ball, with which perhaps he may be more fortunate. Literally, he was not worth his salt. Yet this knave had resolved to force himself upon me when in June I set out for the Lake Regions, and made a show of levelling his old shooting-iron. For sixpence a shot he might have fired ad libitum.

Hamdan, a Maskat Arab, has seen better days, of which strong waters and melancholia have removed all traces except a tincture of lettres. Our Mullah, or chaplain-and-secretary, is small, thin, brown-skinned, long-nosed, and green-eyed, with little spirit and less muscularity. A crafty old traveller, he has a store of creature comforts for the journey: he carries with his childish match-

lock a drinking gourd and a Ghi-pot, and for more reasons than one he sits apart at the camping ground. Strongly contrasting with him is the ancient Mekrani Sha'aban, a decrepit giant with the negroid type of countenance, pock-marked, and ugly enough to frighten. He is of the pig-headed, opposed to the soft-brained, order of old man, hard and opinionated, selfish and unmanageable. He smokes, and must drink water throughout the livelong day. He dispenses the wisdom of a Dogberry, whereat all laugh; and much to the disgust of his hearers, he either coughs or snores during the hours of night. This senior will carry nothing but his long greasy gun, gourd, and pipe; and, despite his grey beard, he is the drone of our party.

Jemal and Murad Ali are our working men, excellent specimens of the true Baloch, vieux grognards, with a grim sour humour, something like 'wut,' especially when the fair sex and its backslidings are concerned. They have dark frowning faces, wrinkled and rugged as their natal hills, with pads of muscle upon their short forearms and sinewy angular calves, remarkable in this land of sheepshanks. Sparing of words, they grunt the shortest answers when addressed; if they speak at all, it is in a roar or a scream: they

are angry men, uncommonly handy with their well-polished daggers, and they think as little of cutting a negro's as a sheep's throat. At the promise of an extra dollar they walk off under heavy loads, besides carrying their arms and necessaries. These two, in fact, are good men and true.

The gem of the party, however, is one Sidi Mubarak, who has taken to himself the agnomen of 'Bombay.' His sooty skin, and teeth sharp-pointed like those of the reptilia, denote his origin from Uhiao: he is one of those model Seedies, run-away slaves, employed as lascars and coal-trim-mers, who with chaff, grimace, and peals of laughter, varied now and then by dance and song, delight the passengers in an Anglo-Indian steamer. Bombay, sold at Kilwa in early youth, a process of which he talks with many broad grins, was carried to Cutch by some Banyan, and there became a libertinus: he looks fondly back upon the hour of his adoption, and he sighs for the day when a few dollars will enable him to return. His head is a triumph to phrenology; a high narrow cranium, denoting by arched and rounded crown, fuyant brow and broad base with full development of the moral region, deficiency of the reflectives, fine perceptives, and abundant

animality. His hair is of the woolliest: his twinkling little eyes are set close together, and his lips and expansive mouth, especially in rare fits of ill-temper, project as in the cynocephali. He works on principle and he works like a horse, candidly declaring that not love of us but his duty to his belly make him work. With a sprained ankle and a load quite disproportioned to his chétif body, he insists upon carrying two guns, and after a 30 miles' walk he is as fresh as before it began. He attends us everywhere, manages our purchases, carries all our messages, and when not employed by us, he is at every man's beck and call. Speaking a little broken Hindostani, he has for all 'jungly niggers' an ineffable contempt, which he never attempts to conceal. He had enlisted under the Jemadar of Chogwe: we thought, however, so highly of his qualifications, that persuasion and paying his debts induced him after a little coqueting to take leave of soldiering and to follow our fortunes. He began by escorting us to Fuga as head gun-carrier: on our march to the Lakes he was the confidential servant and interpreter of my companion, he being the only man with whom the latter could converse, and in the Second Expedition of Capts Speke and Grant he was promoted

to command the Wasawahili. Almost every black brain would have been turned by this rapid and dazzling rise: Sidi Mubarak Bombay did *not*, however, as I had anticipated, 'prove himself a failure in the end.'

A machine so formed could hardly be expected to begin work without some creaking. The Baloch were not entirely and solely under us, and in the East no man will, even if he can, serve two masters. For the first few days many a muttered cursing and loud wrangling showed signs of dissolution. One would not proceed because the Rider King kept the gunpowder, another started on his way home because he was refused some dates, and, during the night after departure, all Bombay's efforts, we afterwards heard, were in requisition to prevent a break-up en masse. But by degrees the component parts fitted smoothly and moved steadily, till at last we had little to complain of, and the men volunteered to follow wherever we might lead. By acting upon the old Oriental principle, 'the word is gone forth and must be heard,' we never failed to win a disputed point, and one success paved the way for others. Amongst these perverse and headstrong races, however, the traveller must be careful in committing himself to an ultimatum, and he must be prepared when

he says he will do a thing, to do it. Otherwise he will speedily lose caste, and caste once lost is not to be regained—in Africa or, perhaps, elsewhere.

NOTE.

Since these pages were written, Sidi Mubarak Bombay has been made Chief of Caravan by Mr Stanley of New York, who is now (December 10, 1871) marching upon the Tanganyika Lake in quest of Dr Livingstone.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH TO FUGA. ASCENT OF THE HIGHLANDS OF EAST AFRICA. PRESENTATION TO KING KIMWERE.

Es gibt in Central Afrika Paradiese, die mit der Zeit die Civilisation aussuchen wird zum Besten der Menschheit.'—J. VON MÜLLER.

ON February 10, after a night of deep wilderness-silence, we arose betimes, and applied ourselves to the task of porterage. The luggage was again reduced—now to the very lowest expression. For observations we carried sextant and horizon, two compasses and stand, and a common and a boiling-point thermometer.[1] A waterproof carpet-

[1] A delicate mercurial barometer (Adie), obligingly lent to me by the Secretary of the Bombay Geographical Society, was left for comparison at Zanzibar with the apothecary of the

bag contained journals and materials for writing and sketching. Our arms were a six-shooter each (4 lbs. 1 oz.), a Colt's rifle (10 lbs. 8 oz.), a small Büchse by Nowotny of Vienna (8 lbs. 3 oz.), a shot-gun (W. Richards, 11 lbs.), three swords, and two bowie-knives; in fact, fighting gear, with the ammunition necessary for ourselves and men. A solid leather portmanteau was stuffed with a change of raiment and a gift for Sultan Kimwere, namely a coat of black

Consulate. On a rough mountain tour such an instrument would certainly have come to grief, as it afterwards did on the lowlands of the Continent. The instruments recommended by the Medical Board, Bombay, did not reach us in time; and the same was the case with the reflecting circle kindly despatched by Mr Francis Galton. We had in all four bath thermometers, and two B. Ps.; one used by Capt. Smyth, R. N., when crossing the Andes, was given to us by Col. Hamerton; and another (Newman) was rendered useless by mercury settling in the upper bulb, air having been carelessly left in the tube by the maker—a frequent offence. We had no sympiesometers. The instrument is portable, but the experience of naval officers pronounces against it within the tropics, and especially near the Line (6° to 8°), where its extreme sensitiveness renders it useless. Aneroids also must be carried in numbers, and be compared with standard instruments not so likely to be deranged: they are seldom true, and are liable to vary when ascending or descending the scale. My latest explorations have been made with glass tubes, supplied by Mr Louis Casella, of Hatton Garden: they are portable, not easily broken, and, best of all, they give correct results. Of course it is well to carry aneroids for all except crucial stations; and as for B. Ps., they are not worth the trouble of carrying.

broadcloth ($12), eight turbans of sprig muslin ($8), a similar number of Surat embroidered caps ($8), and two light-coloured cotton shawls of trifling value. Our provisions consisted of three bags of rice ($12.50), a sack of dates ($2.25), onions, manioc, flour, tea, and sugar, for 10 days; tobacco, pepper and salt, of which none is procurable in the interior; a lamb, three chickens, and a bottle of cognac, to be used in case of need. Our beds were in waterproofs, which might also be converted into tents and awnings; a horn lantern, wax candles, and a policeman's dark-lantern, were added for night-work, whilst a portable tin canteen, with a Papin's digester, completed the equipment. What we chiefly wanted were water-skins, beads, and 'domestics;' and this we presently found to our cost.

It was 6 A. M. before we were free to follow the thorny goat-track which leads down the N. Eastern spur of Mount Tongwe. By dint of fighting our way through rushes and tiger-grass, we struck into the Panga-ni road, and after three hours' winding to the north-west, we rested at some fetid pools in a reed-grown fiumara. The sun began to sting, and we had already occupied the shadow of a tall rock, intending to doze till

the afternoon, when Wazira, who had disappeared in the morning after hearing the growling of a lion, returned to us, and for reasons of his own, induced us to advance by promising better water. The path ran over stony ground, at times plunging into the forest; there were frequent thorny ridges, and narrow green dales or rather ravines, bordered with lovely amphitheatres of lofty and feathery tropical trees, showing signs of inundation during the rains. But the Kazkazi, or N. East monsoon, had dried up the marrow of the land, and though we searched secundum artem, as for treasure, we found no water.

Noon came, and the sun towered in its pride of place. Even whilst toiling up the stony, dusty track, over a series of wearisome, monotonous slopes, unvisited by the cool sea-breeze, we could not but remark the novel aspect of the land. The ground was brick-red, a favourite colour in Africa as in the Brazil, and its stain extended half-way up the tree-boles, which the ants had streaked with ascending and descending galleries. Overhead floated, cloud-like, a filmy canopy of sea-green verdure, pierced by myriads of little sun pencils; whilst the effulgent dome, purified as with fire from mist and vapour, set the picture in a frame of gold and ultramarine. Painful splendours! The men

began to drop off. None but Hamdan had brought a gourd. Sha'aban clamoured for water. Wazira, and the four slave-boys, retired to some puddle, a discovery which they sensibly kept to themselves, leaving the rest of the party to throw themselves upon the hot ground, and to cower under tree and bush.

As the sun sank westward, Wazira joined us with a mouthful of lies, and the straggling line advanced. Our purblind guide once more lagged in the rear, yielding the lead to old Sha'aban. This worthy, whose wits were absorbed in visions of water, strode blunderingly ahead over the hills and far away, guided by the Khombora cone. My companion, keeping him in sight, and I being in rear of both, we all three missed the path, and shortly after sunset we reached a narrow fiumara. Here stood, delightful sight! some puddles, bright-green with chickweed and brown-black with the mire below. We quenched our thirst, and bathed our swollen feet, and patted, and felt, and handled the fluid, as though we loved it. But even this charming occupation had an end, and other thoughts suggested themselves. Our shots and shouts remained unanswered, and it would have been the merest midsummer-madness to have wandered in the

dubious moonlight about the thorny, pathless jungle. We therefore kindled a fire, looked to our weapons, chose a soft sandy place under the bank, and certain that Sha'aban would tend the fire like a Vestal virgin, we were soon lulled to sleep by the music of the breeze, and by the frogs chaunting their ancient querele upon the miry margin of the pools. That day's work had been only three leagues and a bittock. But—

> 'These high, wild hills, and rough, uneven ways
> Draw out the miles:'

it seemed as though we had marched double distance; a circumstance which the young African traveller would do well to note.

At dawn, after our supperless bivouac, we retraced our steps, and soon came upon our people, who shouted aloud, Khayr! Khayr! They had taken the northern path, and they had nighted also near water, upon the upper course of the fiumara which gave us hospitality. The Nyuzi is a rocky bed about 20 feet broad, showing traces of violent periodical freshets, edged with thick trees, gummy acacias, wild mulberries, and large wood-apples (Feronias). Even in the driest season, it preserves pools, sometimes 100 feet long, and water is always procurable by digging in the sand. The banks shelter various birds and

antelopes. We found doves, kites, and curlews, whilst large iguanas congregated around the water to dine upon the fish-fry which die of heat in the sun-scalded shallows.

After shaking hands all around, and settling sundry small disputes about the right and the wrong, we spread our mats in the grateful shade, and made up for the past with tea and tobacco. During the day our Baloch shaved one another's heads, and plaited Sawás, or sandals of palm-leaf. The guide engaged, as extra porters, five wild men, habited in the simplest attire—a kilt of dried grass, with the upper ends woven into a cord of the same material. This thatch, fastened round the waist, extended to mid-thigh: it is cool, clean, and certainly as decent as the garb of the Gael. All had bows and poisoned arrows, except one, who boasted of a miserable musket and of literally a powder-horn, the vast spoils of a cow, slung across his shoulder. The wretches were lean as wintry wolves, and not less ravenous. We fed them with rice and Ghi: of course they asked for more, till their stomachs, before shrunken like empty bladders, stood out in the shape of little round lumps from the hoopwork of ribs. We had neglected to take their arms by way of pledges to the contract: after amply feeding they arose, and with

small, beady eyes twinkling at the practical joke, they bade us adieu. Though starving, they would not work! A few hours afterwards they fell in with the hippopotamus, for which they were waiting, as it passed from the feeding-grounds to its day-home in the stream. Behemoth is a helpless beast on dry land. He was presently surrounded by his enemies, porcupined with arrows, and soon nothing of him remained but a heap of bones and a broad stain of blood.

We rested till 3.15 P.M. in the grateful shade, and then, persuading our carriers to load one another, an operation still of some difficulty, we advanced over a path dented by the spoor of wild cattle. The rolling ground was a straggling thorn-jungle, a 'forest without shade,' studded with bright blossoms: the usual black-jacks were scattered about a plain, fired to promote the growth of fodder, and ant-hills rose regularly like Irish 'fairy-mounts,' as if disposed by the hand of art. Needless to say that all was desert of man. The Khombora Cone fell far behind: the walls of Usagama, whose peaks, smoking by day and burning by night, resembled fumaroles from afar, changed their blue tints first for brown and then for a distinct green hue. At length, emerging from the wood, we debouched upon an alluvial

plain, and sighted the welcome river flashing light through its setting of emerald trees, as it mirrored the westing orb of day. At 6 P.M., after a 10-mile walk, traversing the tall rushes, young trees, and thick underwood of the bank, we found ourselves opposite Kohode, the village of a friendly Mzegura chief. 'Sultan Mamba' having recognized the Baloch, forthwith donned his scarlet cloak, superintended the launching of the village canoe from its cajan house; stood surrounded by the elders watching our transit, and, as we landed, wrung our hands with rollicking greetings, and with those immoderate explosive cachinnations, which render the African family to all appearance so 'jolly' a race.

The Thursday was a halt at Kohode. It is the normal cultivator's hamlet of these regions, built upon the tall and stiff clay bank of the Panga-ni river, here called the Rufu or Lufu. According to the people this would mean death or destruction, no bad description of a stream swarming with crocodiles, and we find the dissyllable commencing many riverine names, as Rufiji, Rufuma, and Rufuta. From without the settlement has a pleasant appearance of seclusion and rural comfort: it suggested a village in the Tirhai or the Dehra Dhun: there was the same peaceful quiet look, sheltered

situation, and circle of tall forest. Rendered invisible till near by screening tree, bush, and spear grass, it is protected by a stout palisade of trunks, and this, in directions where foes, human or bestial, may be expected, is doubled and trebled. The entrances, in the shape of low triangles, formed by inclining the posts en chevron, lead to a heap of wattle and dab huts, here square, there round: they are huddled together, but where space allows they are spread over a few hundred feet. Goats, sheep, and black cattle, which, contrary to the custom of Guinea, thrive beyond the coast, are staked near or inside the owners' habitations. From the deep strong-flowing Rufu, running purple, like Adonis after rains, with the rich loam of the hills, and here about 80 yards wide, a bathing-place is staked off, against the hippopotamus and the crocodile. Our Baloch, who hold, with all Orientals, that drinking the element at night impairs digestion, make of this an exception: and my companion, an old Himalayan, thought that he could detect in it the peculiar rough smack of snow water. The stream is navigable, but boats are arrested by the falls below, and portages are not yet known in East Africa.

The villagers are cultivators, tame, harmless heathen, to all but one another: unfortunately

they have become masters of muskets, and they use the power to plunder, and oppress those who have it not. 'Sultan Mamba,' the crocodile,[1] a stout, jolly, beardless young black, with the laugh of a boatswain, and the voice of one calling in the wilderness, has made himself a thorn in Kimwere's side. In supplying us with beef and milk, he jerked his thumb back towards the blue hills of Usumbara, upon whose mountain-pass the smoke of watch-fires curled high, and declared, with gusto, that we had already become the hill-king's guests. Our Baloch guard applauded this kindred soul, clapped him upon the shoulder, and swore that with a score of men-at-arms like themselves he might soon make himself monarch of all the mountains.

'Sultan Mamba' once visited Zanzibar, where his eyes were at once opened to Koranic truth by the Kazi Muhiyy el Din: this distinguished Msawahili D. D. conferred upon the neophyte the name of Abdullah bin Muhiyy el Din, and thus called him son. But the old Mamba returned

[1] Curious to say, M. Erhardt, who was certainly no mean linguist (Conclusion to Dr Krapf's Travels, pp. 500 and 504), has translated, by some curious mistake, Kiboko crocodile, and Mamba hippopotamus. In the latter error he is of course followed by Mr Cooley, who (Memoir on the Lake Regions, p. 9) finds that I am 'disingenuous' in affecting to be astonished that he translates Mamba by hippopotamus.

strong upon Abdullah when he sniffed once more his natal air: he fell away from prayer and ablution and grace generally, to the more congenial practices of highwaying and of hard drinking. This amiable youth, who was endowed with an infinite power of surprise and an inveterate itching for beggary, sat with us half the day and inspected our weapons for hours, wondering how he could obtain something of the kind. He asked at one time for the Colt, at another for a barrel of gunpowder: now he offered to barter slaves for arms and ammunition, and when night fell he privily sent Hamdan to request a bottle of cognac. All these things were refused in turn, and the Sultan was fain to be content with two caps, a pair of muslins, and a cotton shawl. He seriously advised us to return with some twenty kegs of the best gunpowder, which, as the article was ever in demand, would bring, he assured us, excellent business in 'black diamonds.' He stated that his people had but three wants—powder, ball, and brandy, and that they could supply in return three things—men, women, and children. Our parting was truly pathetic. He swore that he loved us, and promised us on the down march the use of his canoe. But when we appeared with empty hands, and neither caps nor muslins remained,

Sultan Mamba scarcely deigned to notice us, and the river became a succession of falls and rapids.

After a night, in which the cimex lectularius had by a long chalk the advantage of the drowsy god, we were ferried at 7 A.M., on February 13, across the stream, attended by sundry guides. The start was generally too late. A seasoned traveller easily bears scorching heat if he sets out with the dawn and works into the sultry hours: after a morning spent in the shade he will suffer more or less severely from sudden exposure. From Kohode, which is more than half way, there are two roads to Fuga. The direct line, running nearly due north, crosses the Highlands: at this season it is waterless. That along the river is more than double the length: it begins to the N. West and then turns sharply to the East. We determined to see the stream, and we doubted the power of our heavily-laden men to front the passes in such heat: the worst of these walking journeys is that the least accident disables the traveller, and accidents will happen to the best of marching parties.

Presently emerging from the thicket, we fell into the beaten track over the dark alluvial river-plain, which here, as at Chogwe, must during rains be a sheet of water. This is the first section of our

line; the second will be the red land with rises and falls, but gently upsloping to the west, whilst the third and last will be the granite and sandstone flanks of Usumbara. After a few minutes' march we crossed by a bridge composed of a fallen tree the Luangera (miscalled Luere by Herr Augustus Petermann): this deep sullen affluent of the Rufu, 23 to 24 feet broad, drains the North-Eastern Bamburri mountains. Then stretching over the grassy expanse, we skirted two small red cones, the Ngua outliers of the high Vugiri range. Like its eastern neighbour Usagama, this buttress of Usumbara is the normal precipice with bluff sides of rock, well wooded on the summit, and looking a proper place for ibex: of this animal, a well-marked species (C. Walie), with thick and prominently ribbed horns, has been found in the snowy heights of Abyssinia, and it probably extends to the gigantic peaks of the Æthiopic Olympus. The Vugiri forms part of the escarpment line separating the highlands from the river plain to the south. The people assured us that the summit is a fertile rolling plateau which supports an abundant population of Washenzi, serfs, and clients, subject to King Kimwere.

We then entered upon cultivated ground, which seemed a garden after the red waste below

Tongwe. Cocoas and tall trees concealed the Rufu, which above its junction with the Luangera becomes a mere mountain-torrent, roaring down a rocky, tortuous bed, and forming green, tufted islets, which are favourite sites for settlements. We can hardly, however, call them, with Boteler, an archipelago. Our guides presently took leave, alleging a blood-feud with the neighbouring villagers. The people, as we passed by, flocked over their rude bridges, which extend up coast to Brava, floors of narrow planks laid horizontally upon rough piers of cocoa-trunks, forked to receive cross-pieces, and planted a few feet apart. The structure is parapeted with coarse basket-work, and sometimes supplied with fibrous creepers, jungle-ropes, knotted in 20 places, by way of hand-rail. These the number and daring of the crocodiles render necessary. I was once innocently sitting upon a slab of stone surrounded by the water, and greatly enjoying the damp and the coolth, when, with a rush and a roar, as if it had been an attack, my men fell upon me, and hurried me to the bank. All here believe that the crocodile sweeps off its prey with a blow of the powerful tail, and once in the water, man is helpless against the big lizard. These constructions are at least more artful than the Pingela or

single plank of the Brazil, and the tight-rope affairs of the Himalayas: they must much resemble the bridges of inner Devonshire, that 'sleeping beauty of the (near) West,' during the days of our grandfathers. Cows, goats, and long-tailed sheep clustered upon the plains, and gave a pastoral aspect to the out-of-the-way scene.

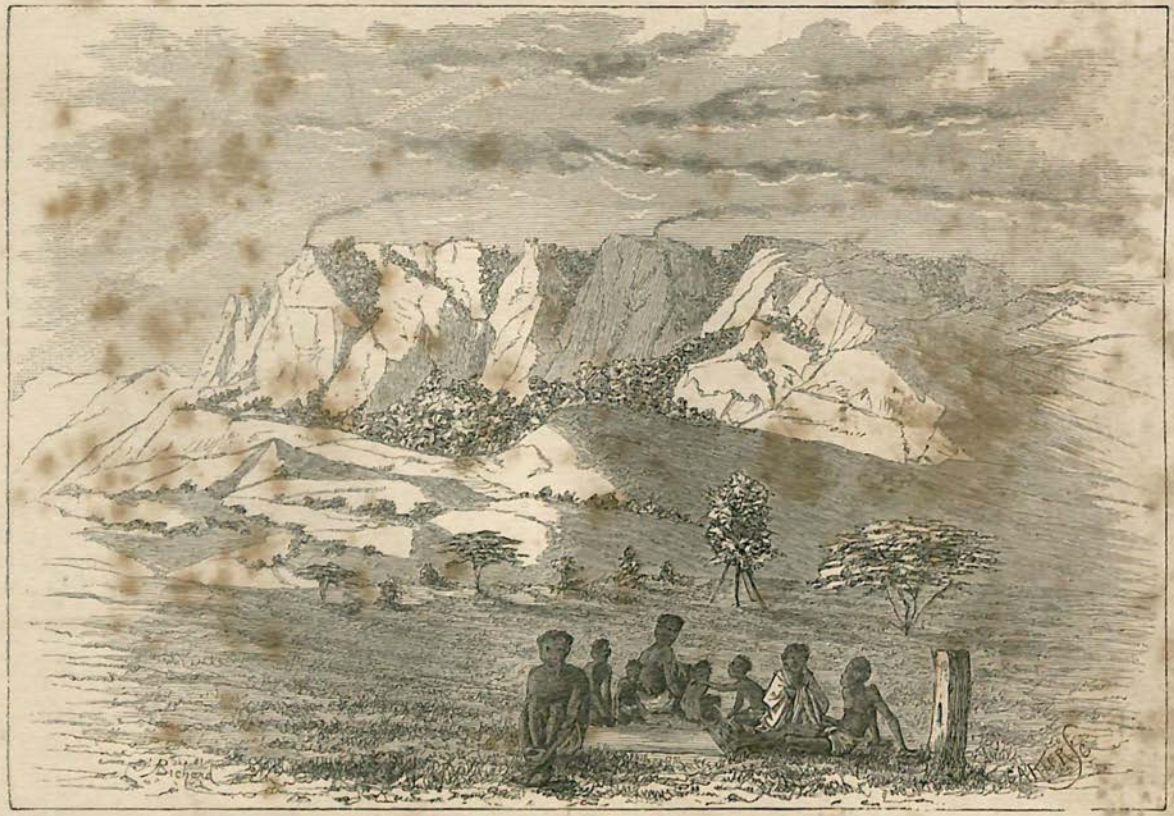
We halted from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., under a spreading tamarind, near Zafura, a village on an island of the Panga-ni, distant about two miles from Mount Vugiri. Here we were surrounded by crowds, who feasted their eyes upon us for consecutive hours. They were unarmed and dressed in skins; they spoke the Kizegura dialect, which differs greatly from the Kisawahili; and they appeared rather timid than dangerous. Their sultan stalked about, spear in hand, highly offended by our not entering his hut, and dropping some cloth; whilst sundry Wasawahili in red caps looked daggers at the white interlopers. We tried to hire extra porters, but having neither Merkani (American domestics) nor beads, we notably failed.

Presently black nimbi capped the hill-tops, cooling the fierce Sirocco, and the low growling of distant thunder warned us forwards. Resuming our march at 3.30 P. M., we crossed a dry

fiumara, trending towards the Rufu. We traversed a hill-spur of rolling and thorny red ground, to avoid a deep loop in the stream; we passed a place were rushes and tiger-grass choked the bed, and where the divided waters, apparently issuing from a black jungle and a dark rock, foamed down a steep and jagged incline. We crossed over two bridges, and at 5 P. M. we entered a village of Wazegura, distant from Kohode 12 miles. Msiki Mguru is a cluster of hay-cock huts touching one another, and built upon an island formed by divers rapid and roaring branches of the river. The headman was sick, but we found a hospitable reception. Uninitiated in the African secret of strewing ashes round the feet of the Kitanda or cartel, we spent our night, although we eschewed the dirty, close huts, battling with ant armies and other little slayers of sleep that shall be nameless. Our hosts, speaking about the Wamasai, expressed great terror, which was justified by the sequel. Scarcely had we left the country, when a band of wild spearmen attacked two neighbouring villages, slaughtered the hapless cultivators, and with pillage and pollage drove off the cattle in triumph. Our hosts watched with astonishment the magical process of taking an altitude of Capella, and they

were anxious to do business in female slaves, honey, goats, and sheep. Some of the girls were rather comely, despite the tattoo that looked like boils. None showed the least fear or bashfulness; but when the Baloch chaffed them, and asked how they would like the 'men in trowsers' as husbands, they simply replied, 'Not at all!'

At sunrise on the next morning we resumed our march, following the left bank of the Rufu, which is here called Kirua. For about three miles it is a broad line of flat boulders, thicket, grass, and sedge, with divers trickling streams between. At the Maurwi village the several branches anastomoze, forming a deep and strong but navigable stream, about 30 yards broad, and fenced with bulging masses of vegetation. Thence we bent northward, over rolling ground of red clay, here cultivated, there a thorny jungle, trending to Tamota, another bluff in the hill-curtain of Usumbara. The paths were crowded with a skin-clad and grass-kilted race, chiefly women and small girls; the latter, by-the-by, displaying very precocious developments, and leading children, each with a button of hair left upon its scraped crown. The adults, toiling under loads of manioc, holcus and maize, pumpkins and plantains, poultry, sugar-cane, and water-pots, in



HILLS OF USUMBARA.

which tufts of leaves had been stuck to prevent splashing, were bound for a Golio (market) held in an open place. Here their own land begins: none started at or fled from the white face.

The men chip their teeth to points, and, like the Wasumbara, punch out in childhood one incisor from the lower jaw; a piece of dried rush or sugar-cane distends the ear-lobe to an unsightly size. All carried bows and arrows. Some shouldered such hoes and hatchets as English children use upon the sands: here bounteous earth, fertilized by the rains of heaven, requires merely the scratching of a man's staff. Others led stunted curs, much like the pariah dogs of Hindostan, adorned with leather collars: I afterwards saw similar pets at the Yellalah of the Congo river. The animals are prime favourites with the savages, as were the Spanish puppies in the days of Charles II.; they hold a dog-stew to be a dish fit for a king. In West Africa also the meat finds many admirers, and some missionaries in the Niger regions have described it as somewhat glutinous, but 'very sweet.' Why should we not have cynophages as well as hippophages?

The salutations of these savages provoked the comical wrath of Sidi Bombay; and indeed they

were not a little ridiculous. Acquaintances stood afar off, as if in fear of each other, and nosed forth 'Kua-heri,' and protracted hans and huns, until they had relieved their minds. None, even the women, refused to greet us, and at times Yambo—the state?—was uttered simultaneously by a score of sable lips. Having duly stared and been stared at, we unloaded for rest about 9.30 A. M., under a spreading tree, near the large, double-fenced village of Pasunga, belonging to one of Sultan Kimwere's multitudinous sons. Again clouds obscured the air, gathering thick upon the mountain-tops, whence came the mutterings of thunder from afar.

Presently the pleasant coolness drew from the Baloch cries of Safar! Safar!—let us march! At 1 P. M. we resumed our way, and presently we passed, on our left hand, a tank of mire and water, thinly sprinkled with paddy-birds, sand-pipers, and Egyptian geese—all exceedingly wild. Hornbills screamed from the neighbouring trees, and on the mud my companion shot a specimen of the gorgeous crested crane, whose back feathers have made bonnets fine. After an hour's march we skirted a village where the people peremptorily commanded us to halt. We attributed this annoyance to Wazira, who was forthwith visited

with a severe wigging. It is, however, partly the custom of the country: and even in the far less barbarous Angola, to pass a farm-house without entering it is to insult the proprietor. Man "claims a right to hear from the wandering stranger news—a pabulum which his soul loves: to coin the most improbable nonsense; to be told lies with the bloom on them, and to retail them to his neighbours, are the mental distractions of the idler, equally the primum mobile of a Crimean 'shave' and of an African palaver. But the impending rain had sharpened our tempers. We laughed in the faces of our furious expostulators, and bidding them stop us if they could, we pursued our way.

Presently ascending a hill and making an abrupt turn from N. West nearly due East, we found ourselves opposite and about 10 miles distant from a tall azure hill-curtain, the highlands of Fuga. Below, the plain was everywhere populous with scatters of haycock villages. Lofty tamarinds, the large-leaved plantain, and the parasol-shaped papaw grew wild amongst the thorny trees. Water stood in black pools, and around it waved luxuriant sugar-cane: in a moment every mouth was tearing at and chewing the end of a long pole. The cane is of the edible

species; the officinal varieties are too luscious, cloying, and bilious to be sucked with impunity by civilized man. After walking that day a total of 16 miles, about 4 P.M. we were driven by a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and raw S. West wind, which at once lowered the mercury several degrees, and caused the slaves to shudder and whimper, into the Banda-ni or Palaver-house of a large village. Our shelter consisted of a thatched roof propped by rough uprights and wanting walls: the floor was half mud, half mould, and the furniture was represented by stone slabs used as hones, and by hollowed logs once bee-hives and now seats. The only tenants were flies and mosquitos. We lighted fires to keep off fevers: this precaution should never be neglected by the African traveller, even during the closest evenings of the tropical hot season. Our Baloch, after the usual wrangle about rations, waxed melancholy, shook their heads, and declared that the Kausi, the S. West trade-wind that brings the wet monsoon, was fast approaching, if, indeed, it had not regularly set in.

Sunday, February 15, dawned with one of those steady little cataclysms, which to be seen advantageously must be seen near the Line. At 11 A.M., thoroughly tired of the steaming Banda-ni,

our men loaded, and we set out in a lucid interval towards the highlands. As we approached them the rain shrank to a mere spitting, gradually ceased, and was replaced by that reeking, fetid, sepulchral heat, which travellers in the tropics have learned to fear. The path lay over the normal red clay, crossed low ground where trees decayed in stagnant water, and spanned the cultivated plain of dark mould at the foot of the mountains, with a vista of far blue hill on the right. We rested a few minutes before attempting the steep incline before us: the slippery, muddy way had wearied our slaves, though aided by three porters hired that morning, and the sun, struggling with vapours, was still hot enough to overpower the whole party.

At 1 P.M. we proceeded to breast the pass leading from the lowland alluvial plain to the threshold of the Æthiopic Olympus. The gently-rising path, spread with decayed foliage, wound amongst groves of large, coarse bananas, whose arms of satiny sheen here smoothed and streaked, there shredded by the hill-winds, hid purple flowers and huge bunches of green fruit. The Musa, which an old traveller describes as an assemblage of leaves interwoven and twisted together so neatly, that they form a plant about 15

spans high, is an aboriginal of Hindostan, and possibly of East Africa, where, however, the seeds might easily have been floated from the East: it grows almost spontaneously in Unyamwezi and upon the shores of the great inland lakes. Here the banana,[1] which maturing rapidly affords a perennial supply of fruit, and whose enormous rate of produce has been described by many writers, is the staff of savage life, windy as the acorn which is supposed to have fed our forefathers in Europe. As usual where men are compelled by their wants to utilize a single tree, the cocoa, for instance, or the calabash, these East Africans apply the plantain to a vast variety of uses, and allow no part of it to be wasted. The stem when green gives water enough to quench the wanderer's thirst and to wash his hands; the parenchyma has somewhat the taste of cucumber, and sun-dried it is employed for fuel. The fresh cool leaves are converted into rain-pipes, spoons, plates, and even bottles: desiccated they make thatch, and a substitute for wrapping-papers; and

[1] The banana is the Musa Sapientum: the plantain is the M. Paradisiaca, and Linnæus picturesquely adopted Musa from the Arabic Mauz (موز): in India the small species is called plantain, the large horse-plantain, and the French term both 'bananes.' In E. Africa there are half-a-dozen varieties of the 'Ndizi.'

some have believed that they were the original fig-leaves of the first man and his wife. The trunk-fibre does good service in all the stages between thread and cord: the fruit yields wine, sugar, and vinegar, besides bread and vegetable, and even the flower is reduced to powder and mixed with snuff. Never transplanted and allowed to grow from its own suckers, this banana has now degenerated: it is easy to see, however, that it comes of a noble stock. In parts of the interior the people have during a portion of the year little else to live upon but this fruit, boiled, baked, and dried: it then becomes a nauseating diet, causing flatulence, indigestion, heart-burn, and other gastric evils. After enduring the infliction I never again could look a banana in the face.

Issuing from the dripping canopy, we breasted a steep goat-track, we forded a crystal burn, and having reached the midway we sat down to enjoy the rarified air, which felt as if a weight had been suddenly taken off our shoulders; it was São Paolo after Santos. A palpable change of climate had already taken place, and the sunshine was tempered with clouds which we now blessed. The view before us was extensive and suggestive, if not beautiful. The mountain fell under our feet in rugged folds clothed with patches of plantains,

wild mulberries, custard apples, and stately trees whose lustrous green glittered against the red ochreous earth. The sarsaparilla vine hung in clusters and festoons from the high supporting limbs of the tamarind; the tall toddy-palm raised its fantastic arms over the dwarf fan palm, and bitter oranges mingled aroma with herbs not unlike our mint and sage. Opposite and below, half veiled with rank steam, the 'smokes' of Western Africa, lay the yellow Nyika and the Wazegura lowlands: it was traversed by a serpentine of trees marking the course of the Mkomafi, an affluent of the lower Panga-ni river. Three dwarf cones, the Mbara Hills, bearing 230° and distant about eight miles, crowned the desert, and far beyond the well-wooded line of the Rufu, a uniform purple plain stretched to the rim of the Southern and Western horizon, as far as our glasses could trace it.

We were startled from our observations by a prodigious hubbub. The three fresh porters positively refused to proceed unless a certain number of cloths were sent forwards to propitiate the magnates of Fuga. This trick was again easily traced to Wazira, who had been lecturing us all the morning upon the serious nature of our undertaking. Sultan Kimwere was a potent monarch,

not a Mamba. His 'ministers' and councillors would, unless well-paid, avert from us their countenances. We must enter with discharge of musketry to salute the lieges, and by all means we must be good boys and do as we were bid. The Baloch smiled contempt, and pulling up the porters from the ground, loaded them deaf to all remonstrance.

Resuming our march with hearts beating aloud under the unusual exercise, we climbed, rather than walked, up the deep bed of a torrent, —everywhere the primitive zigzag. Villages then began to appear perched like eyries upon the hill-tops, and villagers gathered to watch our approach. The Baloch asked us to taste the water of a spring that rose hard by: sparkling in the cup it was icy cold, with a perceptible chalybeate flavour, and the fountain-head was stained with a coat of rust. Eastern, and we may say Southern, Africa from the Equator to the Cape, is a land whose stones are iron, and the people declare that they have dug *brass*. Copper has been long known, gold even longer, and the diamond, in the South at least, is the discovery of this our day.[1]

[1] Heeren believes, with Pliny, that the ancients discovered diamonds mingled with gold in certain N. African localities, especially Meroe.

At 4 P. M. we stood upon the Pass summit, but we found no tableland, as about Shoa. This patch of highlands, whose limits have been roughly laid down between N. lat. 1° and S. lat. 6°, is to the eastern regions what the massif of the Camarones and its system in N. lat. 5° is to Western Africa. The latter is known to be a volcano, and the former has been also reported of igneous formation;[1] here, however, it appears in the shape of granite and sandstones. Both are abnormal elevations, declining to the coast-fringing ranges, which latter correspond with our Eastern and Western Ghauts of Hindostan, and both, I may venture to predict, will in due time be colonized by white men. In the present day there is no better convict station than the Camarones mountain, and Usumbára might be preferred to the Andamans as a penitentiary for criminals who have deserved the Kálá pání.

The 'cloud-light' was that of our English climate: the scenery around us reminded my companion of Almorah, me of the Blue Mountains in Southern India. There were the same rounded cones, fertilized by rainy winds, tapestried with velvety grass, and ribbon'd with paths of red

[1] Doenyo Mbúro, for instance, placed by Mr Wakefield south of the Salt Lake Naivasha or Balibali.

clay; the same 'Sholas,' black forest patches clothing the slopes; the same emerald swamps through which transparent runnels continually trickled, and little torrents and rocky linns. Here, however, we find a contrast of aspects: the Northern and Eastern slopes are bluff and barren, whilst the Southern and Western teem with luxuriant vegetation. The reeking and well-irrigated plains to the West are well wooded, and we were shown the water of Masindi, a long narrow tank, upon whose banks elephants, they say, abound. N. Westward the mountains are apparently higher and steeper, and about 10 miles farther West the giant flanks of Makumbara, whose head was capped with cloud-heaps, bound our prospect. We now stood about 4000 feet above sea level; 37 direct miles from the coast, and 74 to 75 along the winding river.

After another three-mile walk along the flanks of domed hills, and crossing a shallow burn which seemed to freeze our parched feet, we turned a corner and suddenly sighted, upon the summit of a grassy cone opposite, an unfenced heap of haycock huts, a cluster of bee-hives with concentric rings—Fuga. As we drew near, our Baloch formed up and fired a volley, which brought out of the settlement the hind and his wife, and his

whole meine. This being one of the cities forbidden to strangers, we were led by Wazira through timid crowds, that shrank back as we approached, to four tattered huts, standing about 300 feet below the settlement, and assigned by superstition as a traveller's bungalow. Even the son and heir of great Kimwere must here abide till the lucky hour admits him to the royal city and presence. The cold rain and the sharp rarified air, which would have been a tonic in a well-appointed sanitarium, rendered any shelter acceptable: we cleared the hovels of sheep and goats, housed our valuables, and sent Sidi Bombay to the Sultan, requesting the honour of an interview.

Before dark appeared three bare-headed Mdoe or Ministers, who declared in a long palaver that council must squat upon two knotty points. Primò, why and wherefore had we entered the king's country viâ the hostile Wazegura? Secundò, when would his Majesty's Mganga or Magician priest find an hour propitious for the ceremony? Sharp-witted Hamdan, at once and unprompted, declared us to be also Waganga, men whose powers extended to measuring the moon and stars, and to controlling the wind and rain. Away ran the ministers to report the wonder, and whilst

they are absent I will briefly explain what in these regions a Mganga is.

The Mganga in Angola Nganga, called by the Arabs Bassár (seer) and Tabíb (physician), and by us priest, magician, rain-doctor, and medicine-man, combines, as these translations show, medical with supernatural powers: he may be considered the embryo of a sacerdotal order amongst the embryo civilizations of man. Thus Siberia has Shamans, and Greenland Angekoks; North America Medicine-men, and South America Pagés: the Galla believes in his Kalishah, the Kru Republic in her Deyabos, the Congo in Fetish-men, and the Cape Kafirs in witch doctors, who, with certain of the missionaries, have ever been the chief originators of our colonial troubles. In Eastern Africa, from the Somali country southwards, the rains, so wearisome to the traveller, are a boon to the savage, who, especially in the sub-tropical regions and those beyond the path of the sun, sees during droughts his children and cattle dying of hunger and thirst. Rain-charming is the popular belief of Africa, where the new comer's reception will generally depend upon the state of the weather. The demand produces a supply of intellectuals, who, for the consideration of a lazy monastic kind

of life, abundant respect from an ignorant laity, and the great political influence which they command, boldly assert an empire over the meteors. The folly is not confined, be it said, to these barbarous lands: in Ireland the owner of a four-leaved shamrock can or could cause or stop showers, and the Fins on board our ships still deal with the clerk of the weather for fair winds. The Hindu Jogi, the Bayragi, and the Sita-Rami have similar powers: at Porebunder I heard of a man who, when torrents of rain injured the crops, was threatened by the Raja with a 'cotton coat,' that is to say, with a padded dressing-gown, well oiled and greased, girt tightly round him, and set on fire. In civilization the last remnant of the barbarous belief is the practice of public prayer for rain, a process far less troublesome and not nearly so efficacious as planting trees and preserving the land from being disforested. During the last threatened drought in Syria the people of Bayrut assembled in the main square, all separated into groups according to their faiths, of which there are a couple of dozen. One party was of children, who, when the seniors failed, thus addressed heaven: 'O Lord, if Thou disregard the petitions of our parents, they being sinners, and so forth, at least listen to us, being still in our virginal in-

nocence!' But the rain did not come, and the innocents went away unwhipped. Had the late Fuad Pasha been there he would, before sanctioning the assemblage, have consulted a meteorologist.

Near the Line it is easy to predict rain, and with thermometer and hygrometer—the latter far better than a barometer—man should never make a mistake. The Mganga delays his incantations till mists gather upon the mountain-tops and the Fetish is finished, as the cooling air can no longer support the superabundant moisture. Success brings both solid pudding and empty praise: failure, the trifling inconvenience of changing residence. Amongst the fiercer races, however, the wizard not unfrequently falls a victim to hope deferred, and there are parts of Africa where, as the venerable Mr Moffat says, he seldom, if ever, dies upon his mat.

The Mganga of Usumbara has manifold duties. He must as often be a rain-stopper as a rain-healer. He sprinkles the stranger with the blood of sheep and other medicines, the aspersory being a cow's tail: upon the departing guest he gently spits, bidding him go in peace and do the people no harm. He marks ivory with magic signs, to ensure the tusk safely reaching the coast. Dur-

ing sickness he lays the ghost or haunting fiend, and applies the rude simples which here act 'second causes.' He presides at the savage ordeals. If the Sultan lose health or a villager die, he finds out the guilty one that bewitched the sufferer, and hands him over to the 'secular arm' for burning, cutting to pieces, or other such well-merited doom. Here, unless well fee'd, he thrusts into the accused's mouth a red-hot hatchet, which has no power to burn the innocent or the strong-nerved guilty: in other parts he makes him or her swallow a cup of poison, which is duly tempered for the wealthy. In Usumbara the instrument of his craft is a bundle of small sticks: these form, when thrown upon the ground, certain figures: hence the Arabs translate Báo, or Uganga—the Mganga's art—by Raml or Geomancy, whose last and ignoblest form is the 'Book of Fate,' attributed to Napoleon I. Similarly in Kafir land, sorcerers use sticks or bones, which are supposed to have the power of motion.

The Waganga are mostly open to the persuasions of cloth and beads. One saw the spirit of a pale-face occupying a chair which was brought as a present to King Kimwere, and broadly insinuated that none but the wise deserved such seat. But let not the reader suppose that these

men are pure impostors. It would be, indeed, a subtle task to trace how far those who deal in the various mysteries called supernaturalisms are deceived or are deceivers, impostors or believers. Fools and knaves there are, of course, in abundance; but there is a residue, a tertium quid, which is neither one nor the other, and yet which custom and education condemn to act like both. Mental reservation and pious frauds are certainly not monopolized by civilization, nor by any stage of society. There is no folly conceivable by the mind of man in which man has not honestly, firmly, and piously placed his trust. And when man lays down his life, or gives up everything which makes life worth living for, in testimony to his belief, he proves conclusively, not the truth of his tenets, but that he believed them to be true: he compels us to wonder at the obstinacy, rather than to admire the fortitude, of the martyr.

The word Bassár, a seer, forms, I may here remark, a connecting link between the mental sight of the Arabs, the second-sight of Scotland, and, to mention no others, the clairvoyance of modern mesmerism. It alludes to that abnormal exertion of the will, sometimes verging upon the ecstatic state, which enables the brain to behold before it, and without external sight, a panorama

of the past, the present and the future; whilst a thousand instances have shown that such scenic exhibitions of things absolutely unknown to the seer have actually come to pass. Almost invariably also the Mganga has, or induces, the 'disease which precedes the power to divine'; and he attributes it to ancestral ghosts, which would now be called spirits.

At 6 P. M. the 'Ministers' ran back, and summoned us, breathless, to the 'Palace.' They led the way, through wind, and rain, and gathering gloom, to a clump of the usual huts, half hidden by trees, and spreading over a little eminence opposite to and below Fuga. We were allowed but three Baloch as escort. Their matchlocks were taken away, and a demand was put in for our swords; which of course we insisted upon retaining. The natural suspiciousness of the negro is always exaggerated by being in the neighbourhood of a more advanced race. Here even Hamdan became a Rustam.

Sultan Kimwere half rose from his couch as we entered, and motioned us to sit upon low stools in front of him. The Simba wa Muigni—Lion of the Lord[1]—was an old, old man (un vieux vieux),

[1] Dr Krapf writes, 'Simba wa Muene,' i. e. the Lion is Himself, or the Lion of the Self-Existent (God).

with emaciated frame, a beardless, wrinkled face like a grandam's, a shaven head, disfurnished jaws, and hands and feet stained with leprous spots. We saw nothing of the 'lion-like royal personage,' the 'tall and corpulent form with engaging features,' and the 'large eyes, red and penetrating, which cast a powerful look' upon Dr Krapf in September, 1848, when the 'king' visited him, with a Highland tail and heralds singing out, 'O Lion!' His subjects declare him to be a centagenarian, and he is certainly dying of age and decay—the worst of diseases. The royal dress was a Surat cap much the worse for wear, and a loin-wrap as tattered. He was covered, as he lay upon his Jágá, or cot of bamboo and cow-skin, with the doubled cotton cloth called in India a 'do-pattá,' and he rested upon a Persian rug apparently coeval with his person.

The hut resembled that of a simple cultivator; possibly it was as good as the palace of wicker-wattles occupied by Henry II. at Dublin. It was redolent of high dignitaries, dirty as their prince, some fanning him, others chatting, and all puffing from long-stemmed pipes with small ebony bowls the Abnús, which, according to the Baloch, is found growing all over the country. Our errand was inquired, and we were duly wel-

comed to Fuga: as the two Wasawahili secretaries had long ago been dismissed, and none could read the Sayyid of Zanzibar's introductory letter, I was compelled to act clerk. The centagenarian had heard that we were accustomed to scrutinize trees and stones as well as stars: he therefore decided that we really were European Waganga, or medicine-men, and he directed us at once to compound a draught which would restore him that evening to health and strength. I objected that all our drugs had been left behind at Panga-ni: by no means satisfied with the excuse, he signified that we might wander about the hills, and seek the plants required.

After half an hour's conversation, Hamdan being our interpreter, we were dismissed with a renewal of welcome. On our return to the 'Traveller's Bungalow,' the present was forwarded to the Sultan with the usual ceremony, and we found awaiting us a fine bullock, a basket full of Sima—young Indian corn pounded and boiled to a hard, thick paste—and balls of unripe bananas, peeled and mashed up with sour milk, thus converting the fruit to a vegetable. Our Baloch at once addressed themselves to the manufacturing of beef, and they devoured their steaks

with such a will that unpleasant symptoms presently declared themselves in camp.

"That day we had covered 10 miles, equal, perhaps, to 30 on a decent road in a temperate clime. The angry blast, the dashing rain, and the groaning trees, formed a concert which, heard from within a warm hut, affected us pleasurably: I would not have exchanged it for the music of Verdi. We slept sweetly, as only travellers can sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARCH BACK. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS' HUNT. THE RETURN TO ZANZIBAR.

'Wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick nature blasting, and to heartless woe
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man.'

THE SEASONS.

THE Anglo-African traveller, in this section of the 19th century, is an over-worked professional. Formerly the reading public was satisfied with dry details of mere discovery, and was delighted with a few longitudes, latitudes, and altitudes. Of late in this, as in all other pursuits, the standard has been raised. . Whilst marching so many miles per diem, and watching a certain

number of hours per noctem, the traveller, who is, in fact, his own general, adjutant, quartermaster, and commissariat officer, is expected to survey and observe, to record meteorology and trigonometry, to shoot and stuff birds and beasts, to collect geological specimens and theories, to gather political and commercial information, beginning, of course, with cotton; to advance the infant study anthropology; to keep accounts, to sketch, to indite a copious, legible journal—notes are now not deemed sufficient—and to forward long reports which shall prevent the Royal Geographical Society napping through its evenings.

It is right, I own, to establish a high standard, which ensures some work being done; but explorations should be distinguished from common journeys, and a broad line drawn between the possible and the impossible. Before a march, when all my time was certain to be amply occupied, an ardent gentleman once requested me to collect beetles, and a second sent me recipes for preserving the tenantry of shells. Another unconscionable physicist deemed it his duty to complain because I had not used a sextant at Meccah, and yet another because I had not investigated the hypsometry of Harar. It was generally asserted that my humble studies of geogra-

phy in the Lake Regions were of no importance, because the latitudes and longitudes, not the descriptions of the country, were the work of another hand. A bad attack of ophthalmia in Sind, and a due regard for eyes which have to do the work of four average pair, made me resolve, in 1849, never to use sextant or circle except when there is an absolute necessity. A President of the Royal Geographical Society wrote that I had done nothing for geography in South America, after having, in one of my half-a-dozen journeys, through the almost unexplored Sierra de San Luiz in the Argentine Republic, inspected and described 1300 miles of a river certainly unknown to him 10 years ago. This meagre idea of geography, reducing a journey to a skeleton of perfectly uninteresting 'crucial stations,' carefully laid down by lunars, occultations, and other observations, and fitted only for the humblest professional map-maker, seems to have taken root in the Royal Geographical Society's brain, since the days when that learned body was presided over by Admiral Smyth. Volney never handled sextant; yet see what Gibbon says of his labours. We may now hope to see all such things changed.

These African explorations are campaigns on a small scale, wherein the traveller, unaided

by discipline, has to overcome all the troubles, hardships, and perils of savage warfare. He must devote himself to feeding, drilling, and showing his men the use of arms, and to the conduct of a caravan, as well as study the barometer, and measure lunar distances. The Missionaries, and all those best acquainted with the country, did not approve of our making observations at Usumbara. The sight of an instrument suggests to barbarians that the stranger is bringing down the sun, stopping the rain, breeding a pestilence, or bewitching the land; and the dazzle of a brass instrument awakes savage cupidity. Such operations are sometimes impossible, and often, as in North Africa, they are highly unadvisable. The climate and petite santé, to say nothing of catarrh and jungle fever, also rob man of energy as well as of health: he cannot, if he would, collect shells and beetles, whilst the lightest geodesical labours not unfrequently, as these pages show, end badly.

The rainy season had fairly set in at Fuga, though the half of February had not elapsed. Heavy clouds rolled up from the South-West, and during our two days and nights upon the hills the weather was a succession of drip, drizzle, and drench. In vain we looked for a star—we were

compelled to leave Fuga after two nights, without a single observation: even the sun of S. lat. 6° could not disperse the dense raw vapours that rose from the steamy ground. I feared to linger longer in Usumbara. We daily expected the inevitable 'seasoning fever,' the rains would make the lowland a hot-bed of disease, and our men were not clad to resist the cold—73° (F.) at 4 P.M., whilst upon the plains the mercury ranged between 81° and 99°. In the dry monsoon this route might be made practicable to Chaga and Kilima-njaro, both of which have been proposed in the Anglo-Indian papers as Sanitaria. With an escort of a hundred musketeers, and at an expense of £500, the invalid who desires to try this African Switzerland may, if perfectly sound in wind, limb, and digestion, reach, despite all the Wamasai, the snowy region, after 10 mountain-marches, which should not occupy more than a month. The next century will see these conditions changed.

Finding it impossible to push farther into Usumbara, we applied ourselves to gathering general information. Sultan Kimwere, I was told, is the fourth of a dynasty of Tondeurs and Écorcheurs originally from Ngu or Nguru, a hilly region to the West and South of the Upper

Panga-ni stream. His father, Shubugah, conquered Bǫndei and pushed the Usumbara frontier from Pare Eastward to the sea and from Msihi (in M. Rebmann Emsihi Mdi), a mountain two days' march N. East of Fuga, to the Panga-ni river and the Indian Ocean. He left Usumbara to Kimwere, Bumburri and Meringa-mountain to younger sons, and Msihi to a favourite daughter: this division of his dominions naturally caused lasting bloodshed amongst his successors. Kimwere, in youth a warrior of fame, ranked highest in the triumvirate of mountain-kings, the others being B'áná Rongwa of Chaga and B'áná Kizungu of Ukwafi. In age he has lost ground. His sister's sons, the chiefs of Bungu in Msihi, rebelled, destroyed his hosts by rolling down stones; they were reduced, and sent to the slave market, only by the arms of 25 Baloch. The Wazegura, I have said, are also troublesome neighbours. Kimwere has a body of 400 musketeers whom he calls his Waengrezi or Englishmen: they are dispersed amongst the villages, for now the oryx-horn is silent and the beacon is never extinguished upon the mountain-passes. This 'Lion of the Lord' asserts present kinghood in one point only: he has some 300 wives, each surrounded by slaves and portioned with a hut and a plantation. His little

family amounts to between 80 and 90 sons, some of whom have Islamized, whilst their sire remains a most 'pragmatical pagan.' The Lion's person is sacred,—even a runaway slave saves life by touching the hem of his garment. Presently he will become a ghost, it will be wrapped up in matting, and placed sitting-wise under the deserted hut, a stick denoting the actual spot: dogs will be slaughtered for the funeral-feast, the people will cry, beat drums, and say, 'O Lord, why must we die?' and Muigni Khatib, reigning instead of his sire, will put to death all who dare, during the first two months of Matanga (mourning), to travel upon the King's highway.

Meanwhile Sultan Kimwere rules at home like a right kingly African king, by selling his subjects, men, women, and children, old and young, gentle and simple, singly or, when need lays down the law, by families and by villages. Death, imprisonment, and mutilation of the hand are foreign articles of state machinery and rare; sale of the person and confiscation of property are indigenous and common. None may hold property without this petty despot's permission, and, as we had an opportunity of seeing, the very 'ministers' dare not openly receive presents. In a realm where coin is not current revenue is thus

collected. Cattle-breeders contribute the first-fruits of their flocks and herds; elephant-hunters offer every second tusk, and traders are mulcted in a portion of their merchandise. Cultivators annually pay 10 measures of grain; hence the quantity exported from Tanga and Panga-ni to Zanzibar and even to Arabia. The lion's share is reserved for the Lion and his family, the crumbs are distributed amongst the councillors and the corps of guards (Waengrezi).

The 'headquarter village' of Usumbara is Fuga, situated in a cool healthy climate, nearly 4500 feet upon the sea-line. The town is a heap of some 500 huts, containing, I was told, in round numbers, 3000 souls.[1] It is forbidden to foreigners because the king's wives inhabit a part, and it also shelters the chief magician-priests, in whose 'lodges' criminals may take sanctuary. The place is completely defenceless and unwalled: the tenements are the circular habitations, com-

[1] Mr Cooley (Inner Africa Laid Open, p. 75) calls in Vuga, and gravely chronicles the valuable observation of 'Khamis' his 'intelligent Sawáhili,' who made it three times as large as the town of Zanzibar. He confounds (p. 63) with Dos Santos (History of Eastern Æthiopia, iii. 1), through 8° of distance, Karagwah or Karague with Gurague in Abyssinia, Gurague meaning the left hand to one looking westward, and thus corresponding with the Arabic El Sham (Syria or Damascus). We also find (p. 55) Sadáua for Sa'adani, and Wadóa for Wadoe.

mon to Inner Africa from Harar to Tinbuktu. Frameworks of concentric wattle-rings wrapped round with plantain leaves are fastened to slender uprights planted in the ground, and the inside is plastered over with fine mud. A low solid door acts also as window, and the conical roof is supported by a single central tree; a fire-place of stones distributes smoke as well as heat, and a chimney would be held expensive and uncomfortable. In some homesteads the semi-circle opposite the entrance is occupied by a raised plank framework forming a family bedstead, and in a few cases a kind of second half-story, like a magnified bunk, is raised above it.

The Wasumbara are abundantly leavened with Semitic blood; and they increase and multiply, to judge from the lodges capping every hill, and from the younglings who apparently form more than the normal fifth. Yet the Arabs declare that the women are not prolific, six children being a large family: this, if fact, must be attributed to preventatives, abortion, and infanticide. The snowy heads of the seniors show that there are still in the land Macrobian Æthiopians, men who die of sheer old age; and what else can be expected from human beings who have hardly an idea, except the fear of sale, to impede digestion? The males,

though of light brown colour and stoutly made, are plain and short: they chip their teeth to points like saws, cats, or crocodiles, and they brand a circular beauty-spot in the mid-forehead. Their heads are shaven, their feet are bare, and except talismans round the neck, wrist, and ankles, their only wear is a sheet thrown over the shoulders, and a rag or skin tied around the loins. The characteristic grass-kilt of the Bedawin of the plains is unfitted for the highlands. A knife is stuck in the waist-cord, and men walk abroad with pipe, bow, and quiverless arrows tipped with bone or iron. The women are adorned with talismans in leather bags, and with massive collars of white beads, now in fashion throughout this region: a 'distinguished person' will carry from 3 to 4 lbs. of these barbaric decorations. The feminine body dress is the hideous African sheet bound tightly under the arms and falling over the bosom to the ankles.

The Wasumbara of both sexes are for Africans industrious, the result of cold climate necessitating comparatively many comforts. The husband and children work in the fields or drive the cattle to graze when the sun has dried up the dew: towards evening they fence the animals in the house yard, and stow away the young within the hut. At

times they amuse themselves with running down the little Saltiana antelopes, and with throwing sticks at the guinea-fowls, which they have not yet learned to domesticate. To the goodwife's share falls the work of cleansing the little corral, of fetching wood and water, of pounding maize in a large tin mortar, of baking plantain-bread, of cooking generally, and of carrying as well as of bearing the baby: it is evident that here, as among the Mormons, division of labour is called for, and it is readily supplied, without fear of arrest, by polygamy and concubinage. Meat is considered a luxury; the cattle want the enlarged udder, that unerring sign of bovine civilization, and an English cow will produce as much fluid as half-a-dozen Africans. The deficiency of milk in pastoral lands often excites the traveller's wonder: at times, after the herds have calved, he drinks it gratis by pailsful; during the rest of the year he cannot buy a drop even for medicine. Most tribes, moreover, have some uncomfortable superstitions about it—one will not draw it before nightfall, another will not tamely stand by and see it heated. Moreover, no pastoral people that I have ever seen drink it fresh: they prefer to sour it artificially, instead of trusting to their gastric juices; and they are right. It is like the Cuisinier or

rather the Cordon bleue, who vicariously does part of man's digestion, whereas 'Cook' leaves all to a certain ill-used viscus. I presume that climate is the reason why the Dahi of India, the Laban of Arabia, has not been introduced into England, where curds and whey are still eaten. Usumbara produces an abundance of tobacco, whose flavour is considered superior to the other growths of the mainland: it is therefore pounded to thin round cakes, neatly packed in banana-leaves, and exported to Zanzibar. With all their advantages, the Wasumbara are yet a moody, melancholy brood, a timid, dismal, and ignoble race, as indeed are for the most part those barbarians who have exchanged pastoral for agricultural life. Perhaps these children of the mist have too much mist, and they certainly have not learned the art of defending themselves against their raw mountain air. In hot climates beware of the cold, and vice versâ.

On Monday, February 16, we took leave of and were formally dismissed by Sultan Kimwere. The old man was mortified that our rambles on his hills had not produced a plant of sovereign virtue against the last evil but one of humanity. He had long expected a white Mganga, two had visited him, and were about

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without an attempt to restore his youth. I felt sad to see the wistful lingering look with which he accompanied his Kua-heri—farewell (à tout jamais!) But his case was far beyond my skill.

We set out at 7 A.M. on the next day with infinite trouble. The three porters whom we had engaged had run away, characteristically futile, without even claiming their hire, and none of Sultan Kimwere's men had the stomach to face the redoubtable Wazegura. The Baloch had gorged themselves faint with beef, and the hide, the horns, and huge collops of raw meat were added to the slaves' loads. We descended the Pass in a Scotch mist and drizzle, veiling every object from view, and it deepened into a large-dropped shower upon the fetid lowlands. The effect of exchanging 4000 for 1000 feet was anything but pleasant, and we at once felt shorn of half our strength. That night we slept at Pasunga; the next at Msiki Mguru, and the third, after marching 17 miles, our greatest distance, at Kohode. Here the graceless Mamba allowed us to be punted over the deep sullen stream by a [illegible] upon a bundle of cocoa fronds, to the imperil of our chronometers.

[illegible] resolved to follow the river-course and to ascertain by inspection if the

account of its falls and rapids had been exaggerated. At dawn Wazira came from our party, who had halted on the other side of the river, and warned us that it was time to march, yet 9 A. M. had sped before the rugged line began to stretch over the plain. Our Baloch declared the rate of walking excessive, and Hamdan, who represented 'Master Shoetic, the great traveller,' asserted that he had twice visited the Lake Regions of the far interior, but that he had never seen such hardships in his dreams.

The route lay along the alluvial flat before travelled over: instead, however, of turning towards the thinly-forested waste to the north, we hugged the Rufu river's left bank, and presently we entered familiar land, broken red ground, rough with stones and thorns. Wazira declared his life forfeited if seen by a Mzegura: with some trouble, however, we coaxed him into courage, and we presently joined on the way a small party bound for Panga-ni. At 1 P.M. we halted to bathe and drink, as it would be some time before we should again sight the winding stream. During the storm of thunder and lightning which ensued, I observed that our savage companions, like the Thracians of Herodotus and the Bhils and Kulis (Coolies) of modern India, shot their iron-tipped

arrows in the air. Such, perhaps, is the earliest paratonnerre, preserved traditionally from ages long forgotten by man, until the time when Franklin taught him to disarm the artillery of heaven. Through splashing rain and gusty, numbing wind, which made the slaves whimper, we threaded by a goat-path the dripping jungle, and we found ourselves, about 4 P.M., opposite Kiranga, a large village of Wazegura, on the right bank of the river. The people turned out with bows and muskets to feast their eyes: all, however, were civil, and readily gave cocoas in exchange for tobacco.

Here the Rufu is a strong stream, flowing rapidly between high curtains of trees and underwood, and entering a rocky trough. The hill-roots projected by Mount Tongwe are cut through by the course, and the narrow ledges on both banks form the vilest footpaths. After leaving Kiranga, we found the track slippery with ooze and mire, sprinkled with troublesome thorn-trees, and overgrown with sedgy spear and tiger grass. The air was damp and oppressive, 'heavy' (light) with steamy moisture; the clouds seemed to settle upon earth, and the decayed vegetation exhaled a feverish fetor. As we advanced, the roar of the swollen river told of rapids, whilst an occa-

sional glimpse through its wall of verdure showed a rufous surface flecked with white foam. Massive nimbi purpled the western skies, and we began to inquire somewhat anxiously of Wazira if any settlement was at hand.

About sunset, after marching 15 miles, we suddenly saw tall cocoas, the 'Travellers' Joy' in these lands, waving their feathery crests against the blue eastern firmament. The tree inhabits chiefly the coralline lowlands along the coast, but upon the line of the Panga-ni it bears fruit at least 30 miles from the sea, and whenever it is found distant from the stream the natives determine water to be near. Presently crossing an arm of the river by a long wooden bridge made rickety for ready defence, we entered with a flock of homeward-bound goats, Kizungu,[1] an island-settlement of Wazegura. The Headmen assembled to receive us with some ceremony, cleared a hut of its inmates, placed cartels upon the ground outside, and seated us ringed round by a noisy crowd for the usual palaver.

This village being upon the frontier and excited by wars and rumours of wars, had a bad

[1] It is mentioned by Dr Krapf as ever having been occupied by the Portuguese. Mr Cooley (Inner Africa, &c., p. 34) modestly writes 'Kisúngo, more probably Kisonga.'

name, and suggested treachery to the Baloch. My companion and I fired our revolvers into tree-trunks, and ostentatiously reloaded them for the public benefit. The sensation was such that we seized the opportunity of offering money for rice and ghi: no provision, however, was procurable. Our escort went to bed supperless; Hamdan cursing this *Safar Kháis*, Anglicè rotten journey; pretty Rahmat weeping over his twisted mustachios, and Sha'aban smoking like the chimney of a Hammam. Murad Ali had remained at Msiki Mguru to buy a slave without our knowledge. No novice in such matters, he had yet neglected to tie the chattel's thumbs together, and on the evening after the sale he had the exquisite misery to see his dollars bolting at a pace which baffled pursuit. We should have fared meagerly had not one of the elders brought furtively after dark a handful of red rice and an elderly hen: this provaunt was easily despatched by these hungry men, of whom one was a Portuguese 'cook-boy.' Then placing our weapons handy, we were soon lulled to sleep, despite smoke, wet beds, chirping crickets, and other plagues, by the blustering wind, and by the continuous pattering of rain.

About sunrise on Friday, February 20, we

FALLS OF THE PANGA-NI RIVER.

were aroused by the guide, and after various delays we found ourselves 'on the tramp' at 7 A.M. This country traversed was the reflection of what we had passed through. Hills girt the river on both sides, with black soil in the lower and red clay in the upper levels, whilst the path was a mere line foot-worn over rolling ground and thicketty torrent-beds, and through thorny jungle and tall succulent tiger-grass.

At 9 A. M. we stood upon a distant eminence to view the Falls of the Pangá-ni, of which we had read a hearsay description in the pages of Lt Boteler. It somewhat suggested the Toro Cascade of guide-books. The stream, swiftly emerging from a dense dark growth of tropical jungle, hurls itself in three separate sheets, fringed with flashing foam, down a rugged wall of brown rock. The fall is broken by a midway ledge, whence a second leap precipitates the waters into a lower basin of mist-veiled stone, arched over by a fog-rainbow, the segment of a circle painted with faint prismatic hues. The spectacle must be grander during the wet season, when the river, forming a single horseshoe, acquires volume and momentum enough to clear the step that splits the now shrunken supply; in fact,

> 'When copious rains have magnified the stream
> Into a loud and white-robed waterfall.'

Of all natural objects the cataract most requires that first element of sublimity—size. Yet, as it is, the Panga-ni Falls, with the white spray and light mist, set off by a background of black jungle and by a framework of slaty rain-cloud, offer a picture sufficiently effective to save us from disappointment.

As we jogged onwards the heat became intense. The clouds lay close upon the cool mountain-tops: there it was winter, but the fount of life, the Soter Kosmou, the grand differentiator between Africa and Greenland, whose rays shot stingingly through the well-washed air, still parched the summer plains. At 10 A.M. our Baloch, clean worn-out by famine and fatigue, threw themselves upon the bank of a broad deep Nullah, in whose rushy and jungly bed a little water still lingered. Wild bees had hived in the tree-trunks, but none of us coveted the fate of plundering bears. The bush was rich in the 'Melon of Abu Jahl' (Coloquintida), and the slaves chewed the dried pulp of the calabash gourd. Half-an-hour's rest, a cocoa-nut each, a pipe, and above all things the spes finis, somewhat restored our vigour. We resumed the march over a rolling waste of thin green grass, enlivened by occasional glimpses of the river, whose very aspect

tempered the optic nerves and cooled the brain. Villages became numerous as we advanced, far distancing our Baloch, and at 3 P.M., after 14 miles, we sighted the snake-fence and the pent-houses of friendly Chogwe. The Jemadar and his garrison received us with all the honours of travel, and marvelled at our speedy return from Fuga, where, as at Harar, a visitor can never reckon upon prompt dismissal. Sultan Kimwere has detained Arab and other travellers a whole fortnight before his Mganga would fix upon a fit time for audience.

Our feet were cut by hard boots and shoes, that had more than once been wetted and dried; and wherever there was chafing or burning, we had lost 'leather' softened by constant perspiration. A few days of rest and simple remedies, white of egg and flour-powdering, removed these small inconveniences. Our first move was to Panga-ni, where Said bin Salim, who had watched his charge with the fidelity of a shepherd's dog, received us with joyous demonstrations. The Portuguese lad who accompanied us escaped with a few sick headaches, and we were happy to find his confrère free from African fever. After spending a day upon the seaboard, we returned, provided with munitions de bouche and other

necessaries, to Chogwe. Here we paid the bill—$20 to the Jemadar in consideration of his two slaves; $5 a piece to the three hardworking portion of our Baloch, and to the drones, old Sha'aban and the lady-like Rahmat, $4 and $3 respectively. Then, as the vessel in which we were to cruise southward was not expected from Zanzibar before the beginning of March, and we had a week to spare, it was resolved to try a fall with Behemoth.

The hippopotamus, called by the Wasawahili Kiboko and Mvo, and by the Arabs Bakar el Khor, 'the creek-bullock,' resembles a mammoth pig, with an equine head, rather than a horse or a cow. Like the mangrove, he loves the rivers and inlets where fresh water mingles with the briny tide, and, as on this coast he has been little molested, he is everywhere to be met with. In the Bights of Benin and Biafra, during three years' wanderings, I sighted but a single specimen, and that only for a minute. When the night falls he wriggles up one of the many runs on the river bank, and wanders far to graze upon fat rich grass and to plunder grain plantations, where, like the elephant and the hog, he does much more damage than is necessary. At dawn he exchanges the dangerous open for shelter in the deep pools—the Khund of India—which as here, for instance, suc-

ceed one another in the stream-bed like the beads of a chaplet, and the place which he prefers is called by the natives his 'house.' In the presence of man he remains at home, fearing to expose his person while passing over the shallow covering of the sand-ridges which divide the hollows. When undisturbed he may be seen plunging porpoise-like against the stream, basking where the water is warm and not deep, dozing upon the soft miry bank, or sheltering himself under the luxuriant rhizophoræ in groups and singly, the heavy box-head resting upon a friend's broad stern. On terra firma he is easily killed by the puny arrow and by the tripping-trap with its spike-drop: in the water he is difficult to shoot, and unless harpooned he is scarcely to be bagged. Thoroughly startled, he exposes above the surface only his eyes and sloping brow; after a shot he will remain below for hours, raising nothing but a nostril to supply himself with air, and slipping down the moment he sights his foe. Receiving the death-wound, he sinks, and, according to the people, he clings to the bottom: he reappears only when blown up by incipient decomposition, and unless scouts are stationed, the body will rarely be found. The Arabs and Baloch declare that a trifling wound eventually proves fatal to

the unwieldy form,—the water enters it, and the animal cannot leave the stream to feed. All Easterns, however, joining issue with the homœopathists, dread applying water to a wound, and the Brazilian Tupys used to cure their hurts by toasting them and by extracting the moisture before the fire. The people of Mafiyah secure him, I am told, by planting upright a gag of sharpened and hardened stick in his jaws when opened wide for attack: this improbable tale is also told concerning the natives of Kalybia and the Maidan Arabs of Assyria and their lions. The cow is timid unless driven beyond endurance or grossly insulted in the person of her calf: the bulls are more pugnacious, especially those who, expelled by the herd, live in solitary dudgeon. The 'rogue'—generally derived from the Hindostani 'rogi,' sick or sorry—is found amongst hippopotami, elk, deer, and other graminivors as well as amongst elephants, lions, tigers, and the larger carnivors. The 'rogue' hippopotamus is an old male no longer able to hold his own against the young adults, who naturally walk off with his harem, and leave him in the surliest state of widowerhood. The man-eating lion is mostly some decrepit beast that finds it easier for his stiff muscles and worn tusks to pull down a

human biped than a wild bull or an antelope. It was probably a rogue hippopotamus that caused the death of Menes, ancient king, and the modern Africans from Abyssinia southwards still lose many a life. Captain Owen's officers when ascending these streams had their boats torn by Behemoth's hard teeth. In the Panga-ni river 'Sultan Mamba,' a tyrant of the waters, thus dubbed by the Baloch in honour of their friend the Kohode chief, delighted to upset canoes in rude waggishness, and once broke a negro's leg. For this reason men were careful to skirt the banks by day when he was supposed to be in mid-stream, and to avoid them during the dark hours when he was scrambling up and down the sides. During a subsequent battue off Wale Point we had two accidents in one day; a dug-out was smashed by a blow with the Kiboko's forehand, and the corvette's gig, suddenly uplifted upon the tusk-points, showed a pair of corresponding holes in her bottom.

Behold us now, O brother in St Hubert! merrily dropping down stream in a monoxyle some 40 feet long, at early dawn, when wild beasts are hungriest and tamest. The Jemadar and his brother, cloaked in scarlet and armed with their slow matchlocks, sit in the stern; the polers,

directed by Sidi Bombay, who is great in matters of venerie, occupy the centre, and we take up our station in the bows. The battery consists of a shot-gun for experiments, a Colt's rifle, and two 'smashers,' each carrying a 4 oz. ball of zinc-hardened lead. The mise en scène is perfect: the bright flush of morning, the cool, clear air, the river, with its broad breast swelling between two rows of tall luxuriant trees, and, protruding from the mirrory surface, the black box-heads, flanked with small pointed ears, and not a little resembling the knight in old chessmen. When swimming up stream the beasts threw up the hind legs, and plunged with the action of a porpoise. As we approached them the boatmen indulged in loud and ribald vituperations, such as 'M'áná Maríra,' O big belly! 'Hana 'mkía,' O tailless one! and 'Limundi,' which was not explained. These insults caused them to raise their crests in angry curiosity, and to expose their arched necks of polished black, shining with the trickling rills, which caught like quicksilver the reflection of the sun.

My companion, a man of speculative turn, experiments upon the nearest optics with buck-shot and two barrels of grape, for which we had a mould. The eyes, however, are obliquely

placed; the charge scatters, and the brute, unhurt, slips down like a seal. This will make the herd wary. Vexed by the poor result of our trial, we pole up the rippling and swirling surface that shows the enemy to be swimming under water towards the further end of a deep pool. Our guns are at our shoulders; we know that, after a weary time, he must rise and breathe. As the smooth water undulates, swells, and breaks a way for the large square head, eight ounces of lead fly in the right direction. There is a splash, a struggle; the surface foams, and Behemoth, with open mouth like a butcher's stall, and bleeding like a gutter-spout, plunges above the surface. Wounded in the cerebellum, he cannot swim straight, he cannot defend himself. I thought how easy it would have been, but for the crocodiles, to have done with him as the late Gordon Cumming did, and related amidst universal incredulity. In such matters the reader unconsciously asks himself 'Could I?' A negative is instinctively suggested, and hence his belief revolts at the story—spernit et odit. But all men cannot—in fact, very few men can—boast the eye, the nerve, and muscle of glorious Gordon Cumming.

Returning to Kiboke, the Baloch are excited,

and as the game rises again, matchlocks bang dangerously as pop-guns. Presently the Jemadar, having expended three bullets—a serious consideration with your Oriental pot-hunter—retires from the contest, as we knew he would, recommending the beasts to us. Bombay punches on the boatmen, who complain that a dollar a day does not justify their facing death. At last a coup de grâce, speeding through the ear, finds out the small brain; the brute sinks, fresh gore purples the surface, and bright bubbles seethe up from the bottom. Hippo. has departed this life: we wait patiently for his reappearance, but he reappears not. At length Bombay's sharp eye detects a dark object some hundred yards down stream: we make for it, and find our 'bag' brought up in a shallow by a spit of sand, and already in process of being ogled by a large fish-hawk. The fish-hawk pays the penalty of impudence. We tow the big defunct to the bank, and deliver it to a little knot of savages, who have flocked down to the stream with mouths watering at the prospect of creek-bullock beef. The meat is lawful to Moslems of the Shafei school; others reject it, as, being amphibious, it is impure. In Abyssinia they commonly eat it; here they do not. The insufferable toughness

and coarseness, to say nothing of the musky bouquet, do not recommend it to Europeans. The Washenzi, however, will feast royally, grease themselves with the dripping, and at sundown bring us, according to agreement, the tusks, teeth, and skull, picked clean as a whistle is said to be. The teeth, especially of young animals, being delicately white and conical, make the prettiest handles for knives.

The herd no longer rises; the beasts fear this hulking craft. We must try some other plan. My companion, accompanied by Bombay, who strips to paddle, in token of warm work expected, shifts to a small canoe, lashes fast his shooting tackle to the seat, in case of an upset, and whilst I occupy one end of the 'house,' makes for the other. Whenever a head appears an inch above water, a heavy bullet 'puds' into or near it; crimson patches marble the stream; some die and disappear, others plunge in crippled state; while others, disabled from diving by holes drilled through their snouts, splash and scurry about with curious snorts, caused by the breath passing through the wounds. At last the small canoe ventures upon another experiment. A baby hippo., with the naïveté natural to his age, uprears his crest, doubtless despite the maternal

warning: off flies the crown of the little kid's head. The bereaved mother rises for an instant, viciously regards the infanticide, who is quietly loading, snorts a parent's curse, and dives as the cap is being adjusted. Presently a bump, a shock, and a heave, and the bows of the barque are high in the air. Bombay, describing a small parabola, lands in frog-position upon the enraged brute's back. My companion steadies himself in the stern; happily the Kiboko had not struck out with the forearm, nor torn off the gunwale with her mighty jaws: he sends a ball through her sides as, with broad dorsum hunched up and hogged, like an angry cat, she advances for a second bout. Bombay scrambles into the monoxyle, and nothing daunted, paddles towards the quarry, which funks and bolts till nothing is visible but a long, waving line of gore. With a harpoon we might have secured it; now it will feed, with 'speck' and musky meat, the Washenzi or the crocodiles.

Our most artful dodge was, however, to come. The Baloch have ceased firing, confessing their matchlocks to be no 'good,' but they force the boatmen to obey us, and they take great interest in the sport, as Easterns will when they see work well done. My companion lands with his black

woodman carrying both smashers: they grope painfully through mangrove-thicket where parasitical oysters wound the legs with their sharp edges, and where the deep mud and shaking bog admit a man to the knees. After a time, reaching a clear spot, they take up a position where the bush-screened bank impends the deepest water, and signal me to drive the herd. The latter, after rubbing their backs against the big canoe, rise to breathe; I hoist a scarlet cloth upon a tall pole, and the beasts, inquisitive as kangaroos, expose themselves to gratify a silly curiosity. My companion has two splendid standing shots, and the splashing and circling in the stream below tell the accuracy of his aim. The dodge was suggested by seeing antelope thus arrested in their flight, and by remembering the red whirligigs with bits of mirror, used in former years by the French chasseur to kill hares.

Whilst in the pursuit of the animals that were retiring to the other end of the pool, I saw a hole bursting in the stream close to the bows of the canoe, and a dark head of portentous dimensions rose with a snort, a grunt, and a spirt. Mamba! Mamba! shout the Baloch, and yet the old rogue disdains to flinch or fly. A cove from the Colt strikes him full in the front; his brain is pierced,

he rises high, he falls with a crash upon the wave, and all that hulking flesh cannot keep in a little life. Sultan Mamba has for ever disappeared from the home of the hippopotamus: never shall he bully canoe-men, never shall he break nigger's leg again.

We soon learned the lesson that these cold-blooded beasts may be killed with a pistol ball, if hit in the right place,—under the shoulder for the heart, and in the ear for the remarkably small brain, whose pan is strongly boxed in. Otherwise they carry as much lead as elephants. By 10 A.M. we had slain six, besides wounding I know not how many of the animals. They might be netted, but the operation would not pay in a pecuniary sense: the ivory of small teeth, under 4 lbs. each, is worth little. Moreover, the herds are apt to shift quarters after an excess of bullying, and are normally shy when exposed to the perpetual popgunning of the Baloch. Even the vulture is absent—a bad sign. We did not often return to this sport, finding the massacre monotonous, and such cynegetics little more exciting than pheasant shooting.

Our first partie concluded with a bath in the Panga-ni, which here has natural 'bowers for dancing and disport,' fit for Diana and her suite:

in these unclassical lands they are haunted, not by fairies, but by monkeys. About a dwarf creek 'trees cluster on three sides of a square, regularly as if planted, and rope-like creepers, the West African tie-tie, bind together the supporting stems and hang a curtain to the canopy of imperious sylvan shade. The consumptive Jemadar suffered severely from the sun; he still, however, showed some ardour for sport. 'A mixture of a lie,' says Bacon bluntly, 'doth ever add to pleasure.' There was abundant amusement in the little man's grandiloquent romancing; a hero and a Rustam he had slain his dozens; men quaked—in far Balochistan—at the mention of his name; his sword-blade never fell upon a body without cutting it in twain, and, 'faith, had he wielded it as he did his tongue, the weapon would indeed have been deadly. At Panga-ni he had told us all manner of F. M. Pinto tales concerning the chase at Chogwe, and his pal, an old Mzegura woodsman, had promised us elephants, giraffes, and wild cattle. But when we pressed the point our guide shirked the trial; his son was absent, war raged in the clan, his family wanted provisions: he was ever coming on the morrow, and—the morrow never came. This convinced me that the tale of game in the

dry season was apocryphal. Chogwe then offered few attractions, and we left the bazar on Thursday, Feb. 26: my companion walked to Panga-ni, making a route-survey, whilst the Jemadar and his tail escorted me in the large canoe.

This trial trip to Fuga, which covered 150 miles in 11 days, had supplied me with a fair budget of experience and had drawn my attention to an important point, namely, the difference between our distances and those of M. Erhardt's map. Whilst we placed the head-quarter village 37 miles in direct line, and along the devious path 74 or 75, he gave the measures respectively as 82 and 100. Hence I was led to question all the distances in the remote parts: the road between Mombasah and Kilima-njaro had already been reduced from 200 to 130 miles; and, to judge from analogy, a little further subtraction might be applied. Our longest march was only 17 miles: after 4 days' continued work the slaves were dead-beat; our escort, who carried only their weapons, murmured loudly at our habits, and the Panga-ni people considered the rate of walking excessive. Without measuring instruments or the habit of correct timing, it is difficult to estimate distance. Some years afterwards, when ascending the Cameroons Mountain, I found, by taping, 11,570 feet

to be the length of a march, which the whole party had set down at the lowest estimate as five miles. Twenty miles in a tropical sun, without water and over rough ground, where the step is shortened, will appear 40 in Europe, whilst the hour's halt seems but a few minutes.[1]

For two days after returning to Panga-ni we abstained from taking exercise. On the third we walked out several miles East along the shore, and N. West inland, under the hottest of suns and over burning ground, to explore a cavern, or rather a tunnel in the limestone rock of which the natives, who came upon it when clearing out a well, had circulated the most exaggerated accounts. My companion already complained of his last night's labour, an hour with the sextant upon damp sands in the chilly dew. This excursion finished the work. On entering the house we found Caetano, who had accompanied us to Fuga, suffering from aches in the shoulders and a cold sensation creeping up the legs. Such sensations heralded the fever, a malignant bilious

[1] The German missionaries placed the Tanganyika Lake 600 direct geographical miles from the sea: I reduced the distance to 300. This was an error. But we had been told upon the coast that the Sea of Unyamwezi is in Unyamwezi, and the easternmost frontier of the latter region at Tura is distant 290 direct geographical miles from the seaboard of Zanzibar.

remittent like 'General Tazo' of Madagascar: as on the Niger, this 'acclimatizing fever' usually appears before the 16th day. My companion was prostrated a few hours afterwards, and next day I followed their example. Valentino, who escaped at Panga-ni, came in for his turn at Zanzibar; and, as a proof that the negro enjoys no immunity, Sidi Bombay suffered severely in early June.

I have no doubt that had Dr Steinhaeuser been with us, or had we been acquainted with the prophylactic treatment of quinine, first developed by the later Niger expeditions, and afterwards practised by myself with so much success on the West Coast of Africa, we should have escaped with a light visitation instead of dangerous and almost deadly attacks. But we had also imprudently taxed strength and endurance to the utmost, before our constitutions had been accustomed to the climate. As a rule, the traveller in these lands should at first avoid exposure and fatigue beyond a certain point to the very best of his ability. He might as well practise sitting upon a coal fire as hardening himself to the weather—which green men have attempted. Dr Bialloblotsky, a Polish professor who had begun travelling at the end of a long life

of sedentary study, would practise walking bare-headed in the Zanzibar sun: the result was congestion of the brain. Others have paced bare-footed upon an exposed terrace, with ulceration of the legs and temporary lameness, as the total results. The most successful in resisting the miasma are they who tempt it the least, and the best training for a long hungry march in these lands is repose with good living. Man has then stamina to work upon: he may exist, like the camel, upon his own fat. Those who fine themselves down by exercise and abstinence before such journeys commit the error of beginning where they ought to end.

We spent no happy time in the house of the Wali Meriko, who, luckily for us, was still absent at Zanzibar. The Jemadar, seeing that we could do nothing, took leave, committing us to Allah and to Said bin Salim. The Banyans intended great civility; they would sit with us for hours, asking, like Orientals, the silliest of questions, and thinking withal that they were making themselves agreeable. Repose was out of the question. During the day gnats and flies added another sting to the horrors of fever: by night rats nibbled our feet; mosquitos sang their songs of triumph; and torturing thirst made the terrible

sleeplessness yet more terrible. Our minds were morbidly fixed upon one point, the arrival of our vessel: we had no other occupation but to rise and gaze, and to exchange regrets as a sail hove in sight, drew near, and passed by. We knew that there would be no failure on the part of our thoughtful friend, who had written to promise us a 'Batela' on March 1. But we doubted the possibility of an Arab or an Msawahili doing anything in proper time. The craft had been duly despatched from Zanzibar before the end of February, but the fellows who manned her being men of Tumbatu, could not pass their houses unvisited, — they wasted a precious week, and they did not make Panga-ni till the evening of March 5.

After sundry bitter disappointments, we had actually hired a Banyan's boat that had newly arrived, when the long-expected 'Batela' ran into the river. Not a moment was to be lost. Said bin Salim, who had been a kind of nurse, superintended the embarkation of our belongings. My companion, less severely treated, was able to walk to the shore; but I—alas, for manliness!—was obliged to be supported like a bedridden old woman. The Arabs were civil, and bade us a friendly farewell. The Wasawahili,

however, audibly contrasted the present with the past, and drew indecorous conclusions from the change which a few days had worked in the man who bore a 24 lb. gun with a 4 ounce ball.

All thoughts of cruising along the southern coast were thus at an end. Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton had cautioned us not to despise bilious remittents, and evidently we should not have been justified in neglecting his advice to return to the consulate whenever seized by sickness. With the dawn of Friday, March 6, we ordered the crew to up sail: we stood over for the island with a fine fresh breeze, and early in the afternoon we found ourselves once more within the pale of eastern civilization. Our excellent friend at once sent us to bed, where we remained for the best part of a week: we did not recover health till the end of the normal month.

CHAPTER IX.

VISIT TO SA'ADANI, THE COPAL FIELD.

Non cuivis lectori auditorique placebo:
Lector et auditor non mihi quisque placet.

A HEROIC treatment of quinine, beginning with 20-grain doses, and ending with two grains, per diem, and a long course of stomachic chiretta —the Kirait which the Goanese drink, flavoured with lime juice, every Sunday before church— induced a convalescence, accompanied by the usual unpleasant sequelæ. The S. West or rainy monsoon, which came in like a lion, had improved my health, but it detained the Expedition at Zanzibar. We utilized the delay by buying outfit, which for economy must be provided before the opening of the trading season; by making arrangements for an escort, and by

looking to the hundred impedimenta which appertain to African exploration.

Yet I was possessed by a nervous impatience to be up and doing. During the year of grace 1867 it was proposed to penetrate into the Eastern and Central Regions from all directions. The Escayrac de Lauture enterprise has been already mentioned. Zanzibar also expected an American Expedition. A Major Cotheal, of New York, had visited the coast in his own vessel, with the view of pushing into the interior. Like his many predecessors—Captain Smee for instance—he failed to find the debouchure of the Denok, Vumbo, Gob, Gob-wen, Juba, Webbe Ganana, Govind, Dos Fuegos or Rogues[1] River, which forms the true northern limit of continental Zanzibar, dividing inland the Galla from the Somal, and which the hydrographers have placed

[1] Denok is the Galla name of the stream, probably from Danesha, a townlet or encampment on the right bank of the stream, some three miles from the sea. Vumbo is the Kisawahili term. The Somal call it Gob, 'the junction' (hence the Juba of the Arabs, who cannot pronounce the letter G), and Gob-wen, 'the great junction,' a name also given to the settlement Danesha: hence the Hinduized form Govind. Webbe (river) Ganana (bifurcation) is derived from a village high up the stream. The Portuguese called it Rio dos Fuegos from the number of fires, probably of fishermen: the English, 'Rogues River,' a term which might be applied to all the streams on this coast.

in S. lat. 0° 14′ 30″, thus nearly corresponding parallel with the Gaboon. But he had observed a discolouration of the sea, which raised his hopes of being able to measure and survey the mysterious outlet. Despite the labours of Lieut. Christopher, there is still an abundance of work to be done about the embouchures and more upon the upper courses of the 'Nile of Makdishu' (Webbe Gamana) and the Juba (Webbe Ganana); whilst the sad loss of Baron von der Decken only increases our curiosity about the latter stream. It is doubtful, even in the present day, whether the mouth of the Juba is dry in the rainless season or not. Major Cotheal's prospects were kept dark: it was, however, understood that the party would be composed of white men accustomed to endure fatigue and to face danger, escorted by free blacks from the United States, and by natives of the country as guides and porters. All scientific researches and even exact observations were to be postponed, lest they should impede progress: this manner of exploration, which would find scant favour in English eyes, is evidently best fitted to open a way for the physicist through unexplored and possibly dangerous regions. I never doubted that the Anglo-American, familiar with the negro race from his

infancy, and strong in nervous temperament, carrying little flesh and comparatively abstemious, would be the best of African explorers, and my subsequent experiences on the west coast of Africa in the Bights of Benin and Biafra, from Cape Palmas to the Gaboon river, have confirmed the belief. Major Cotheal's exploration, however, was fated to remain in limbo.

An expedition was also proposed at the Cape of Good Hope on a plan recommended by the lamented naturalist, Professor Wahlberg. Several waggons starting simultaneously would separate upon the threshold of the tropics, and, after exploring eastward and westward, would rendezvous at a given place, and confer upon the ways and means of further advance. Nothing appeared more feasible than such a prospect, and the brilliant success of Messrs Livingstone, Murray, and Oswell, then fresh in the public mind, had proved that intertropical Africa could be penetrated with less fatigue and risk of disease from the Cape than from any other point. Dr Wahlberg, however, was killed by an elephant, and his plan was allowed to lie in nubibus.

We left for the interior before Zanzibar Island was visited by the Père Léon d'Avanchers, whose name has since become familiar to geo-

graphers: en revauche I met M. Gabrielli de Rivalta, a capuchin of the Lyons Mission, who was proceeding to his head-quarters, the before inaccessible Kaffa country. He had lately learned at Rome that four or five other missioners would be sent to reap the unparalleled harvest reported by Monsignor Guglielmo Massaga, the Vicario Apostolico dei Gallas, who had made that place his home, and who had sent branch establishments to Enarea and Goodroo. Some 40,000 pagans had, it was asserted, embraced Christianity, and conversions were still taking place in legions. Unable to enter Africa viâ Masawah, on account of the religious excitement that burned high amongst the Abyssinians, Father Gabrielli resolved to land at Makdishu, and to march upon Ganana, travelling alone and unarmed, amongst the fiercest tribes of East Africa, the Gallas, and the Somal. The successes which have crowned the efforts of Catholic missioners in these eastern regions reflect honour upon their system, and cast a deep shade upon the desultory individualistic display of Protestant energy. On the West Coast of Africa, however, I found that both had equally and completely failed.

At length, strength and energy returning, I resolved once more to visit the coast, and to col-

lect information upon certain interesting subjects, concerning which the Secretary of the Bombay Geographical Society had, (Dec. 8, 1856) forwarded to Government the following remarks:—

'It will be eminently interesting to know whether the great limestone formation, extending in one vast continuous band from the banks of the Burrumputra to those of the Tagus, and from which Captain Burton forwarded valuable specimens from the Somali country, prevails as far south as the Line, and to what distance it extends into the interior. It will be desirable to ascertain whether the upheaved sea-beach, such as that which forms the esplanade, and is the favourite habitat of the cocoa-nut groves around, prevails along the shores of Africa, and whether, if so, it manifests those signs of a double depression or upheaval which characterize it in most parts of the world. . . . . Of the £300,000 worth of commerce between Eastern Africa and Western India—the principal part being that of Zanzibar—gums and resin-trees form an important part, nearly £20,000 worth being exported from Zanzibar. The most valuable of these are copal and gum Animi, the principal supplies being found under-ground, from which they are washed out by streams and torrents. Like the

Dammer of Singapore, and some of the most important gum resins of Australia, they may be regarded as semi-fossils, the produce of forests which have long since disappeared. . . . We should like to know whether the *Valeria Indica*, which produces it, still abounds as a tree; as also what may have been the extent, what the position and circumstances of the extinct forests, of which it now constitutes the principal trace. . . . Copal has of late years become so scarce, so much in demand, and so dear, that what was formerly thrown away would probably be considered of value in the market; and there are few of the investigations a traveller can undertake the people of England value so highly as those that can be turned to commercial account. Materially to reduce the price of coach-varnish would probably be considered to entitle Captain Burton to a larger share of the gratitude of his countrymen than the measurement of the elevation of the Mountains of the Moon or the Determination of the Sources of the Nile.'[1]

On May 11, accompanied by Sidi Bombay and by Said bin Salim, with his by no means

[1] I have reprinted the rest of the paper in my preface to a Memoir on the Lake Regions of Central Equatorial Africa.—Journal Royal Geographical Society, xx. 1860.

merry men, I set out in the 'Mtope' (the Mud), a small Machua manned by the slaves of Mr Banyan Ramji. Running before a fair wind, and 'rushed' by an occasional raffale, we crossed in five hours the Manche that separates Zanzibar from Sa'adani, a trading port on the Continent, nearly parallel with the northern cape of the Island. The settlement is not seen till within the shortest distance, when the mangroves disclose it. The landing-place is bad; if the water is out small craft must lie about half-a-mile from the shore; at flood-tide they round a small sandspit, and enter the shallow, rushy Khor (bay), which passes the settlement. Passengers then disembark in canoes. The site of the village is frontier-land: to the north are the Wazegura savages, and southward, behind 'Utondwe,' lie the Wadoe, who are reported by all to have learned cannibalism during their wars with the Wakamba.[1] I should say 'lay': these

[1] It has been remarked by Dr Beke (Transactions of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xvii. p. 74), that hereabouts is the position assigned by Ptolemy to his Anthropophagi, living around the Barbaric Gulf, and by El Mas'udi to the men-eating Zenj—a curious coincidence. I am convinced that all the negro tribes now settled upon the East and West coasts of Intertropical Africa have migrated, or rather have gravitated, from the interior within a few centuries, and that the process is still in active operation. Whatever the Wamakua Menschen-fresser

Wadoe have of late years been driven away from their ancient seats by the Wamasai, and like the Waboni, they have occupied the lands on the north bank of the Adi or Sabaki river. The Wakamba, again, have been expelled, and the Wazeramo, a fierce and unmanageable tribe, has now transferred itself to the interior. The point or headland bounding the bay southwards, and giving a name to the little maritime province whose southern limit is Whinde (Uende of M. Rebmann), is still known as Utondwe, and is said to show ruins of habitations. Thus Watondwi, which Mr Cooley translates 'picking-grounds,' i. e. places where shell-fish are gathered, would mean the people of Utondwe. Nothing can be more misleading than such expressions as 'the kingdom of Atondo,' used by Do Couto and others. These royalties are mere districts ruled by petty headmen, of which each port-village has one, potent within their own bounds or palisades, but powerless a mile beyond them. They correspond with the River Kings and Hill Kings of Guinea, the ridiculous King Jacks and King Boys of the Western Coast—both degraded

may have been, the Wadoe seem to have adopted cannibalism of late years, in terrorem. So Tarik, the Arab invader of Spain, when fighting his way between Bœtis and the Tagus, ordered his men to cook (but not to eat) the flesh of slain Christians.

by intercourse with superior races, these with Europeans, those with the Arabs. 'Otondo' is mentioned in the Portuguese inscription over the fort gate of Mombasah; and in 1528 its Shaykh came to the assistance of Nuno da Cunha with five or six thousand black archers, probably slaves and savages, who are described as very agile and trained to war.

Sa'adani stands upon a swampy green flat, defended, as are most of these places, against the sea, which is apparently but little below its level, by a high sandbank and natural dykes. From Panga-ni, southward, the littoral suddenly falls flat, becoming an alluvial plain of green swamps, cut by hundreds of mangrove creeks: it is backed by higher ground, the blue line seen from Zanzibar Island, and the habitat of the wilder races. The harbours are mostly open roads or inlets, into which only native craft can run, whilst square-rigged ships must lie three miles in the offing, and much exposed. The deeper water abounds in fish, and the tides retire 12 to 13 feet, leaving a broad expanse of naked mud. Constant troubles with neighbours have caused this port-village to be surrounded by a strong stockade of tree-trunks, and have greatly reduced its extent. The hundred huts of thatch, wattle and dab, may now

contain 700 to 800 souls, including a Banyan, a Kasimi Arab, and a stray Baloch: a few years ago it could turn out 300 matchlocks. The two stone mosques, which the people declare to be ancient, are in ruins. Here the Wasawahili, who in a thin fringe line the whole coast, appear to be healthier than on the Island of Zanzibar. As usual, there is less rain, and the little Msika is often wanting. They send at all seasons foot caravans to Nguru—the Ngu of M. Rebmann—a hilly region seven to eight days' march, nearly due west. The normal ventures are beads, cloth, and wires, and the returns are ivory and slaves, with smaller items, such as rhinoceros' horn and various hides. The trading parties are absent about six weeks, when no news of them will be held good news: formerly the wild Wanguru used to visit the coast, till deterred by Moslem 'Avanies.' The village exports sheep and ghi, holcus, maize, and especially copal. A little cotton (pamba) for domestic use is grown on the sandy landward slope of the natural dyke, about one mile from the sea: the shrub is allowed to run to wood. A few words upon cotton-growing in Zanzibar and East Africa generally may not be misplaced here.

The mountains of Harar, that ancient capital of the Adel Empire, are a granitic mass covered

with red argillaceous soil: they produce in plenty a fine, long-stapled, firm and heavy cotton, with peculiarly flexible and tenacious filament. Yarn is hand-spun by the women with two wooden bobbins, and the primitive loom is worked by both sexes: the result is a cloth, warm and soft as silk, which surpasses in beauty and durability the vapid produce of our power-looms, as much as the perfect hand of man excels the finest machinery. The 'Tobe' of Harar consists of a double length of 11 × 2 cubits, with a bright scarlet border, and the value of a good article even in the city is $8. The laziness of the people and the risks of the journey, 15 days of wild travel to the coast, prevent any exportation of made cloth, and years must elapse before the obstacles are removed.

The coast of Eastern Intertropical Africa produces everywhere, as far as my wanderings extended, a small quantity of cotton now used only for domestic purposes. The rich ochreous clays and the black earths fat with decayed vegetation, cause the neglected shrub to grow luxuriantly. The mountains of Usumbara north of the Panga-ni river are peculiarly fitted by climate and geological formation for growing the shrub. I afterwards found it in Unyamwezi planted here

and there amongst the huts, and in N. lat. 4° Capt. Grant observed the Gossypium punctatum, a perennial whose produce was woven into women's aprons. There is no reason to despair of producing in East Africa a cotton which might rival the celebrated growths of Algeria and Egypt; at present, however, as Dr Livingstone's second Expedition proved, the conditions of export are far inferior to those of Abeokuta and of Accra a whole generation ago.

Said bin Salim having formerly been Governor of Sa'adani, we were received by the crowd with all the honours. The Chief Bori was absent, visiting Kipombui, a village lying a few miles north: he was preparing to fight one Abdullah Mákitá, a Msegeju chief living near Tanga, and his intimate relations with Muigni Khatib of Usumbara would allow him free passage along the coast. He is famed through all the country-side for a mighty soul contained in a little body, and for a princely generosity which fills his house with hungry feeders. At present he is on bad terms with his brother Mohammed, Chief of Urumwi, a settlement three hours to the south, and the latter lately burned down Sa'adani. Here when a Diwan is poor he has only to attack a wealthy neighbour, drive off a hundred head of slaves, and send to

market those not wanted as home-hands—this eternal state of feud of course greatly demoralizes the people.

One of Bori's many cousins led us to the 'Government House,' which was surrounded with a wall of stone and lime: he found lodgings for us in a large hut and a broad verandah; after some delay we were fed with dates and coffee, with rice and cream pressed from pounded cocoa-nut meat, and with fowls and mutton, the victim being a dun-coloured sheep with a long fat tail, very unlike the Somali breed. In the evening there was a Ngoma Khu, the normal dance of honour, preluded by the loud singing of the women inside the house, and by the warning sound of three drums. The corps de ballet, a dozen strong, young and old, then defiled before us. Their heads were clean shaven, or half grown, or covered with short stiff curls intensely black and forming the least grotesque of African coiffures: the dress was an indigo-dyed stuff with large red stripes and border extending to the feet, and round the bosom a white cloth or some coloured cotton contrasted with the blue. Presently the ballerinas formed line and divided into two parties, facing inwards; the performance consisted of trampling and twirling with heads inclined on

one side, and eyes modestly fixed upon the ground, whilst palms were kneaded as if washing

'—with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.'

A passing sail drew off all the spectators as though they had been Cornish wreckers in the olden times, who had successfully fastened their lantern to a bullock's horns. The most interesting of the crowd were the sylvan men in skin aprons stain--ed with Mimosa-bark: their widely opened mouths proved that curiosity was reciprocal. Some of the younger girls had the beauty of negrodom, and none appeared to be bégueules: here the people pass all the time not given to trade in love-making and intrigue. As in the Bombay of 1857, damages have been made cheap and feasible for the co-respondent: an affair with a Diwan's wife costs five slaves, with a 'common person' one slave, with the chattel of another man five to six cloths, and so on.

The day after our arrival was a forced halt, the copal-diggers had set out in another direction be-fore dawn, and no donkey-saddle was to be found: the next, however, was more propitious. Led by Mánji, the Akida'ao, Mtu-Mkuba, Mukaddam, or headman of the gang, we walked west over an alluvial plain of blue earth, veiled with white

sand, a narrow path threading the dwarf plantations of maize and manioc, of cucumber, pulse (Lobiya), and the castor plant growing everywhere wild. Crossing, after some 200 yards, a sandy Nullah, which supplies sweet water, we came to a rank and reeking, a thorny and cloth-tearing vegetation; and to thick, coarse spear-grass, burned down in the dry weather: this is the home of the spur-fowl, the Kudu, and other antelopes. Three miles (by pedometer) of damp trudging, a shower having fallen last night, placed us before the first Msandarúsi,[1] or copal tree (Hymenœa verrucosa. Boivin). It was growing in a thicket upon a flat covered with Mimosas, Hyphœnas, and various palms, the cocoa being absent. The specimen, though young, was some 30 feet tall, and measured about a yard in girth: it was not in flower nor in fruit; the latter, according to the people, is a berry like a grain of Muhindi (maize). Climb-

[1] From the Arab Sandarus, which their pharmacopœia applies to the transparent resin Sandaraca or Sandarach. Our copal is a corruption of the Mexican Kopali—any gum. It is called anime or animi in the London market, and by the workman French varnish. The copals of Mexico, of New Zealand (popularly termed Cowace copal), and of the West African coast, are inferior kinds. The 'Damar,' or gum found about Cape Delgado, floats in water, and may be unripe copal washed out by the wet season.

ing up the straight, smooth trunk to secure specimens of wood, bark, and leaf, I was pitilessly assaulted by the Maji-Moto (boiling water), a long ginger-coloured and semi-transparent ant, whose every bite drew blood. From the trunk and on the ground I picked up specimens of the gum which exudes from the bole and boughs when injured by elephants, or other causes. This is the Chakazi, raw copal, whence the local 'Jack-ass copal:' it has rarely any 'gooseskin,' and it floats, whilst the older formation sinks, in water. Valueless to us, it produces the magnificent varnishes of China and Japan. In a paper lately read before the Linnæan Society, my friend Dr Kirk, H. B. M.'s Acting Consul at Zanzibar, declared that the fossil resin when first dug up shows no trace of the characteristic 'goose-skin,' which appears only when the surface is cleaned by brushing. I believe that this phenomenon is shown simply by removing the sand which fills up the interstices. But it is hard to make anything of Captain Grant's statement—'the true copal-gum tree is a climber, which ascends to a great height among the forest trees, and finally becomes completely detached from the original root, when the copal exudes from the extremities of these detached roots.' He must allude, not to

the well-known Msandarúsi (mentioned by M. Guillain, i. 24, 'le M'sandarouss est un bois dur et résineux, qui donne aussi des pièces de mâture), but to some other and unknown genus.

A fourth mile of gradual rise brought us to a distinctly-defined sea-beach, swelling about 100 feet above water, and dimly showing Zanzibar Island to the S. East. The material was sand with a slight admixture of vegetable humus: the ridge top was crowned with luxuriant thicket, and a line of water-washed quartz pebbles defined the flank. I afterwards found the same at Muhonyera in valley of the Kinga-ni river, where the pebbles strewed the northern slope of the hillock upon which we were encamped. Captain Speke (Journal, &c., chap. ii.) inspected it on his second journey at the desire of the Royal Geographical Society, to see if it gave indications of a 'raised sea-beach,' and came to the conclusion that 'no mind but one prone to discovering sea-beaches in the most unlikely places could have supposed for a moment that one existed here.' But did he know what a raised sea-beach was, even had he seen it? He adds, 'there are no pebbles;' my only reply is that I picked up specimens, and I find in my Field Book, now deposited with the Royal Geogra-

phical Society, 'Muhônyera' . . . . 'elevated sea-beach, lines of pink, quartzose rounded pebbles.'

On this beach, as on the flat below, were frequent traces of manual labour: the tree, however, is not common,—only two appeared within half a mile. Mánji proceeded to show me the digging process, which was of the simplest: he crowed a hole with a sharpened stick in the loose sand, and disclosed several bits of the bitumenized and semi-mineral gum. One of the slaves sank a pit about three feet deep: the earth became redder as he descended, crimson fibrous matter appeared, and presently the ground seemed to be half sand, half comminuted copal. There was neither blue clay nor tree-roots as in Zanzibar Island, nor did I find this formation in any of the wells or excavations examined upon the coast. According to the guide, the only subsoil is this ruddy arenaceous matter: his people, however, never dig lower than a man's waist. They use the Jembe, or little iron hoe, and when 'grist for the mill' is wanted they form small gangs, who proceed to the 'jungle' for two or three days, carrying with them the necessaries of life.

The whole of this Zangian coast produces the copal of commerce: specimens have been brought

to Zanzibar from the northern limits of Makdishu and Brava to Kilwa and Cape Delgado—by rough computation 800 miles. It extends, here three hours' march, there two to three days, into the interior. On the mainland it costs half-price of what is paid upon the Island, and the indolent Wasawahili of the villages cannot be induced to dig whilst a handful of grain remains in the bin. I found it impossible to 'trace the position and circumstances of the extinct forests, of which copal constitutes the principal remains:' such an investigation would have entailed at least two months' voyaging along, and dwelling upon, the fever-haunted seaboard.

I was also obliged to leave to the late secretary of the Bombay Geographical Society the task of remedying the host of evils that at present beset copal-digging. The first is the Commercial treaty of 1839, by whose tenth article H. H. the Sayyid engages 'not to permit the establishment of any monopoly or exclusive privilege of sale within his dominions, except in the articles of ivory and gum copal on that part of the East Coast of Africa, from the port of Tangate, situated in about 5½ degrees of S. latitude, to the port of Quiloa, lying in about 7 degrees south of the equator.' The U. S. Commercial treaty of

1833 contains no such clause, but the French treaty, concluded in 1844, thus modifies (Art. xi.) the prohibition to traffic which appears in the English treaty. 'But if the English or Americans or any other Christian nation should carry goods, the French shall in like manner be at liberty to do so.' With the Arabs such matters are easily managed for the benefit of both parties: when, however, European jealousies complicate the affair there is little hope of their being brought to a successful issue.

Moreover, Europeans cannot do manual labour upon the Zanzibarian seaboard. Hindustanis would fear to face, not only the fever, but the savage. A gang of 500 negroes from Kilwa or Arabs from Hazramaut taught to use moderate-sized mattocks, not the child's plaything now in fashion, well paid and kept at regular work, would soon, by their own exertions and by example, stimulate the copal digging into liveliness or break up the unnatural monopoly. But the Sayyid's government would object to such occupation of its territory; the Wasawahili Diwans would require propitiation; and in view of desertion, it would be necessary to make specific contracts with the chiefs of tribes, villages, and harbours. It is to be feared that such an

operation would not pay, commercially speaking, though every hand might produce, as it has been calculated he can, 12 to 15 lbs. per diem. Willingly, therefore, as I would have won that highest of meeds, the gratitude of my fellow-countrymen by reducing the price of coach-varnish, I had fairly to confess that it was beyond my powers. The sole remedy is Time—perhaps an occasional East African expedition might be adhibited to advantage.

As regards the limestone band, of which I had forwarded specimens from the Somali country, no traces were found till after leaving the modern corallines and sandstones of the coast which possibly overlie it. Our march to the Usagara mountains (5000 feet high) was more fortunate: a fossil bulimus was picked up in the Western counterslope of those Eastern Ghauts, about 3200 feet above sea-level, and calcareous nodules of weather-worn 'Kunker' were remarked in more than one place. Captain Speke (Journal, chap. ii.) afterwards saw at Kidunda of Uzaramo on the left of the Kingani valley 'pisolithic limestone in which marine fossils were observable.'

Nothing of interest now remained for me at Sa'adani. Before earliest dawn, when Venus

hung like a lamp between dark sky and darker earth, and before the lovely flush of morning had lit up the Eastern sea, we embarked, and enjoyed a lively sail. Whilst the mainland was clear, the Island of Zanzibar had hid itself in a mass of dark dense cloud, and presently it sent to meet us heavy leaden-coloured rain apparently solid as a stone wall. We had sundry gusts and dead calms, till at last a light breeze wafted us once more into port.

CHAPTER X.

THE EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION OF 1857—1859.

'All truth must be ultimately salutary, and all deception pernicious.'—FRANCIS JEFFREY.

AT length came the moment for departure—June 17, 1858. We had learned what we wanted to learn on the seaboard, whilst at Zanzibar Island no further information was to be procured. The rains had ended on June 5: the harvest was coming on, and trading parties were returning to the coast—every day three or four boats passed outward-bound under the windows of the Consulate.[1] Our preparations were hurriedly

[1] Mr Cooley (Geography, p. 29) informs us that the native porters start on their down journey 'in March or April, probably at the end of the heavy rains, and return in September.' He thus greatly restricts the period. Of course the

made. Cogent reasons, however, compelled me to move quamprimum, and evidently delay, even for a week, might have been fatal to my project. Lieut.-Col. Hamerton's health rapidly declined: he was compelled to lead the life of a recluse, and his ever-increasing weakness favoured the cause of our ill-wishers. Local politics became more confused, and the succession troubles more imminent, whilst the Sayyid's Government, deceived by our silence during the rains into a belief that the Panga-ni fever had cooled our ardour, lost all interest in the enterprise, and required to be aroused from its apathy by a stiff reminder.

My old friend, the late Mr James Macqueen, has declared that the expedition was 'organized upon erroneous and fallacious principles—with large parties of armed men, with numerous attendants, and extensive supplies.' I can reply only that my model was the normal coast-caravan, and certainly with less apparatus we should have made less progress. We were not, however, favoured by fortune; and, as Baron Melchior de

season varies to some extent at every part; but, as a rule, to March and April add May and June, and for September read November and December. Dr Krapf is less incorrect (Travels, &c., p. 421); M. Guillain is equally so (vol. iii. 374).

Grimm sagely observes, 'there is nothing in this life'—especially in African travel—'but luck, good or bad.' The Kafilah-bashi was still Said bin Salim, who, upon receiving from Lieut.-Col. Hamerton an advance of $300, and the promise of a gold watch after return, in case of good conduct, at once pleaded a mortgage upon his plantations to the extent of $500. We were compelled to compound the matter for $250, before he could precede us to the coast, with his four slave musketeers, one lad, and two girls. The Baloch escort was, according to popular rumour, picked up in the Bazar: it began with a dozen, and it ended with seven muskets, not including the monocular Jemadar Mallok. They wanted everything imaginable,—debts to be paid, rice, lead, gunpowder, light matchlocks, $8 for an ass, and slaves to serve them. The Banyan Ramji supplied us with nine ruffians, whose only object was to lay out their, or his, money as profitably as possible in slaves; indeed, this seemed to be the end and aim of our whole native party. Upon the coast we engaged as porters 36 Unyamwezi negroes, men who usually behave well, but who are uncommonly ready to follow bad example. As the number was deficient, we supplied the place of more with some

30 baggage-asses, which added not a little to our troubles and losses.

Lieut.-Col. Hamerton listened with pleasure to my suggestion that he might at once change air, from the close, foul, fetid town, and superintend our departure from the coast. The Sayyid's kindness was unwearied: he came to bid us adieu, and manned for us, with a crew of 20, his own corvette, the Artemise, Captain Mohammed bin Khamis. The latter having been educated in England, where he had learned to observe and survey, and imbued by 'letters' with the restless impulse of European civilization, had once proposed to the Royal Geographical Society himself to explore the Lake Regions; and had he been trustworthy, he might have done work valuable as that of Capt. 'Montgomerie's Pandits.' His father, Khamisi wa Tani, was the 'intelligent Sawahili or Mohammedan native of the Eastern coast of Africa,' who had so notably cajoled Mr Cooley. This 'mild and unassuming man's' antecedents were of the worst description. Born at Lamu, he became headman of the drummers at Zanzibar, and afterwards a slaver, according to M. Guillain, who terms him 'spirituel et rusé coquin.' In this capacity he 'had travelled much on the mainland, he had visited many distant

parts of the East, and could converse in fourteen languages.' Turpilucricupidus then became Capt. Owen's interpreter along the Eastern coasts of Arabia and Africa. His voyage in 1835 to London, where Shaykh Khamis bin Usman at once became an 'African Prince,' arose not 'for the purpose of assorting the first cargoes shipped direct to Zanzibar,' but from the stern necessity of temporarily leaving that Island with his head in loco, he having defrauded his master, the Sayyid, to the extent of $18,000. His ingenuity did not fail him in our country, where his revelations touching the Lake Regions and the unknown interior were delivered and chronicled with a gravity which excites laughter. Returning home, 'the Liar,' as he was popularly termed by his countrymen, received the Sayyid's pardon. He then became a kind of lackey and maître d'hotel, factotum and Figaro in native houses, the 'palace' included, when Europeans were entertained. He has ever since devoted his talents to making himself as wealthy, and his friends as poor, as possible. I had been especially warned against him, on account of the prominent part which he took in spreading reports which led to the murder of M. Maizan, and it is not pleasant to see one's fellow-countrymen so notably 'humbugged.'

We found a general rendezvous at Kaole Urembo, which was attended by Ladha Damha, Chief of the Customs, the 'Ifrít' Ramji, and the ex-Sarhang 'General Tom:' the Messrs Oswáld also ran over in their four-gun schooner, the Electric Flash. On June 26, 1857, we bade adieu to Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, whose distressing alternations of insomnia, debility, and irritability had been apparently increased by the voyage. He dropped a tear as he said farewell, and solemnly blessed us, adding that we should meet no more in this world, and that he quitted it without regret. Thus it proved. He struggled against his fate, but he succumbed on July 5, the victim of a chronic liver complaint. Various reports of his death reached us in the interior, but it was not confirmed by letter till eleven months afterwards.

The work of exploring now began in real earnest. I have, however, no intention of inflicting upon the reader a rechauffé of our expedition, which has been described by me in four volumes,[1] and of which notices have been given

[1] The Lake Regions of Central Africa, 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans, 1860. Memoir on the Lake Regions of Central Equatorial Africa, Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, 1 vol. No. xxxi. of 1860. The Nile Basin, 1 vol. Tinsleys. London, 1869.

in another three,[1] by Captains Speke and Grant. My principal object in alluding to them is to offer the judgment and the after-thoughts matured by a whole decade, as well as to show what has been done since. The risk of this, the first attempt, has been stated to be nil by a man who never trusted himself a mile away from the coast, and whose tenderness for his personal safety has ever been more than notorious. In writing our adventures I was careful not to make a sensation of danger; but future travellers, warned by the fate of MM. Maizan and Roscher, not to speak of Lieut. Stroyan, of Baron von der Decken's party, nor of M. von Heuglin in the Somali country, and the detention of Dr Livingstone, will do well not to think that, when about to explore Central Africa, they are setting out upon a mere promenade. The repeated complaints respecting our petty troubles, which to readers appeared exaggerated, were true to my feeling at the time. The death of Sayyid Said

[1] Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. Blackwood, 1863. What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. Blackwood, 1864. A Walk across Africa, by Capt. Grant. Blackwood, 1864. The papers inform me that Captain now Col. Grant, C. B., is engaged upon a botanical work which will illustrate the valuable collection brought home by him in 1863.

had been our first blow; the second was the non-arrival of Dr Steinhaeuser; and the third was the loss of our excellent friend Lieut.-Col. Hamerton, whose presence at head-quarters would have forwarded our views in various ways. I have preserved copies of letters written to Banyans and others, who, after fair promises, completely neglected us. M. Ladislaus Cochet and Capt. Mansfield did their best; but as we had not taken counsel with them before departure, their efforts were, of course, limited. And the cholera which, unknown to us, had fallen upon the Island, decimating its population, naturally enough prevented the sufferers from bestowing attention upon a distant enterprise. The neglect, however, told upon our escort, and to manage them would have taxed the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job. The monoculous Jemadar, shortly after our return, persuaded Baron von der Decken to appoint him chief of his party when en route from Kilwa to the Nyassa or Southern Lake: as might be expected, that expedition did not reach half way. Concerning the 'Sons of Ramji' I find amongst my papers the following memo.:

'Msene district, Jan. 14, 1858.

'To Sheth Ramji,

'The full term for which he engaged the eight slaves, Kidogo, Jako, Mbaruk, Waledi, Mboni, Muhinna, Buyuni, and Hayja, having now expired, we give them their dismissal. From the commencement of the march their insolence of manner and their independence of action have been so troublesome to us, and so disastrous to our progress, that we feel no compunction in thus summarily dismissing them.

(Signed) 'CAPTAINS BURTON & SPEKE.'

Under different circumstances we should have been spared the hardship and suffering of all 'up-hill work,' of labouring against the stream of events. We might then easily have returned viâ Egypt to Europe, as I firmly intended, and as my companion—aided by the experience of the past, and travelling under the most favourable auspices—was able to do on his second expedition. Once thoroughly laid open, no African road is difficult, unless temporary obstacles, such as famines or bandit raids, oppose progress, and the hard crust of the coast being broken, the interior offers comparatively few obstacles. But,

I repeat, in wayfaring, as in warfare, opportunity is everything: better an ounce of fortune's favours than a ton of genius or merit.

We followed the Arab line of traffic, first laid open to Lake Tanganyika by Sayf bin Said el Muámeri, about 1825. The existence of a beaten path in Africa has its advantages and its disadvantages. The natives are accustomed to travellers; they no longer perpetually attribute to them supernatural and pernicious powers, nor do they, except amongst the worst tribes, expect every manner of evil to follow the portent: it is not difficult to engage hands, nor is it impossible to collect information concerning regions which cannot be visited. At the same time, contact with the slave-dealer has increased cupidity and has diminished hospitality: the African loses all sense of savage honour, without learning to replace it by commercial honesty, and all his ingenuity is devoted to the contrivance and the carrying out of 'avanies.' But where, on the other hand, the explorer must hew his own way —such was the case with Paul du Chaillu from the Gaboon region, and with myself up the Congo river—and where there is no prescriptive right of transit even for pay, the adventure waxes far more difficult and dangerous. Here we see the

African at home, an unmitigated savage, unmodified by acquaintance with the outer world, dwelling in the presence of his brethren, and rich in all the contrarieties of the racial character. His suspicions and his desires are at once aroused. His horror of new things struggles with his wish to make the most of them; he has no precedent for his demands, and consequently he has no sense of their absurdity. A caravan is to him a 'Doummoulafong,' or thing sent to be eaten, as Mungo Park's second expedition was called. A Portuguese officer has been asked $120 by the Wamakúa for permission to visit a hill behind Mozambique, distant some 25 miles from the sea. At the Yellalah, or Rapids of the Congo river, I was required to pay, before leave to advance could be given, a fee in goods which would have amounted to £200. And expense is not the main obstacle to the success of these exceptional expeditions: the merest accident with a fire-arm may render progress impossible, and may endanger the lives of the whole party.

The most troublesome features of the beaten path to the white face are the exorbitant demands of the negro chiefs. They know that the slave-dealer, if over-taxed, will open some other and rival line. But they see the European for the first time;

they never expect, nor perhaps do they desire, ever to see him again; and their only object is to gauge his generosity by extracting from him as much as possible. This is the severest trial of temper, for the explorer well knows that the end of his outfit is the end of his journey. Whilst he recognizes the absolute necessity of economy, the disappointed chief, in high dudgeon, urges his rights, perhaps with threats; and certainly causes all manner of delays and difficulties. The native in charge of the caravan fears awkward consequences, especially at times of war or draught, of famine or pestilence, and complies with the demand in secret, if prevented from acting openly, out of his own purse if not from the public funds. The over-worked traveller, scolding, storming, and getting up temper to blood-heat when required, cannot watch every string of beads or yard of cloth; and some day a report is brought to him that he is running short, when perhaps the most interesting part of his journey is within sight, and yet, for want of means, cannot be explored.

We found also an unmitigated evil in the universal practice of desertion. The fickle and inconsequent negro slave must, they say, run away once in his life, and, like the liar of the

Persian Joe Miller, he will do so at the most awkward of times. The impulsive, irritable, and violent Murungwanah (libertus) is equally apt to abscond, especially after disputes with his fellows, and he generally adds injury to injury by carrying away his pack. The undisciplinable free porters disappear en masse if commons wax short, if loads be too heavy, if a fight be threatened, or if wasting of ammunition be forbidden. Under similar circumstances the turbulent Baloch mutiny and march off. During our 18 months' march there was not, in the party of 80, an individual who did not at some time or other desert or attempt to desert us. The Second Expedition, despite all its advantages of more abundant supplies and of ample support from Zanzibar, fared not a whit better: we find in it 123 desertions duly chronicled.

For three months and a half our heart-wearing work was cheered only by two stimulants, the traveller's delight in seeing new scenes unfold themselves before his eyes and the sense of doing a something lastingly useful to geographers. We were also opening for Europeans a new road into the heart of Africa, a region boundless in commercial resources, and bounded in commercial development only by the stereotyped barbarism

of its inhabitants; and we hoped that those who might follow us would be able to turn many of the obstacles through which we were compelled to cut a way. In November, 1857, we perforce halted for rest and to reorganize the party at Kazeh in Unyamwezi, some 350 direct geographicial miles from the coast. The site was the most pleasant that we had hitherto seen, a plateau (S. lat. 5° and E. long. G. 33°) in the depths of the Tropics, but made temperate by altitude (3000 to 4000 feet above sea level), studded with hills rising abruptly from fertile grassy plains, and broken by patches of cultivation, by valleys, and by forests of the richest growth.

At this half-way house the Expedition was hospitably received by the warm-hearted Arabs, Snay bin Amir, Saíd bin Majid, old Saíd bin Ali, the sons of Salim bin Rashid, Muhinna bin Sulayman, and other notabilities of the great central mart. They housed us and supplied all our wants—I know not what we should have done without their friendly aid—and the geographical information which they gave me directly led to what many have held to be the most important feature of the exploration. The Second Expedition also records its obligations in the matter of hands and rations. It found, however,

Kazeh turned into an agricultural depôt, the neighbouring villages ruined, and the people starving. The merchants had refused to pay a tax imposed upon them by Manwa Sera, son of the Fundi Kira, lord of Unyanyembe, in the days when I visited it, and the young chief, who was very popular, had been supplanted by his half-brother Msikiwa. "Hence a war resulting in the death of my poor friend, the brave Snay bin Amir, who, being too proud and perhaps not young enough to run from the hosts of enemies, lay down when abandoned by his negroes and took his chance, that is to say, was slaughtered. Manwa Sera then threatened to attack Kazeh, and the Arabs begged Capt. Speke not to abandon hosts, whose warm and generous hospitality he repeatedly acknowledges. The reply was that 'he had a duty to perform as well as themselves, and that in a day or two he would be off.' Some men would not have treated so lightly a heavy debt of gratitude, but such compunctions are often fatal to success. Capt. Speke, I doubt not, really believed that 'the interests of old England were at stake:' he had not hesitated for a moment in throwing over a Himalayan friend who was to have accompanied him, nor did he deem himself otherwise but justified in separating from a com-

panion subject to African fever recurring every fortnight.

We were detained a month at Kazeh. Purple skies, westerly gales, and furious thunderstorms, showed that the Masika Mku, or Great Rains, were about to break, and the change was evident after the high cold easterly winds which, during the six months of rainless season, sweep the elevated basin. Our gang was paid off and another was not easily collected: porters during the dry, these men became peasants in the wet weather. With infinite trouble, and only by the aid of the Arabs, we were able to leave Kazeh on December 8, during the height of the S. West monsoon. The march of 180 direct geographical miles was to us the most disastrous of all. The downfall was copious and unintermitting, storms burst over us with such thunder and lightning as I have never witnessed before or since, the flooding rivers necessitated ferry-boats, and the land, declining and draining to the westward, became one Great Dismal Swamp. Reduced in strength by persistent fevers, we could not resist the drenchings and sunburnings, the long day marches and the nights spent in unhealthy and sometimes deserted villages. My companion complained of blindness which hardly permitted

him to read a watch, and I suddenly found myself helpless with paraplegia, a paralysis of the extremities, which, according to Capt. Smee, often follows febrile attacks at Zanzibar.

After a total of some 537 rectilinear geographical miles[1] from the coast, we ascended, on Feb. 13, 1858, the well-wooded range which bounds the eastern waters of the 'Sea of Ujiji,' and from the western declivity we sighted—very imperfectly, it must be owned—the fair expanse of a lake whose name was then unknown to us. Some months afterwards, when reading Dr Livingstone's first expedition, I found (chap. xxiv.) that the traveller meeting a party of Zanzibar Arabs at Naliele in the centre of the continent, heard of the 'Tanganyenka,' a 'large shallow lake over which canoes were punted.' At that time, however, I had sent to England the picturesque native name 'Tanganyika,' the 'meeting-place of waters.'[2] The sight was a

[1] The first expedition placed Kazeh in E. long. (G.) 33° 3′ 0″
The second " " " 33 1 34
Difference 0 1 26

The first expedition placed Ujiji in E. long. (G.) 30° 0′ 0″
The second " " 29 54 30
Difference 0 5 30

These close results place Captain Speke's positions beyond all possibility of cavil.

[2] In Mr Wakefield's routes (loc. cit.) we find 'To Mtanganyíko.—Kisáwahílí, meaning the place of *mingling* or *mix-*

cordial: this one gleam of success consoled us, made us forget the petty annoyances, the endless worry, the hardship, and the sickness which we had endured for it; and we felt a sensible relief from the grinding care which the prospect of failure must ever present.

Yet even the bright view of the blue waters had its dark side: we had left the Louisa behind, and we saw no way of navigating this lake. Reaching, on February 14, 1858, Kawele of the Ujiji district, a market village and a depôt for ivory and slaves on the eastern side, and about the northern third of the Tanganyika, we housed our goods and began to cast about for canoes. The only dau or sailing craft belonged to Shaykh Hamid, an Arab trader then living at Kasenge, a little insular station near the Western shore. After making all necessary inquiries, I despatched, on May 3, my companion with a party of 26 men: he crossed the Tanganyika, but in vain—the proprietor would not convoy us round the lake, though we offered him £100 for a fortnight's cruise. Captain Speke here met with a strange accident: a beetle crept into his

ture (rendezvous).' I cannot, however, but suspect that the word is a misprint for Mtanganyika. At any rate it will completely support my assertions versus Mr Cooley and the town of Zanganica, where no such things as towns exist.

ear, and being awkwardly killed, caused for 6 to 7 months deafness and suppuration: it acted, however, as a counter-irritant, and to a certain extent gave him back his sight. My companion afterwards complained loudly of being unable to accompany Hamid to the Uruwwa[1] district, where merchants traded for ivory and copper: we should thus have spanned half the Continent, and our line could easily have been connected with Dr Livingstone's route through Angola. As, however, on that journey Hamid and all his slaves were murdered, and their property was plundered by the people, my companion had not much to regret.

Hamid, moreover, gave information which made us wild to reach the upper end of the Tanganyika Lake. He had been so near its northern head that he had felt the outward drift of the

[1] Mr Cooley (p. 13, Memoir of the Lake Regions of East Africa reviewed) declares that 'the name Warúa is the Sawáhily equivalent of Milúa, and that the Miluana, as the Awembe are also called, signifies mixed or half-bred Milúa;' he moreover identifies them with the 'Alunda, who, with the Arungo, including apparently the Wakatata or Wakatanga, are all Wat'hembwe or subjects of the Cazembe.' He finds that I have written Uruwwa, 'with greater show of originality and rigorous Arabism,' the fact being that I wrote down what the Arabs told me. Col. J. A. Grant (Athenæum, April 9, 1870) identifies Uruwwa with Dr Livingstone's Rua, where tribes live 'in under-ground houses said to be 30 miles long.'

stream. The rains were still heavy; but as our supplies were running short, we resolved to make the attempt in any way. Kannena, the Chief of Ujiji, proved himself an ill-disposed and ungovernable savage, ever attempting to thwart our plans, and evidently holding that we were quite at his mercy. But wishing to bring ivory from Uvira, he was persuaded to escort us with two canoes. Our excursion northwards occupied 15 days, eight being the usual time; and it was not a 'pleasure-trip.'

At Uvira my hopes of discovering the Western Nile Reservoir, and of solving the problem which has puzzled some 30 centuries, were rudely dashed to the ground. The Warundi savages, who had stopped Hamid near the northern end of the lake, were hostile to the Wajiji, and we could not proceed to the north where the mountains walling-in the water seemed to converge. Similarly the second expedition, during five months spent with the King of Ugande, was unable to sight the 'Victoria Nyanza,' distant five hours' walk. Capt. Speke ascended perhaps 150 feet, but from so low an altitude he could obtain no general view of the land north of the Tanganyika, and he laid down a narrow valley. Presently receiving a visit from the three stalwart

sons of the Sultan Maruta, the subject of the mysterious stream which all my informants, Arab as well as African, had made to issue from the lake, and which for months we had looked upon as the western head-stream of the Nile, was at once brought forward. All declared (probably falsely) that they had visited it; all asserted that the Rusizi river enters into, instead of flowing from, the Tanganyika, and presently Sidi Bombay, by way of the coldest consolation ('little goat, don't die, spring comes!'), declared that Hamid had meant the reverse of what he said. I felt sick at heart. The African's account of stream-direction is often diametrically opposed to fact; seldom the Arab's—in this point I differ totally from Capt. Speke. But our Wajiji would not suffer us to remain at Uvira, much less to penetrate northwards: we were compelled hurriedly to return; and thus, as has before been related, the mystery remained unsolved. I distinctly deny that any 'misleading by my instructions from the Royal Geographical Society as to the position of the White Nile,' made me unconscious of the vast importance of ascertaining the direction of the Rusizi river. The fact is, we did our best to reach it, and we failed.

I returned home with the conviction that the

Tanganyika is a still lake. This view, however, appeared a strange hydrographical puzzle to geographers, who were not slow to combat it. Messrs Vaux and Galton, and my kind friend Mr Findlay, who has never ceased to impress the public with what he holds to be the true state of the case, doubted that an immense reservoir 250 miles long, situated at a considerable altitude in the African zone of almost constant rain, whose potable waters are free of saline substances washed down by its tributaries from the area of drainage, and which shows no marks of great accession of level, can maintain these conditions without efflux. The most natural explanation was to make the Marungu, Luapula, or Runangwa river, at the southern extremity of the Tanganyika, act outlet, and drain it to the Nyassa or Kilwa Lake, bearing S. 55° East, and distant 340 to 350 miles. The universal testimony of the natives to its being an influent formed in the mind of my companion (Journal, p. 90) six years afterwards 'the most conclusive argument that it does run out of the lake.' It did not appear equally conclusive to others.

The absence of all connection, however, between the Tanganyika and the Nyassa Lakes was proved by Dr Livingstone's second expedi-

tion and by the excellent paper 'on the probable ultimate sources of the Nile' (Mr Alexander Geo. Findlay, F.R.G.S., read June 3, 1867). The latter showed that no considerable stream draining an area of at least 3000 square British miles, or a country as large as England and France combined, enters Nyassa from the north. Since that time Dr Livingstone has placed (Letters to Dr Kirk, July 8, 1868, and to the Earl of Clarendon, July, 1868) the Nile sources between S. lat. 10° and 12°, north of the great Serra Muxinga of the Portuguese travellers Lacerda, Monteiro, and Gamitto, nearly in the position assigned to them by Ptolemy uncorrected for latitude.[1] About 400 miles south of the southernmost extremity of the Nyanza or Northern Lake, he finds 'not one source, but upwards of 20 of them,' and he is under the impression that he

[1] Mr Findlay remarks, 'The length of the Nile's course from Gondokoro to its mouth, following its major windings, is about 2400 geog. miles (= 2780 British miles). From Gondokoro, near to which it was generally agreed, ten years ago, that the southernmost head of the Nile would be found, to the south end of the Tanganyika Lake, is 830 geog. miles (= 960 British miles). If the source be near the Muxinga range, it must be 270 geog. miles (= 312 British miles) still farther south, so that its total course will be 3500 geog. (= 4050 British) miles, almost unparalleled by any other river' (loc. cit. note, p. 16).

had stood on the water-shed between the Zambeze and either the Congo or the Nile. Mr Keith Johnston jun.'s excellent paper[1] shows that the Serra Muxinga, of which more presently, may represent that portion of the Rocky Mountains which send forth the Missouri, the Columbia, and the Colorado. And he apparently would drain the northern fall to the Congo river, whereas in the Mittheilungen it takes the direction of the Albert Nyassa, and the labours of Capt. George, R.N., would throw the water into the Tanganyika.

Thus the theory of the southern effluent lost favour, and that which made the Rusizi a northern influent soon shared the same fate. In 1863 Capt. Speke converted it into a lake or a 'broad,' of which he had heard the year before, lying between the Tanganyika and the Luta Nzige, Mwutan or Albert Nyassa. Presently Sir Samuel Baker (1864) caused the southern extremity of the Luta Nzige, which he placed 2200 feet above sea-level, to over-lap the Rusizi. 'I therefore claim,' concludes Mr Findlay, 'for Lake Tanganyika the honour of being the SOUTHERN-

[1] 'A map of the Lake Regions of Eastern Africa, showing the Sources of the Nile recently discovered by Dr Livingstone, with Notes on the Exploration of this Region, its physical Features, Climate, and Population.' London, 1870.

MOST RESERVOIR OF THE NILE until some more positive evidence, by actual observation, shall otherwise determine it.'

To this view the geographical public offered two objections. The first was that the northern end of the Tanganyika is encircled by the 'concave of the Mountains of the Moon.' This was easily removed, as the reader of these pages will see, by a collation of the several maps forwarded by the Expedition from the interior. The first, bearing date May, 1858, was sent from Kazeh on July 2, 1858: it showed the results of our discovery (in February, 1858) and of the information supplied to me by narratio obliqua through the Arabs and Africans of Unyanyembe. Having no theory to support, it laid down, what we saw or thought we saw, an open longitudinal valley running northwards from the Tanganyika Lake. But that which my companion brought home in June, 1859, bore signs of great change, especially in a confused mass of mountains completely investing the northern third of the long narrow crevasse: this by degrees resolved itself into a huge horseshoe, which was incontinently dubbed the 'Mountains of the Moon, about 6000 feet.' In his second expedition (Journal, p. 263) Capt. Speke declares that the range had been laid down 'solely

on scientific geographical reasons,' in fact, out of the depths of his self-consciousness, and he supplemented it with a Lake Rusizi. I saw it growing up under his hands, as copy followed copy: I repeatedly objected to it, yet it managed to deform the maps of Central Africa for years afterwards. It threw us once more back into the romantic geography of the Arabs, who wove into one line Jebel Kumri, and transferred north of the equator the scattered ranges which Ptolemy (iv. 9) disposed at the antarctic end of his habitable Africa. These, going from east to west, are represented by Barditon Oros (S. lat. 16°) Meskhe or Ineskki, the Region of Agysimba (S. lat. 13°), Xipha or Ziphar (S. lat. 8° 20′ 5″), Daukhis Oros (S. lat. 13°), and Ion, the mountain of the Hesperian Æthiopians (S. lat. 8° 20′ 5″).

The second objection was the elevation of the Tanganyika Lake. Its low level in the great central plateau proved, however, to be a mere mistake: only one observation was made, and that gave but 1841 feet above the sea. But presently Mr Findlay found a pencil memorandum by Capt. Speke, showing that when he again reached the coast our thermometer, a common bath instrument, used because all the others had been broken, boiled at 214° (F.) instead of

212° (F.). Moreover, the observations of Sir Samuel Baker, carefully compared with those of the second expedition, decisively proved that 1000 feet must be added, placing the Tanganyika and the Nyanza on nearly the same level. Again, Dr Livingstone reports from Bangweolo (July, 1868) of the Liemba Lake, that he would have set it down as an arm of the Tanganyika, but that its surface is 2800 feet above sea-level, 'while Speke makes it 1844 only.' Finally, the great African traveller, who has now been long resident in the regions west of the Tanganyika Lake, always writes of it as if he considered the connection between it and the Luta Nzige established. Thus the altitude of Lake Tanganyika was raised to 2800 feet, which would easily carry its waters to the Nile. 'It may appear strange,' as Mr Galton has remarked, 'that there should be an error of a thousand feet of altitude suspected in the observations of an explorer, but the method of operating in uncivilized countries is quite different from that employed at home.' Evidently Capt. Speke allowed the altitude of the lake to lie uncorrected for the same reason which made him raise his 'Lunæ montes.' This will also answer M. Parthey (June 2, 1864, Royal Academy of Sciences, Berlin).

A few words concerning the Moon Mountain, in which are the Ptolemeian Nile sources. It is placed in S. lat. 12° 30′, which, by applying the reduction as before proposed, we should convert to S. lat. 6° 30′, and between East long. 57° and 67°, which, if taken from S. Antonio (Antão), as the late Mr Hogg suggested, would be = E. long. G. 30° to 40.° Its northern slope drains to the lake under the parallels of S. lat. 6° and 7°, and separated by about 8° of meridional distance. In many maps is added a third, or equatorial lake, which may be the Baharingo, or Baringo, and indeed in chap. xvii. (lib. i.) we find a plural form τὰς λίμνας, possibly showing a knowledge of two large and sundry smaller feâtures. The great Unyamwezi Upland, using the name at its fullest extent, is bounded both north and south by huge latitudinal blocks and chains of mountains. The equatorial is the Highland of Karagwah, extending eastward to the Æthiopic Olympus Kilima-njaro. The southern, corresponding with Ptolemy's parallels, is the great chain and plateau, whose apex is the Serra Muxinga or Muchingwe, named by the explorer Dr de Lacerda Cordelheira Antonina, in honour of his prince. Lying in about S. lat. 12°, this feature, ranging from 3000 to 6000 feet high,

may evidently be the divide of the Nile, the Congo, and Zambezean basins; whilst the north-eastern projection feeds with four considerable streams the Lake Liemba, discovered by Dr Livingstone on April 2, 1867, and supposed to connect with the Tanganyika by the River Marungu. The altitude of the Serra was estimated in 1831 by Messrs Monteiro and Gamitto at a Portuguese league (= about 19,700 feet) above sea-level, palpably exaggerated, as in winter (August 10) neither ice nor snow was found upon it. They describe the head as nearly always enveloped in clouds, and as by far the loftiest summit in that part of Africa; the profile rises steeply and abruptly from the table-land, commanding an extensive prospect northward, and the ridge is broken by terrible and dangerous precipices. Snow in this part of the continent may be alluded to by João de Barros, who declares that in the Matouca country, though situated between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn, the natives die of cold. Later Portuguese historians declare the Lupata to be a snowy range, probably referring, not to the gorge of that name, but to the great block with which it is connected. Dr Livingstone represents this, his latest discovery, to cover a space

south of the Tanganyika some 350 miles square, dotted with lakes, and traversed on the eastern side by the River Chambeze, which was first mentioned by Dr de Lacerda, and which has hitherto been confounded with the Zambeze. The Greek term 'Mountain of the Moon' may, I have already suggested, be derived from 'Unyamwezi,' an empire whose position between the Tanganyika and the Nyanza group is laid down in the map of Duarte Lopez (A. D. 1578—1587). The name of this extensive region is still contracted upon the coast to Mwezi, meaning the Moon, and thus we might translate Ptolemy, Mountain of Unyamwezi. Similarly, the ancients derived the Erythrean Sea from the Sea of Edom and of Himyar, both signifying Red: Diascorias was a corruption of Dwipa Sokotra, and, to quote no more, Dr Beke has shown how the Ptolemeian Iabadíou (Java-dwipa) became Barley Island without growing barley.[1]

Finally, if we reject Unyamwezi and Muxinga as the original Lunar Mountains, we must seek the latter with Dr Beke in the icy peaks of the Æthiopic Olympus, prolonged to the Highlands of Karagwah.

A longer delay at Uvira than we had in

[1] The Sources of the Nile (p. 83). London: Madden, 1860.

tended greatly improved my health: the state of our finances, however, compelled us to set out without delay from Ujiji to Kazeh. The rains had ceased on May 15, and the return (June 11) by a straighter and more southerly road, was far less unpleasant than the up-march. After a short interval for repose, and for recovering his sight and hearing, Capt. Speke volunteered to explore a lake reported to lie north, and known to the Arabs as 'Ukerewe,' or Island-land. I had heard of it in Zanzibar Island as a water called 'Karagoa,' parallel with and one month *west* of the Sea of Ujiji. A signal disappointment at the 'Ziwa'[1] of Ugogo, which proved to be a mere pond, made me suspect the informants: yet Snay bin Amir and Musa Mzuri had both visited the mountain regions to its west, and their observations were represented in the sketch map, 1858, which, I repeat, is far less incorrect than the exaggerated growth of 1859.[2] I was, how-

[1] This word means a lake or pond, not the 'river of the lake.' Its plural is not Wáziwa—wa being the animate prefix—but Maziwa (e. g. Maziwa Mengi, many lakes). It is not used by the Wasawahili to signify the south. An Arab would not make the plural Ziwábab (but Ziwát or Ziwáin, if he attempted such barbarism); nor would he want to use the adjective 'Ziwái.' These five errors occur in as many lines. (Geography of N'yassi, 24, 25.)

[2] Yet, curious to say, the map of May, 1858, was drawn from

ever, delighted with the prospect of a month's leisure for inquiry amongst the intelligent Arabs. It was also necessary to copy out notes, which ill health had left in confusion, and to learn something about the southern as well as the northern regions. Moreover, if truth must be told, I sighed for the

'Beata Solitudo
Sola Beatitudo'

of the Pisan Cortosa. A critic in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine (The Nile Basin), remarks, 'It was when travelling with Burton that Speke first discovered Lake Nyanza, and his less fortunate fellow-traveller seems never to have forgiven the brilliancy of an achievement which left him comparatively in the shade.' Mean, indeed, must be the man who thus gratuitously imputes the meanest of motives to another! What interest can the leader of an expedition have in reducing his field of exploration, of not doing his best, of not discovering as much as

hearsay, and that of June, 1859, after the southern part of the lake region, now known as the 'Victoria Nyanza,' had been discovered by Capt. Speke. In the former, however, he added the 'Mountains of the Moon,' and prolonged the long parallelogram from N. lat. 2° to N. lat. 3° 20′, a country known by the reports of the Egyptian expedition of 1840, of Dr Peney, and of MM. Miami and Vincent Angelo.

Fate allows him to discover? May he not expect, like the general of an army, at least to share in the glory won by the arms of his lieutenants? Capt. Speke was provided with a gang of 34 guards, servants, and porters: he much wanted the little Shaykh Said, but the latter wept privily at the prospect of meeting death by want and hardship, and I allowed him to remain at Kazeh, lest his intrigues might work mischief. Though my companion was a match for 'Sidi Bombay,' he was a child in the hands of the tricky Arab.

Captain Speke made a most spirited march. On August 3rd he sighted the 'Nyanza Lake,' to which he gave 3740 feet of altitude; and he returned, after covering in 47 days (June 9th to August 25th) 300 direct and 425 indirect geographical miles. He brought back the information that this great equatorial reservoir was known to the people as Nyanza, a generic term which, like Nyassa, means a sea, a stream, or a lake. Standing 250 feet above its level, he saw 20 to 22 (not 'over a hundred') miles of surface, hardly enough to command a liquid horizon between the islets which he called Mazita, Ukerewe, and Majid.

Presently, by comparing Arab accounts, I found in Capt. Speke's diary sundry uncertainties

of detail, such as making Mazita, and perhaps Ukewere, insular instead of peninsular features. Nor could I hear a word beyond the old legend current amongst African tribes, from Somaliland to the Mozambique, touching white men and ships navigating a lake or a river in the interior. The Kazeh people, as I ascertained by consulting them, Knoblecher in hand, equally ignored the familiar tribal names of Nyam-Nyam, Rungo, Mundu, Dor, Jur, Kek, Nuehr, and the Shilluks, West, with the Dinkas, East of the Nile. Their Bari was simply 'Bahri'—Accolæ of the sea or river. But Capt. Speke had discovered on 'that broad open lake,' not only the 'sources of some great river,' not only the Palus Orientalis Nili, but '*The* Sources of the Nile': he had raised the veil of Isis, he had settled for ever the 'mystery of old Nilus' origin.' The subject soon proved too sore for discussion, and evidently at that time my companion began to prepare for a future campaign, by lavishly retouching his maps, and by barring the Upper Tanganyika from any possible connection with the northern basin.

During the second expedition Capt. Speke left Kazeh in May, 1861, and travelled to the N. West, without ever sighting the 'broad surface.' Living with King Rumanika of Karagwah,

he might have visited it, but he did not. He then turned nearly due north, and on January 28th, 1862, he first viewed, from Mashonde, a water which he instinctively determined to be *the* Nyanza. In vain the petty chief Makaka (Journal, p. 130) assured him that 'there were two lakes, and not one'; as vainly others made the Mwerango, or Kafu river, rise from a range in the centre of the so-called lake, and 'did not know what Nyanza he meant.' These, and other remarks naïvely recorded, could not disperse foregone conclusions; and the explorer never attempted to ascertain by inspection if his preconceived ideas were correct.

We can therefore accept only the southern part of the Nyanza discovered by Capt. Speke, when I despatched him from Kazeh; and the marshy reed-margined and probably shallow N. Western water, which he sighted in January and July, 1862. The result is a blank occupying nearly 29,900 square miles, and of the recognized and official form of the assumed Victoria Nyanza I may observe, that it is a triangle, whose arms, viewed by one standing at the southern apex, trended N. East and N. West; the extremities, 240 miles distant, being connected arbitrarily by a horizontal base running nearly due East-West

a little north of the Equator. Finally, Captain Speke made his own lake a physical impossibility. Within little more than 60 miles from east to west he has given it three main effluents, the Mwerango, the Luajerri, and the Nile or Napoleon channel, to say nothing of the Myo Myanza, the Murchison Creek, the Usoga stream, together with the Asúa river from the Baringo. It is wonderful that our 19th century maps continue to print such a phenomenon. What will posterity say of this magnum opus?

After Captain Speke's return we debated, in frequent conferences with the Arabs, the advisability of remaining at Kazeh till fresh supplies could be procured from Zanzibar, thus enabling us to visit the northern kingdoms—Karagwah, Uganda, and Unyoro. Our good friends unanimously advised us to reserve the exploration for another journey. The lake was, unlike the Tanganyika, unnavigated; to travel along the S. Eastern shores was, they said, impossible owing to the ferocity of the pastoral tribes, and the mutual jealousies of great despots on the western banks would necessitate a large outfit, and perhaps years of delay. Their advice appearing sound, I applied myself to the ways and means of marching upon Kilwa, thus avoiding a return

by the same road, which led us into Unyamwezi. But as the former project was dismissed because we could not depend upon assistance from Zanzibar, so the latter was frustrated by the unmanageable obstinacy of our porters. I wanted exceptional resources for bribing them into compliance, and our leave of absence having ended, it was judged imprudent to attempt that expenditure of time, which in these regions alone compensates for extensive outlay of capital.

The East African Expedition bade adieu to Unyanyembe on Sept. 26, 1858, and after a march eventless except in delays and difficulties caused by desertion and sickness, by the drought and the famine then desolating the land, it reached in early February, 1859, the little maritime village Konduchi. From the slope of red hill we hailed with delight the first gleam of the Indian Ocean, and my companion thanked me with effusion for the efforts which I had made in enabling him to travel with me. Verily 'there were nights and days before us,' and we thought little of what presently was to be the consequence!

The results of the East African Expedition of 1857—1859, which, with the aid of many friends —their names will be found in the preceding

pages—was organized wholly by myself, may thus be briefly summed up. When ignorant of the country and knowing little of its languages, preceded only by a French officer, who was murdered shortly after he landed, and under other immense disadvantages, especially the deaths of Sayyid Said and Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton, I led the most disorderly of caravans into the heart of Intertropical Africa, and succeeded in discovering the Tanganyika, and the southern portion of what is now called the Victoria Nyanza Lake. The road was thus thoroughly laid open: those who would follow me had only to read vol. xxxi. (Journal of the Royal Geographical Society) and the 'Lake Regions of Central Africa,' to learn all they require concerning seasons and sickness, industry and commerce, what outfit and material were necessary, what guides, escort, and porters were wanted, what obstacles might be expected, and what facilities would probably offer themselves. My labours thus rendered easy the ingress of future expeditions, which had only to tread in my steps. Dr Beke, the traveller who deserves all praise for having suggested a feasible way to explore the Nile Sources, kindly found 'reason to call this emphatically a memorable Expedition.' My friend

Mr Findlay's estimate is still more flattering: 'The first East African Expedition has had scant justice done to it of late, seeing that it was the finest harvest, and that by much the most abundant one, of those brilliant discoveries in Eastern Africa so eminently fostered by the Royal Geographical Society.'

One wise in his generation whispered into my ear before returning to England, 'Boldly assert that you have discovered the source of the Nile—if you are right, tant mieux, if wrong, you will have made your game before the mistake is found out!' I need hardly explain why the advice was rejected, nor does it befit me to complain that Honesty, in my case at least, has not hitherto proved the best policy. Meruisse satis!

* * * * *

Since these lines were penned Time has again proved himself the Avenger. The valuable notes on the Geography of Eastern Africa forwarded by Mr Wakefield enable me to show, almost with a certainty, that the 29,900 square miles assigned as the area to the 'Victoria Nyanza' contain at least four, and probably a greater number, of separate waters.

Mr Keith Johnston, jun., who appended remarks to the paper in question, observes (p. 333)

that 'the arguments which Captain Burton used in recommending a division of the Nyanza had not a sufficient basis of proof to give them moment, is shown by the acceptance of the lake as one sheet of water by the whole geographical world.' The mapper will readily understand that it is much more convenient to have a lake neatly traced, and painted sky-blue like the Damascus swamps, than to split it up as I did: a volume published by the late Mr Macqueen and myself (The Nile Basin. London: Tinsleys, 1864) gave a sketch of what was actually seen by the second expedition, and the aspect of disjecta membra is not inviting. Afterwards, however (p. 334), Mr Johnston remarks, 'Captain Burton's recommendation would seem to receive some slight support from the new information obtained by Mr Wakefield,' to which I add that the language might have been less hesitating. The 'Notes on the Geography of Eastern Africa' establish the existence of two new lakes.

The first is that which we named from hearsay, Bahari ya Ngo or Bahari Ngo (Sea, i. e. water of Ngo): Mr Wakefield prefers 'Baríngo, or *canoe*,' possibly so called from its form.[1]

[1] This birds-eye view and comprehensive idea of shape regarding a feature so considerable does not appear to me African.

Route No. 5, from 'Lake Nyanza' to Lake Baringo, proves conclusively that Lake Baringo is *not* a vast salt marsh, or perhaps a sort of back-water, 'connected with the Victoria Nyanza by a strait, at the same distance from the East of Ripon Falls as the Katonga river is to the West.' Nor is it a lake without effluent: in this matter it has evidently been confused with the lately heard of saline Lake Naïrvasha or Balibáli, S. West of Doenyo Ebor (Mont Blanc), alias Kenia. Native report supplies it with the Northern Nyarus, an outfall, the old Thumbiri or Tubirih, and Meri, afterwards called Usua, and Asua, the latter two words probably corrupted from Nyarus.

Far more important, however, is the new lake which Mr Wakefield's informant, Sadi bin Ahedi, ignoring Nyanza, calls 'Nyanja' and 'Bahari ya Pili,' or second Sea, not, as we are expressly warned, because inland of the first sea or Indian Ocean, but clearly because leading to a first, and, lastly, called 'Bahari ya Ukára,' this being the name of the region on the East shore. Here we at once detect the origin of the ancient Garava, and the modern Ukerewe which the Wanyamwezi applied to the oriental portion of the supposed 'Victoria Nyanza.' Respecting the width

of the Nyanja or Ukára Lake, Sadi declared that it could be crossed by canoes in 6 full days, paddling from sunrise to sunset, and that if the men went right on, night and day, the voyage was accomplished in three days. But the native craft used upon those dangerous mountain waters never dare to cross them: the voyager may rush over the narrow parts of the Tanganyika, but nothing would induce him to attempt the physical impossibility of navigating without chart or compass beyond reach and sight of shore. It is an absurdity to suppose a canoe-cruise across; it is evident that a coasting-cruise is meant. The total hours, assuming the day to be 12 without halts, would amount to 72. Upon the Tanganyika I estimated the rate at little more than 2 knots an hour, which would make in round numbers 140 miles. Protracting this course from Bahari-ni, Sadi's terminus on the Eastern shore, at the rate of 3 knots an hour, and without allowing for the windings of the shore, the end would strike the entrance of 'Jordan Nullah,' off the 'Bengal Archipelago.' But even 140 miles require reduction: an estimate of the mean amount of error distributed over the whole of Mr Wakefield's Routes gives an exaggeration of 1.24 : 1; and of course when

laying down the length of these distant and dangerous cruises exaggeration would be excessive. We may therefore fairly assume the semi-circumference of the Ukara Lake at 120 miles, and the total circumference at 240.

As regards its breadth we read (p. 310): 'Standing on the eastern shore Sadi said he could descry nothing of land in a western direction except the very faint outline of a mountain summit far, far away on the horizon.' This passage is valuable. The level and sandy eastern shore of the Ukara or Nyanja Lake about Bahari-ni, where Sadi sighted it, is in E. long. (G.) 35° 15′. The easternmost, that is to say, the nearest point of the Karagwah highlands, or, as Captain Speke writes it, Karague, is in E. long. (G.) 32° 30′. Thus the minimum width is 165 miles, while man's vision would hardly cover a score. Here, again, we have room for a double instead of a single lake. When Sadi declared that he 'travelled 60 days (marches ?) along the shore without perceiving any signs of its termination,' he spoke wildly, as Africans will, and when he reported that the natives with whom he conversed were unable to give him any information about its northern or southern limit, we can only infer that in those parts of the African in-

terior neither tribes nor individuals trust themselves in strange lands, especially when they had a chance of meeting the Wasuku. A lake 120 direct geographical miles in length, that is to say, a little shorter than the Baringo is supposed to be, will amply satisfy all requirements in this matter. Finally, if Sadi's report be correct, namely, that eight or nine years ago (before 1867 ?) a large vessel with sails, and a crew of white egg-eaters—Africans have learnt by some curious process to connect Europeans with oöphagy—navigated the waters, it is evident that this lake cannot be Captain Speke's Nyanza, and that the visitors cannot have made it viâ his 'White Nile,' with its immense obstructions. But it may be that of which he heard (Journal, p. 333) from the 'Kidi officers,' who reported a high mountain to rise behind the Asua (Nyarus ?) river, and the existence of a lake navigated by the Gallas in very large vessels. We now understand why King Mtesa (p. 294) offered to send the traveller home in one month by a frequented route, doubtless through the Wamasai and the other tribes living between the Nyanja and the Nyanza. Thus Irungu, Chief of Uganda, expressed his surprise (Journal, p. 187) that Captain Speke had come all the way round

to Uganda when he could have taken the short and safe direct route—across the middle of his lake — viâ Umasai and Usoga, by which an Arab caravan had travelled.

The third water is evidently the Nyanza, of which I first heard at Kazeh, whence Captain Speke was despatched on a reconnoitre between July 9th and August 25th, 1858. After returning, he reported that this water, being nearly flush with the surface of the level country to the south, bears signs of overflowing for some 13 miles during the rains. The second expedition showed no traces of flood on the marshy lands to the north and N. West of the lake. This fact, combined with 400 feet difference of level in the surface of the 'Victoria Nyanza,' speaks for itself. We are justified in suspecting a fourth lake, along whose banks Capt. Speke travelled northwards to Uganda; and there must be more than one, if all his effluents be correctly laid down.

Briefly to resume. Mr Wakefield's very valuable notes teach us—

1. That the Baringo is a lake distinct from the 'Victoria Nyanza,' with a northern effluent, the Nyarus, and therefore it is fresh water.

2. That the Nyanja, Ukara, Ukerewe, Ga-

rawa, or Bahari ya Pili, is a long, narrow formation, perhaps 30 miles broad, with 240 miles of circumference, and possibly drained to the Nile by a navigable channel.

3. That the Nyanza is a water, probably a swamp, but evidently distinct from the two mentioned above, flooding the lands to the south, showing no signs of depth, and swelling during the low season of the Nile, and vice versâ.

And finally we cannot but conclude that the Northern and N. Western portions of the so-called 'Victoria Nyanza' must be divided into three independent broads or lakes, one of them marshy, reed-margined, and probably shallow, in order to account for the three effluents within a little more than 60 miles.

NOTE.

I have printed, as an Appendix to Volume I., a paper which was read out by me before the Royal Geographical Society, on Monday, December 11, 1871. It dwells at greater length upon the interesting theme here sketched, and it enters into certain philological details which may be interesting to students of Kisawahili.

CHAPTER XI.

TO KILWA, THE END OF THE EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITION (1857—1859).

'Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps Honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.'—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE Zanzibar coast was, at the time of our return to it, in a very uncomfortable state. Cholera, for the first time, had swept southwards from Arabia, decimating the East African population between Unguja and Kilwa. Political troubles were rife, within as well as from without. Sayyid Suwayni, pretexting unpaid arrears of tribute, was reported to be embarking a host of Bedawin brigands upon five ships and sundry Arab craft. It was an act of madness, with cholera and small-pox on board; and, the coast

not being open for provisions and water, the invaders, even if left to themselves, were safe to succumb by dribblets. Yet not the less were the Baloch stations drained of mercenaries, whilst 7000 muskets, with an amount of ammunition which made the city dangerous, were distributed to the slaves and other ruffians. Daus ran down from Hadramaut crowded with armed adventurers, all in the market to fight for the best pay. Sayyids Jamshid and Ha'mdan, two of the young princes, had died of small-pox, which killed the rich as cholera carried off the poor. Sayyid Barghash, another brother of the Prince regnant, and now his successor, becoming Yaghi (rebellious), made a demonstration at the Palace gate with a herd of black musketeers: the Súri Arabs, however, armed themselves, and the serviles fled into the sea, throwing away weapons and ammunition. Sayyid Sulayman was on the square, but the turbulent Harisi chiefs held a review of 2000 black musketeers, and 200 'light bobs' carrying bows and arrows: they maintained an attitude of armed neutrality which threatened mischief to the weaker of the rival brothers. Trade was paralyzed, the foreign merchants lost severely, not less than 80 native craft from Bombay and the North were still expected at the end

of the season; and, to complete the confusion, the coast suddenly became subject to the action of 'l'Émigration libre.'

Despite the untoward situation, I still resolved to visit Southern Zanzibar, and to explore, if fortune would favour us, the Nyassa, or Kilwa Lake. The first step was to dismiss from Konduchi the Baloch guard and the 'Sons of Ramji:' the monocular Jemadar shed crocodile-tears as he and his mob departed, begging gunpowder; and my heart felt lighter than it had during many a day. By a casual boat, I wrote to Zanzibar for drugs and medical comforts, necessaries and supplies, and lastly for a vessel engaged at the Consulate to sail down along shore.

During the six days of delay at Konduchi we occupied a neat hut under the care of the Diwan, 'Mtu Mku Wambele' and the good Banyan Premji. We strengthened ourselves by high living, by sea-baths, and by shower-baths in the heavy rain; and we had another hard tussle with the hippopotamus. The nights were remarkably fresh and comfortable; the day-sky was milky white, and a glance at the cool celadon colour of the islet-studded sea was itself a refrigerant. We found nothing remarkable in the village, another Sa'adani: its site is the usual glaring

white sand-strip, setting off tall cocoas, that wave in the fine sea-breeze, and mangroves bathed by the flood tides. The coast-colours contrast well with the red ochreous earth of the Mrima, two steep raised beaches which back the jungly flat, and command a view of Zanzibar Island.

One day we were surprised by the abrupt entrance of a youth, eminently North German in aspect, with sandy hair, smooth face, and protruding eyes, flat occiput and projecting ears. He announced himself as Dr Albrecht Roscher, of Hamburg, and he made himself doubly welcome by bringing from Zanzibar the wished-for supplies, letters, and newspapers—for 18 months we had not looked upon a white face save the Albino, or a new print in any form but that of a Low Church tract.

The traveller, who appeared at most 22, applied himself forthwith to the magnetic survey, for which he had been engaged by the Prussian Government. A visit to Mozambique, and a run up coast, had taught him everything learnable about East Africa. He despised the dangers of climate, against which he was cautioned: having hitherto escaped fever, he held himself malaria-proof, and he especially derided our advice about not wandering over the country unarmed. He

lauded to the skies his fellow-townsman Dr Barth. He severely criticised Dr Livingstone; he patronized, in a comical way, Herr Petermann; he highly extolled his own book;[1] and he wrote to Zanzibar—so we afterwards heard—a far from flattering estimate of our qualifications as travellers. He stayed with us two days, and then departed northwards, intending to make Mbweni, the Booamy or Bovamee of Dr Krapf, the village at the mouth of the Panga-ni river. Thence he crossed to Zanzibar Island, and, after scant preparations, he landed at Kilwa: in 1859 he marched through Uhiao upon the Nyassa water. He reached it after long delays, caused by almost constant illness, on November 19, 1859, about two months after Dr Livingstone, who first saw it on Sept. 16. As he was walking without weapons, two of his four Africans shot their arrows into his back. This happened in S. lat. 12° 40′, and at a short distance from the lake's eastern shore. The assassins were sent in irons to Zanzibar by the chief of the country, who feared retribution, and on August 23rd, 1860, Captain Grant saw them beheaded outside the Fort.

[1] 'Ptolemæus und die Handelstrassen in Central-Afrika.' It was written before the traveller set out for Africa, and it has been calmly and fairly judged by Dr Beke (Sources of the Nile, p. 69).

On February 10, 1859, we set sail in the shabbiest of Batelas with a cabin like a large drawer, hot as a native hut, and full of vermin. The skipper had neglected to lay in wood and ballast, we heeled over unpleasantly, and the drinking water stood in an open cask, no joke, considering that the action of a special infectant was to be feared, and that the germs of cholera poison are so easily conveyed in liquids and in dust. Two of the 'sons of water' at once died of the disease, two others were taken ill, and Caetano appeared to be sickening. The latter recovered, but after three days our crew of seven was reduced to three, including one, Taufiki, who survived the attack, and who regained health at Kilwa. We could do nothing but bury the unfortunates, so sudden and foudroyant were the attacks, and the scanty personnel was not good for much amongst bad reefs.

Our course lay past the settlements of Msásáni and Mágogoni and the little Mbwezi river to Mbuámáji, 'rain water,' in the Mission map called Mburomaji, and vulgarly Boromaji. The little port-village with jungle rolling up to the walls, and anchorage defended by the Sinda Islets, is a favourite entrance to the East African interior. South of this point the coast people

are called Watu wa Rufiji, or Rufiji folk. The next night was passed in an open roadstead off Rási ya Ndege — Bird Point — the S. Western portal of the Zanzibar channel, a well-wooded red rise. We then coasted along a low and forested shore sighting Ra'as Kimbizi and Point Puna, which can hardly be called Point or Cape. Khwale (partridge) Island, a link in the long chain of little 'inches'[1] which runs parallel with the coast to Kilwa, showed the usual physiognomy, coralline ledges, yellow sands, and tufted verdant trees: the pretty little patch is said to abound in hippos. Koma, the next inhabited islet, gave us a few cocoas, but no game; the people, serviles from Kilwa, would not answer our questions without bakhshish. The next day saw us fighting against a strong northerly current, and a sharp struggle was required to make the Kisima-ni (the well of) Máfiyah.[2]

The watering-place lies on the westernmost point of Mafiyah, in our maps Monfia, and not to be pronounced with Mr Cooley 'Mofiji;' it is

[1] The old Portuguese travellers (Rezende and others) mention the Islets of Auxoly, Coa, and Zibondo; I could hear nothing of these names: they are probably corruptions, Auxoly for Chole, Coa for Koma, and Zibondo for Kibundo.

[2] Kisíma (Arab. Tawi) is opposed to Shímo, a water-pit (Arab. Hufreh).

the longest island in the Southern Archipelago of the Zangian Seas, and ranking after Zanzibar and Pemba. The anchorage was smooth and deep, allowing the largest ships to ride in safety, and the abysses around it are as usual unfathomed. Pits a few hundred yards from the sea supply the casks with water of a quality somewhat better than usual. The tree-clad island is flat and sandy; its growth is by no means so luxuriant as that of its greater sisters, and the population appears to be scanty. We saw no wild animals but a black monkey and a guinea-fowl. The mean breadth of the Manche is here 9 miles,[1] and the bottom is said to be very foul.

Opposite Mafiyah lies the Delta of the Rufiji, Lufiji, or Ufiji river, the Loffih, Luffia, or Loffia of older maps, which was made by them to issue from a great lake: it is a reduced copy of the Zambeze farther south, and a waterway worth exploring, as possibly the future high road of nations into Eastern Africa. The people declare that boats can ascend it for a month, and larger craft for a week — this appears, however, doubtful. The stream, then flooding, overflowed its banks,

[1] Captain Guillain (i. 111) says 10 miles or 100 stadia. In i. 169 he writes 'Mafia n'est separée de la côte que par un canal de 3½ lieues, partagé encore par une petite île intermédiare.'

and its line was marked by heavy purple nimbi with hangings and curtains of grey rain. We anchored off Sumanga, an open roadstead, about four miles south of the embouchure: here the land is low, and the village, on account of the high tides, is built a good mile from the water. It contains some large huts, and the people supplied us with milk, rice, sugar, and custard apples. Cattle, though plentiful, is subject, they say, to murrain, and must often change air. Here probably the Tsetse fly is common, as at Kilwa, where I found a fine specimen, afterwards deposited in the British Museum. At that time its habitat was unduly limited northward to the Valley of the Zambeze river: in after years I met with it upon the coast of Guinea, and MM. Antinori and Piaggia observed it amongst the Jurs of the Upper Nile, whilst Sir Samuel Baker saw it in the country of the 'Latookas,' 110 miles east of Gondokoro (N. lat. 4° 55′). It will probably be found scattered in patches, especially of lowland virgin-forest, throughout Intertropical Africa.

M. Guillain, again by solely considering distance, would place Rhapta, 'the last mart of Azania,' at the 'embouchure de l'Oufidji;' while the older geographers prefer Kilwa. Ptolemy, I have said, mentions three places of that name, to

the north a river in E. long. 72° and S. lat. 7°; a city in E. long. 71° and S. lat. 7°, therefore lying up stream and one degree to the west, and lastly the Rhapta Promontory, in E. long. 73° 30′ 20″ and S. lat. 8° 20′ 5″. I believe them, for reasons given in vol. I. chap. v., to be the Rufiji river, Old Kilwa, and Cape Delgado. Local tradition preserves no trace of an emporium lying up the stream, nor would so exposed a locality have been chosen by the older traders, who invariably preferred the shelter of islands. Dr Livingstone (near Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa, July, 1868) proposes the Rovuma—so he writes the word Rufuma—as the probable position of Ptolemy's river Rhapta. This has the same disadvantage as the Rufiji—it places an important point or points at an unimportant site.

We had no sweeps to make head against the river, even for a few miles, and all dissuaded us from attempting exploration at this season. According to the Banyan Jetha, who declared that he had lived 20 years hereabouts, the stream takes its name from the Rufiji village, a little way up its course. He moreover asserted that some 15 days ago a Banyan had been plundered when travelling to the interior, that the Washenzi (savages) were dangerous, and howise under the

authority of Zanzibar; and, finally, that white men would want letters from the Wali of Kilwa, addressed to three Diwans in the Rufiji village B'ánás Hasi, Kangayya and Furiyya, with two up-country sultans, Monga and Dumbo.

The next feature was the low islet of Chole, rich in cattle and hippos: here the Mtepe-craft is superiorly made, as are also the Chinese-like dish covers (Káwá) of dyed and plaited straw. It was followed by the comparatively large and inhabited island, Songo-Songo—the Songa-Songa of M. Rebmann. Here I heard one of the men use a Persian phrase with Kisawahili termination—'Tumbak nísti' (for níst), there is no tobacco: it reminded me of a Kentish woman threatening to 'frap' her child. Thence about noon (Feb. 15) we sighted Kilwa Kivinjya. It lies at bottom of a broad shallow bay broken by juttings from the land, and backed by high rolling ground, cleared for mashamba and orange orchards. The mangrove-belted sea ebbs about half a mile, and flows right up to the buildings: we ran close in, and before the tide was out we propped ourselves, like our neighbours, with strong poles.

Captain Owen learned, considerably to his mortification, that there were two Kilwas—he might have said half-a-dozen. The name, by the

people generally called Kirwa, but never Kulwa as in Ibn Batuta—probably a clerical error—was originally applied to the island; now it is that of a district, not of a place. Hence we find in Abu Saíd (13th cent.) the Island of Kilwa containing three cities, all built upon the banks of rivers. The settlements are separated by Khírán, or salt-water inlets, stretching through mangrove-swamps, which often extend many miles inland. Native vessels enter and quit them with the flow, and remain high and dry at the ebb, whilst cutting wood and making salt. Upon the N. West of the Bay, distant about five miles, is Majinjera, streamlet and settlement, of which Mr Cooley erroneously says, 'It is the island commonly known as Kilwa.'[1] It is separated by a

[1] Note to p. 20. In p. 19 (ibid.) we read, 'The country near the mouth of the Lufiji is occupied by the Mazingía.' No such name is known, however; it would mean, if anything, 'Water of the Path (Maji ya Njia),' not, as he renders it, 'the road along the water.' Even then Maji Njia is hardly grammatical: the genitive sign can be omitted, especially in poetry, as—

'Mimi siki, Mimi siki M'áná simbá,'
'I fear not, I fear not the lion's whelp;'

but the 'water path' as a P.N. is not Kisawahili. The word is evidently a confusion with Kilwa Majinjera; and the 'Denkarenko' tribe is unknown as the 'Mazingía.' Another mistake of another kind is talking of a 'Surat (for Suri) Arab,' something like a Russian Englishman. Such, however, is the individual who lectures Dr Livingstone on Sichwawa and teaches me the elements of Kisawahili.

promontory from its neighbours, Ugoga, Mayungi-yungi, and Kivafi or Kivavi: hence doubtless the Cuavo of Pigafetta, the 'Fiume Coavo che sbocca a Quiloa created by Giovanni Botero, and the Suabo supposed to have a common origin with the Zambezean Shire. It is the Geographer of N'yassi's imaginary Quavi, or river of Kilwa, a branch of the Lufiji, and 'reported to descend from the Zébé, that is Ziwa in Sawâhili, or the Lake.' But unhappily there is no Kilwa river, any more than a 'Mombas river.' The fabled stream is a mere 'Khor,' like that near the Mayungi-yungi village,[1] and a surface drain running for a few miles. The next and the most important is Kilwa Kivinjya, or Mgongeni, in the map Kibendji, and Kevingi in the 'Geographer,' who erroneously calls it Old Kilwa, whereas it was built (in S. lat. 8° 42′ 59″) by the Islanders when flying from the fleet of the late Sayyid Said. Adjoining this to the south is Tekwiri (not Tekiri), the Tekewery of Owen and the Tikewery of Horsburg: here are the ruins of an older Kilwa. Lastly, and about 12 direct geographical miles farther south (S. lat. 8° 57′ 12″), is Kilwa

[1] After leaving Kilwa we heard of a 'Nullah' entering the bay, a long fissure 4 to 5 feet broad and many fathoms deep, which communicates with a grotto haunted by huge snakes and genii (Jinns).

Kisiwá-ni, the island upon which remnants of mosques and other buildings are found: the Geographer confounds it with Tekiri. Such are the half-dozen settlements which have in turn been known as Kilwa, a name confined in modern days to Kivinjya.

Kivinjya, the settlement, is surrounded by mangrove-swamps, with scatters of tall cocoas, which the wind snubs. The long narrow line, disposed somewhat in Brazilian style, shows nothing but country huts, except a large masonry-built Custom House called a Fort. There is a bazar garnished with the usual shops, which supply amongst other things Epsom salts, empty bottles, peppermint water, and Eau de Cologne. The prices were high—here the rupee becomes a dollar: we were asked 0.75 cents for a common umbrella worth 0.30, and $2.50 for 12 cubits of domestics. Provisions were scarcely procurable, —two ships lying in the offing had raised lean chickens from six to three per dollar; sheep are here brought from the Rufiji river, goats from the Washenzi of the interior, and black cattle from Chole Island.

The once wealthy and important trade of Kilwa is now in the hands of a few Arabs, 53 Hindus, and about 100 Hindostanis—Kojahs,

Mehmans, and Borahs. Of the Banyans none had died by cholera: the Indian Moslems had lost 11 or 12. An old Hindostani kindly housed us in a neat, clean dwelling with matted floor, white mattresses rolled up in the corners, black-wood writing-desks in the niches, pictures of men with gigantic moustaches on the walls, an old wooden clock still ticking, and two noble tusks of Uhiao ivory, bearing the purchaser's mark. The tenement was not so pleasant outside: it was invested with a mass of filth, the sea washed up impurities to the very palisades, and farther out the bay-water was covered with a brown scum of sickening taint. We were presently visited by the very civil and obliging Wali, Sayf bin Ali, an old traveller to Unyamwezi: the people being greatly demoralized, he ordered our lodgings to be guarded at night. Yarok, the Jemadar of Baloch, also confided to us his desire of becoming C. O.: the step was vacant by cholera, and many of his men had lost the number of their mess.

After seeing and smelling Kilwa I did not wonder that cholera during the last 15 days had killed off half the settlement. According to the people, it was the first attack ever known to East Africa: that which decimated Maskat in July, 1821, did not extend to Zanzibar. They agreed

that it came down in vessels from Zanzibar: all held it highly infectious, as indeed under the circumstances it certainly was; hands would not ship on board our Batela, and at first no one would even visit us. They declared the disease to be dying out, yet the wealthier classes still clung to their mashamba, where the water is good and clean as it is filthy in the towns; and hyænas walked the streets at night.

Accustomed to face cholera since my childhood, I never saw even in Italy, in India, or in Sind, such ravages as it committed at Kilwa. Soil and air seemed saturated with poison, the blood appeared predisposed to receive the influence, and the people died like flies. Numbers of patients were brought to us, each with the ominous words, 'He has the death;' and none hardly had energy to start or wince at what would under other conditions have frightened them out of their senses. They sometimes walked two miles to see us; the only evil symptoms were dull congested eyes, cold breath, and a thready feeble pulse, which in the worst cases almost refused to beat. After the visit they would return home on foot, lie down and expire in a collapse, without cramp sor convulsions, emesis, or other effort of nature to relieve

herself. Life seemed to have lost all its hold upon them. Of course we were the only doctors, and our small stock of ether and brandy were soon exhausted; the natives, however, treated the complaint sensibly enough with opium and Mvinyo, spirits locally distilled, and did not, like the Anglo-Indian sul'geon, murder patients with mercury, the lancet, and the chafing-dish.

There were hideous sights about Kilwa at that time. Corpses lay in the ravines, and a dead negro rested against the walls of the Custom House. The poorer victims were dragged by the leg along the sand, to be thrown into the ebbing waters of the bay; those better off were sewn up in matting, and were carried down like hammocks to the same general depôt. The smooth oily water was dotted with remnants and fragments of humanity, black and brown when freshly thrown in, patched, mottled, and particoloured when in a state of half pickle, and ghastly white, like scalded pig, when the pigmentum nigrum had become thoroughly macerated. The males lay prone upon the surface, diving as it were, head downwards, when the retiring swell left them in the hollow water; the women floated prostrate with puffed and swollen breasts—I have lately seen this included

amongst 'vulgar errors.' Limbs were scattered in all directions, and heads lay like pebbles upon the beach: here I collected the 24 skulls afterwards deposited in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and which it is said (Journal Anthro. Soc. No. 28, xli.) Professor Busk is now investigating. They were gathered at random; doubtless they belonged to both sexes, and they represented chiefly the slave population. The latter is here mainly recruited by the Wahiao, the Wagao, the Wamwera, the Wangindo, the Makonda, the Wakomango, the Wadoka, the Wakhwinde, and the other tall stout races lying between Kilwa and the Nyassa Lake. It will not be easy to forget one spectacle,—the lower portion of some large strong man, whose legs had parted at the knees, came again and again, persistent as the flood, up to the very walls of our dwelling, and bowing with the ripple, it seemed to claim acquaintance with us.

There was no subsequent attack of cholera on the Zanzibar coast till early 1870, when one-third of the native population was reported to have been swept away. In six weeks, besides 13 out of the score which composed the European and American residents at Unguja, 10,000 people perished in the city, 30,000 on the Island:

at Kilwa there were 200 daily deaths amongst the slaves, and the survivors found no purchasers at $1 a head. This visitation is supposed to have come from the interior, appearing first at Panga-ni; yet, curious to relate, it again went inland viâ Bagamoyo, and extended to Ugogo, where ivory was left on the road and caravans were stopped by 'the death.'

Kilwa makes from £5000 to £20,000 per annum by the tax upon wild slaves. The market is supplied chiefly by the tribes living about the Nyassa Lake, the Wahiáo, as I have said, being preferred to all others, and some may march for a distance of 400 miles. After this long journey they reach the coast where they exported in the following numbers, according to the Custom House of Kivinjya:—

1862-3 exported to Zanzibar and elsewhere—		
	13,000	5500
1863-4	14,000	3500
1864-5	13,821	3000
1865-6	18,344	4000
1866-7	17,538	4500
	76,703	20,500
	20,500	

Total 97,203 exported from Kilwa to Zanzibar in five years.

Year ending August 23, 1869, exported, 14,944.

The next process is either the short voyage in Daus or native craft to Zanzibar Island, or the long passage to Turkish Arabia, the Red Sea, Persia, and the N. Zangian coast. At present they make some half the journey without being molested by British cruisers, but this portion of the treaty will probably be modified. Slaves liberated from the Daus were—and are still—taken to the Seychelles, a dependency of the Mauritius, or to Aden and Bombay, at a heavy cost to the Imperial Exchequer. The mortality of the captives on the march, throughout Africa as far as my knowledge extends, is immensely overrated, except in case of cholera or small-pox, at 1 : 5, or even 1 : 10. The fact is, that the mortality on the Kilwa-Nyassa line is excessive, because the negroes fight, and the 'chattels' run away. Where I am personally acquainted with it the loss of slaves on the down-march does not exceed that of freemen, and the latter when poor have less chance than the valuable property.

In the outer roads, at the time of our visit, lay a French six-gun schooner, l'Estafette, with loose rigging, no flamme, and only one white face visible on deck. 'Frenchman good only to steal men,' said the people of Kilwa: the vessel, however, was escorting a 'free emigrant ship,'

in plain English, a slaver, which rode three miles out, and which was taking in 'casimir noir' for Bourbon. Many of the crew braved the danger of cholera, and came on shore. I saw the captain, and was not a little surprised when recognizing him some years afterwards on his own quarter-deck during a voyage to ———. He hinted that the spec. had been of the best that he had ever made, and no wonder. During the death-in-life above described Banyans and Baloch, Arabs and Africans, all began to sell their surviving slaves, and an A. B. adult could be bought for a maximum of $6—'what a price for the noblest work of God!' Kidnapping was also common,—three men were shown to me who had lately escaped from Angazijeh or Great Comoro.

A few words upon 'free labour,' the latest and most civilized form of slavery in East and West Africa. The Imperial Government, doubting nothing, authorized their colonies of Bourbon, Mayotte, and Nosi-bé to import from East Africa the Coolies, whom we export from Western India to the Mauritius. The plan was weak: constrained free labour is a contradiction, and the system was foully perverted by the people of Bourbon, at that time the least worthy, perhaps, of the colonies of France. They required a total

of 100,000 head to begin with, and a biennial item of 10,000 for contingencies. Within 18 months about 47,000 were embarked for the African coasts, and the free emigration was managed thus wise. Slave owners taught their chattels a nod of assent to every question proposed, and brought them before the French agent, who, in his own tongue, asked the candidate if he was willing to serve as a free labourer for so many years. A 'bob' and a scratch upon a contract-paper consigned the emigrant to a ship anchored so far out that he could not save himself by swimming. The freemen sometimes threw themselves overboard, with the idea that once in the sea they would be carried back to their country: under these circumstances, the older slavers used mostly to shoot them in the water. The modern style of levanting was tried at Aden with great success by the Somal, who swim like fishes. The ouvrier libre was at once put in irons till the hour for sailing came. The usual price of slaves being on the coast $7 to $10, the agents satisfied the trader by paying $14: the scruples of the Portuguese governors were quieted by the usual fee, equivalent to the value of the purchase, and four additional crowns were distributed amongst the Custom House officers. Thus the total

price of the engagé freeman was $32 (=£6 5s.). Arrived at Bourbon, Messieurs les Sauvages were politely informed that they were no longer slaves, and they were at once knocked down to the highest bidder. They were worked 15 or 16 hours a day; their pay was $2 per mensem, hardly sufficient to support life; and when they fell sick their miserable pittance was cut. The expiration of the engagement-period found them heavily in debt, without the hope of working off their liabilities; and seven years of hard labour at Bourbon might be considered almost certain death. When the idea of travailleurs libres was detailed to the Sayyid Said, he treated it as a mauvaise plaisanterie: the coast people also unanimously rejected the liberal offer of free men becoming slaves for $2 a month. The French Consul, M. de Beligny, was at first strongly opposed to the system: a few weeks at Bourbon changed, it seems, his opinion. His successor, M. Ladislas Cochet, energetically and conscientiously rejected all compromise. Bourbon might easily supply herself with Coolies, as the Mauritius does, by paying $4 per mensem, by treating the labourer well, and by ordering him a passage home after three or four years, whether in debt or not. It was, however, I believe, a mistake on our part

to purchase the putting down of this system by permitting the French to enlist Coolies in Hindostan. This country wants every hand born within its limits: strangers viewing the densely crowded ports, the capitals, the chief cities and their neighbourhoods, are apt to believe the vast and wealthy peninsula over-populated, when it abounds in tracts of primeval forest, through which a man may march a fortnight without seeing a human being. Our first duty is evidently to the land which belongs to us.

I was the more careful minutely to report the free emigration system on account of an egregious deceit successfully passed off upon one of our officials. In 1856 a certain M. Lambert, agent at Aden for the house of Messrs Menon, Lambert, et Com^ie, of the Mauritius Steam Navigation Company, persuaded the Political Resident, Lieut.-Colonel Coghlan, that Zanzibar annually exported 49,000 slaves to Berberah, Zayla, Tajurrah, and the ports of Arabia and Southern Asia. This more than doubled the greatest number annually imported into the Island: and the latter no longer publicly exported slave-cargoes, although many ran away to seek fortune in India, whilst far more were kidnapped by the northern Arabs. In fact, it con-

founded Zanzibar Island with the whole coast of Eastern Africa, whose ports, especially those about Kilwa, were supported almost wholly by the slave trade. Lieut.-Colonel Coghlan had been long enough at Aden to know that Berberah, Zayla, and Tajurrah are slave-exporting as well as importing markets, and that every native craft sailing up coast always declares itself to be from 'the Sawáhil,' or, if that word be not understood, from Zanzibar. At the time when my first report was written an agent of the same Messrs Lambert was waiting passage at Kilima-ni with 1000 travailleurs libres: many of the wretches had died of the famine which had devastated the southern coast, and the speculator complained that he had lost $20,000 to $30,000. The same M. Lambert, in 1857, visited Tananarive, persuading poor Madame Ida Pfeiffer to accompany him: his object was not so much to 'depose,'[1] as to dispose of, the old Queen, who was to be succeeded by a person more amenable to Christianity and French influence: the premature discovery of the plot caused the death of the lady who twice journeyed round the world.

[1] Page xliii. of Mr E. G. Ravenstein's Introduction to Dr Krapf's Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours (London: Trübner. 1860).

She had proposed accompanying me to the Lake Regions; but to travel with a grandmother would have been too compromising. Another grandmother volunteered from India; in fact, it appeared then my fate to have fallen upon grandmothers.

The 'emigration' had been strictly forbidden by the Imperial Government between her colonies and Madagascar. But 'Delhi is distant.' Lately (1857) a Bourbon ship, commanded by a French captain, touched at Boyannah Bay to embark 100 engagés, and took on board some 87 Sakalawas, who had been stolen from the interior. These men rose up whilst the commander was on shore completing his tale, murdered the crew, beheaded and quartered the captain's son, a mere boy, ran the ship upon a reef, and escaped. Even since that massacre another French ship from Nosi-bé sailed for Boyannah Bay and its ill-omened vicinity.

The climate of Kilwa is bad and depressing: the people appeared to suffer from severe sores, and their aspect was eminently unhealthy—want of cleanliness is undoubtedly part cause. All complain that the air is dry[1] and costive,

[1] This must be understood by comparison: the vegetation shows much humidity, but perhaps not so excessive as upon the coast further north.

producing frequent agues and fevers, that sleep is heavy, not sound, and that in the morning they awake unrefreshed. Our small ailments increased, and my companion's sight became much weaker. After a fine cool breeze, like that of the S. West monsoon, on the night of February 17 burst a furious storm, with large-dropped rains, more violent than during the regular wet season; the lightning was unusually pink (the effect of excessive nitrogen ?), the thunder seemed to roll close upon the roof, and the wind blew in the bamboo lattices of our dwelling-place. The outburst subsided on the morning of the 18th; the sky, however, remained overcast, and did not allow an observation of the sun. On the next day there were two fierce gales, with raw gusts strong enough to swamp a boat, and when they ended the weather became close and muggy with occasional chilling blasts. Heavy clouds ran before the wind, and steady rain set in from the south: the change of weather seemed to modify the cholera, and the health of the town at once improved.

On February 20 we proceeded to inspect the ruins of ancient Kilwa Kisimá-ni. A fine crisp breeze carried us out of the fetid harbour, through the floating carcases, and the larger

craft that lay about a mile and a half from the land. The bay is here planted with four or five extensive Wigo, or fish wiers, stockades submerged at high tide, and detaining the fish when the waters ebb. The people of Kilwa are ichthyophagists, and the slaves usually bring the supply at 3 P. M. in their little Ngarawas; now, however, the fishermen are dead, and the citizens avoid eating what is supposed to prey upon Mizoga, or carrion.

We hugged the shore to get dead water: here, according to the pilots, during the N. East monsoon there is a current setting to the east, and this trend, during the S. West monsoon, is deflected to the N. West. After expending six hours upon the 12.25 miles south of mainland Kilwa, we reached the Island, and landed on the N. Western side to inspect the Fort. An inscription over the entrance dates it from Muharram 23, A. H. 1231, therefore only 44 years old (1857); but evidently, like those of Unguja and Chak Chak, it is a Portuguese foundation restored. The building is now a mere dirkey, with three shells of towers standing, and the fourth clean gone; the bastions are crenellated in the Arab fashion, and one has a port-hole for cannon. A few long iron carronades, possibly Lusitanian,

lay upon the ground, and the entrance was shaded by a noble 'Persian Almond,' large leaved as the Almendreiras (Sterculiæ) which adorn Pernambuco.[1] Huge sycamores and tamarisks were scattered around, and the luxuriant vegetation had in places breached the defences; the trees shaded the huts, and the carpeted earth benches upon which the Baloch garrison lolled and played at Báo—cups and counters.

As the next morning was windless, we set out in a four-oared boat to visit the western shore of the Island. The latter is a low flat breakwater of sand and coralline about five miles long, defending a fine deep sea-arm, land-locked on both sides: the entrance is from east to west. The northern arm has only seven to eight feet depth, ships therefore must prefer Pactolus Gap between Kilwa Island and Songo Mnárá. On the Barr el Moli, or mainland at the bottom of the bay to the south, is the Mavuji Creek, so called from the district through which it passes, and higher up, where hippopotami are numerous, it receives the Mtera streamlet. Ten days' marching southwards (about 120 direct geographical miles) lead to the Rufuma river.[2] The path

[1] The Highlands of the Brazil, i. 370.

[2] I have explained the latter, like Rufu and Rufuta, to have been derived from Ku fa, to die (Memoir on the Lake Regions,

crosses 'Kitarika,' a ridge of highland, to which extend the plantations of the Shirazi Wasawahili, who are here mixed with the Wamachinga tribe.

We found the shallow waters off the Island shore lined with Wigos, weeds, and mangroves, in which sandy breaks represented the old Bandars or ports. Southwards, at the bottom of the bay, appeared the islet of Sánje Kati, and opposite lay the Mlango, or gate where the depth diminishes from 80 to 6 fathoms, and leads to Sánje Májoma. This may be the Changa of the Kilwa Chronicle, whose 'King' Matata Mandelima expelled in early days Daud, the Sultan of Kilwa. We then landed again at a gap in the verdure, and ascending a slope of coralline rock, smooth near the water and rough above, we reached the sandy shore-line, and thence, turning south through trees and grass, we came upon the ruins.

The most remarkable are the remnants

p. 44). This Rufuma is the Livuma (or 'gut') of Mr Cooley (Geography, &c., p. 15). What can he mean by 'going from Kilwa to Jáo (Ubyáo), the traveller reaches the Livuma in 25 to 30 days'? There is hardly a bee-line of 2° between Kilwa and the mouth of the Rufuma. And what may be 'Lukelingo, the capital of Iáo'?—any relation to the 'town Zanganica'? It is probably the Lukeringo district and stream falling into the eastern waters of the Nyassa Lake.

of the Nabháni mosque, which, blackened and decayed, represents the 366 of Kilwa Island in her day of pride: the well-cut gateway, the Mihrab decorated with Persian tiles, and the vestiges of ghaut-steps, and masonry lining the shore, showed a considerable amount of civilization. Around it lay the tombs of the Shirazi Shaykhs, shaped like those of Zanzibarian Mnazi Moyya, and strewed with small water-washed pebbles. This is an ancient custom of the country: a few days after the decease small stones are washed, perfumed, and sun-dried; finally, they are strewed with prayers upon the tomb. Some travellers have imagined that they take the place of the defunct's rosary, which in old days was devoted to this purpose: it appears to me simply the perpetuation of a Bedawi practice which dates from the remotest antiquity. As usual, inscriptions, those landmarks of history, were wanting. The large old town beyond was even more ruinous than Changa Ndumi, near Mtangata, and vegetation occupied every dwelling: one of the mosques is said to have had 360 columns, of which we did not see a vestige—the trees had filled and buried them all. Another Msikiti (Masjid) stood deep in mangroves and was flooded by every high tide: here the islet is sink-

ing, and it may return to its original condition, a group of three reefs, the southernmost being Songo Mnárá. The Shirazi fort was a parallelogram about 500 feet each way, with a curtain loop-holed for musketry, and square bastions—lodgings for the garrison—at the angles: the entrance was high, the northern wall was breached, and the interior preserved a dry masonry-revetted well, 40 feet deep by 2 across. Of these there are several on the Island: drinking water, however, is usually drawn from pits which are higher than sea-level. The Governor's palace, a double-storied building with torn roof and rafters projecting from the walls, seemed to contain only corpses indecently buried in shallow graves: it resembled the relics about Tongo-ni, and doubtless the architects were of the same race. Kilwa, we are told, was a mass of wooden huts for some 200 years, till the reign of the Amir Sulayman Hasan, who, 198 to 200 years after Sulayman bin Hasan, built it of stone, embellished it with mosques, and strengthened it with forts and towers of coralline and lime.

The cultivators of the many Máshámbá prefer to sleep upon the mainland, yet here there is no mud: the air is said to be far purer than that of modern Kilwa, and the only endemic is a mild

Mkunguru—ague and fever. One of the Fungwi or peasants welcomed us to his hut, and some twenty of his neighbours crowded to 'interview' us, and to sell cocoas at the rate of 30 per dollar. They declared that the cholera had been very destructive, but that its violence had lately abated: they could not supply us with milk because the herdsmen were dead. They boasted that none of their race had mixed with Muhadímo or servile Wasawahili, and without being uncivil, they were free, and by no means shy, evidently holding that maître charbonnier est maire chez lui.

In view of the ruins they recounted to us their garbled legendary history. The Island was originally inhabited by the Wahiao savages, from whom the present race partly descends, and Songo Mnárá was occupied by the Wadubuki, a Moslem clan. These were succeeded by the Nabhani or Ghafiri Arabs, the builders of the mosque just visited, and in the days of Ibn Batuta (14th cent.) we find that 'the Sultan of Oman was of the tribe of Azud, son of El Ghaus, who is known by the name of Abu Mohammed, son of Nabhan.' They died out, however, and left the land once more to the Washenzi. Then came the rule of the Wagemu, especially the

Wasongo, a tribe of Shirazis.[1] A certain Shaykh Yusuf from Shangaya[2] bought land from Napendu, the heathen headman, by spreading it over with cloth, built the old fort, won the savage's daughter, slew his father-in-law, and became the sire of a long race of Shirazi 'Kings of the Zinj.'

The history of Kilwa is probably better known, thanks to its chronicle found by the Portuguese, than any place on the East coast of Africa. It is the usual document of Moslems and Easterns, amongst whom the man reigns, a roster of rulers,

[1] This is probably a confusion with the legend of Ali bin Hasan, the Shirazi chief, who, according to the 'Kilwa Chronicle' (De Barros, 1st Decade of Asia, viii. 4, 5), occupied Kilwa in our 11th century. There may have been a second emigration from Shangaya after the 14th century, but the tale of the cloth is suspicious. Cloth, however, has played everywhere upon this coast the part of gold and silver. Sofala was anciently a monopoly of Makdishu, which traded with it for gold on condition of sending every year a few young men to improve the 'Kafir' race, the latter highly valuing the comparatively white blood. A fisherman of Kilwa having been carried by the currents to the S. Eastern Gold Coast, reported this state of affairs to Daud, 10th Shirazi Sultan of Kilwa. This chief succeeded in getting the rich trade into his own hands by offering as many pieces of cloth as the youths sent by the people of Makdishu, and by also supplying emigrants to marry the daughters of the savages.

[2] The Rev. Mr Wakefield (loc. cit. p. 312) calls this place Shungwaya, and states that it is a district between Goddoma and Kafuma (Wanyika-land); whilst his authority, Sadi, declares it to be the original home of all the Wasegeju.

with a long string of their battles, marches, and sudden dethronings. Kilwa was to Southern what Mombasah was to Northern Zanzibar, a centre of turmoil and trouble. Founded in our 10th century, and probably upon a far older site, its rule eventually extended northwards to Mombasah, others say to Melinde, and south to the gold regions about Sofala. The first European visitor was Pedralves Cabral, the accidental discoverer of the Brazil: he anchored here on July 26, 1500. The great port was then ruled by a certain Sultan Ibrahim, murderer and usurper: the Shaykhs took the royal title, and were known to the Wasawahili as Mfalme, a term changed by El Masudi to Oklimen or Oklimin. 'The rulers of Zenj,' says the Nubian Geographer, 'are entitled Oklimen, which means the son of the great master, that is to say, the God of heaven and earth: they call the Creator Tamkalanjalo.' Cabral was welcomed by the chief; but his lieges, more perspicacious than their ruler, began at once to show their ill-will, and the voyager continued his progress towards India. Kilwa was also visited by João da Nova, by Vasco da Gama, who on his second journey, in 1502, took tribute from Sultan Ibrahim, and by Ruy Lourenço Ravasco, when en route for Zanzibar. In July,

1505, D. Francisco d'Almeyda, first viceroy of Portuguese India, landed a force of 500 men and fired the city. Sultan Ibrahim fled, and was duly deposed in favour of one Mohammed Ankoni, who had proved himself a friend to the Europeans: he preferred, however, placing the power in the hands of Micante (?), the only son left by the murdered Sultan Alfudayl (El Fuzayl). The small fort of Santiago was built, and the citizens consented to pay tribute and to acknowledge the sovereignty of D. Manoel.

Discontent soon showed itself: trade with Sofala had been forbidden to the citizens, and the latter fled to other cities on the coast. Mohammed Ankoni was presently murdered by the intrigues of the deposed Sultan Ibrahim; and the viceroy, D'Almeyda, sent Gonçalo Vaz de Goes with orders to punish the crime. The Captain of Kilwa, Pedo Ferreira, had raised the Wasawahili of Songo Mnárá Island, and preferred for the succession Micante to Ali Hosayn, the son of Mohammed. In December, 1506, Vaz de Goes landed at Kilwa, and restored its ancient prosperity by putting an end to the monopolies of trade, and the vexations caused by the cupidity of the Portuguese. After his departure, however, Ali Hosayn managed to obtain the Sultan-

ship, and attacked with great loss the Shaykh of Tirendiconde, who had actually murdered his father. The pride and extortions of the new Sultan soon offended his subjects; he was deposed by orders of the Viceroy, and he died in obscurity at Mombasah.

Micante, once more confirmed as Sultan, proved himself a greater plague than Ali Hosayn, but he managed to secure the interest of Francisco Pereira Pestana. This 'Captain of Kilwa' aided in attacking the deposed Ibrahim, but the Portuguese garrison was reduced to 40 sound men. Hearing the danger of his subjects, D. Manoel ordered the Viceroy to raze the fort of Santiago, and to transfer Pestana to Socotra, which had just been occupied by the Lusitanians, and from which they expected great benefits in their wars with the Turks. Thereupon Ibrahim returned again to his own, Micante fled to the Querimba Islands, where he died in misery, and the former, made wiser by adversity, restored Kilwa to her old prosperity, and charged his sons never to fail in fidelity to Portugal.

In 1598 the capital of Southern Zanzibar was attacked by the Wazimba Kafirs, who afterwards commited such ravages at Mombasah. A traitorous Moor made conditions for himself and

his family, and pointed out a ford over which the invader could pass at low tide. The savages fell upon the city at night, massacred those who could not save themselves by flight, destroyed the buildings, and carried off 3000 persons, male and female, who, according to Diogo do Couto, were incontinently devoured.

The Yu'rabi ruler, Sayf bin Sultan, after driving the Portuguese from Mombasah (1698), sent his powerful fleet to Zanzibar and Kilwa, which at once accepted his rule. A temporary return of the Europeans took place in 1728, when the Capt.-General Luiz Mello de Sampayo re-established the rule of his king from Patta to Kilwa. Ahmed bin Said el Hináwi rising to power (1744), contented himself with annually sending to the Zanzibar coast as far as Kilwa three or four ships, which brought away the rich exports of the neighbourhood—gold, ivory, and slaves. The name of Kilwa now rarely occurs in history. Late in the last century the French here attempted to form a slave depôt, which led to the out-station being re-occupied by Zanzibar. The Shirazis, however, held the land till the late Sayyid Said seized and deported to Maskat Muammadi, their last sultan, and thus the tribe was scattered abroad.

Such is the present state of a settlement which in 1500 the Portuguese found prosperous to the highest degree, and ruling the Zangian coast to Mozambique and Sofala. Every blessing save that of beauty has now passed away from it, and instead of 'ce cet éternel nuage de fumée qui dort sur les toits, et le bourdonnement lointain de la ruche immense,' we see the wild 'smokes' of the tropical coast, and we hear the scream of the seamew harshly invading the silence and solitude of a city in ruins.

Returning to Kivinjya, we consulted the Wali and the principal inhabitants about the feasibility of a march upon the Nyassa or Southern Lake—here, as at Zanzibar, not a soul confounded it with the Tanganyika. All agreed that it was then impossible. The slaves were dead or sold off, and porters would not be procurable on account of the cholera: perhaps, however, we might succeed by awaiting the arrival of the first caravans in June. This delay we could not afford, our time was becoming short, our means shorter, and the climate of Kilwa was doing us no good. Evidently the exploration of the Nyassa was a matter of too much importance to be tacked on to an expedition as its tail-piece.

Unwillingly but perforce we turned, on

February 24, 1859, the Batela's head northwards. Though the wet season did not set in till March 20, the weather was especially vile,—a succession of pertinacious calms, violent tornadoes of wind and rain, and cloudy weather with not enough of blue sky to make a ribbon. At last, after nine days of thorough discomfort, we ran into Zanzibar harbour before the mildest of sea-breezes.

As we approached the city file-firing was heard day and night: we thought that there was fighting, but it proved that the people were keeping their Thursday, our Friday eve, with all the honours. The place was full of armed men, and for a fortnight, during which the wildest rumours flew abroad, all was excitement and suspense. Although Mr Ezkel bin Yusuf, British agent at Maskat, had omitted to report the embarkation of Sayyid Suwayni on February 11, yet the invader was known to be en route. The European officials at Zanzibar stood undecided how to act except in the matter of pacification. The French Consul, whose protection had been sought by Sayyid Majid, held to the doctrine that all peoples (except the Spaniards?) have a right to elect their rulers. The loss of Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton was severely felt: the English

Consul who succeeded him was a new man, reported generally to be not indifferent to self-interest. The U. S. Consul refused to take any part in the matter, declaring that if he was killed his nation would demand four lacs of rupees, one for himself, one for his wife, and two for the house.

Presently it was announced officially that the invading fleet had been dispersed by a storm, and that Capt. Fullerton, of H. M. S. Punjaub, sailing under orders of the Bombay Government, had persuaded Sayyid Suwayni to return. Congratulations were exchanged, salutes were fired, bullets whizzed about like hornets, the negroes danced and sang for a consecutive week, and with the least possible delay armed men poured in crammed boats from the Island towards their normal stations. But the blow had been struck: the cholera had filled the city with mourning; the remnant of the trading season was insufficient for the usual commercial transactions, and a strong impression that the attack from Maskat would be renewed, as indeed it was, seemed to be uppermost in every mind.[1]

[1] The Sayyid Majid had originally agreed to pay annually $20,000 to Sayyid Suwayni, $10,000 to his brother, Sayyid Turki of Sohar, and $10,000 tribute to the Wahhabis. This was on condition that Sayyid Turki should not be molested, as

I have related in a former volume how the change at the British Consulate affected me personally. My report to the Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society had not been forwarded, and no one knew where it was. The sketch and field books which we had sent in case of mishap from the interior, were accidentally found stowed away in some drawer. A mistaken feeling of delicacy made me object to be the bearer of despatches which would have thrown a curious light upon certain intrigues, and no feeling of delicacy on the part of the person complained of prevented his devising an ignoble plot and carrying out the principle, 'Calumniari audacter, semper aliquid hærebit.' The Home branch of the Indian Government embraced the opportunity of displaying under the sham of inflexible justice—summum jus summa injuria—peculiar animus, and turned a preoccupied ear to explanations which would have more than satisfied any other. And thus unhappily ended my labours at Zanzibar and in Eastern Intertropical Africa

he repeatedly was. It was generally believed that the arrangement was verbal, Sayyid Majid having refused to bind himself by writing: possibly there may have been a secret document. This agreement was subsequently modified by the action of the Bombay Government.

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN SPEKE.

'Tantus amor veri, nihil est quod noscere malim
Quam fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes,
Ignotumque caput.'—LUCAN, x. 189.

I FULLY recognize the difficulty of writing a chapter with such a heading. Whatever is spoken will be deemed by some better unspoken; whilst others would wish me to say much that has been, they will believe, left unsaid. Those who know me, however, will hardly judge me capable of setting down ought unfairly, or of yielding, after such a length of years, to feelings of indignation, however justifiable they might have been considered in the past. Shortly after Capt. Speke's decease I was asked to publish a sketch of his life and adventures: at that time I had hardly heart for the task.

In beginning this short memoir, I can now repeat the words published six years ago.[1] 'Be it distinctly understood that, whilst differing from Captain Speke upon almost every geographical subject supposed to be "settled" by his exploration of 1860 to 1863, I do not stand forth as the enemy of the departed. No man can better appreciate the noble qualities of energy, courage, and perseverance which he so eminently possessed, than do I, who knew him for so many years, and who travelled with him as a brother, before the unfortunate rivalry respecting the Nile Sources arose like the ghost of discord between us, and was fanned to a flame by the jealousy and the ambition of "friends."' I claim only the right of telling the truth and the whole truth, and of speaking as freely of another as I would be spoken of myself in my own biography. In this chapter I shall be careful to borrow whatever he chose to publish concerning his own career, and to supplement it with recollections and observations of my own.[2]

Capt. Speke (John Hanning) was born on May 4th, 1827, at Orleigh Court, near Bideford,

[1] The Nile Basin. Tinsleys, 1864.

[2] Introduction to 'What led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile.' Blackwoods, 1864.

West England. He was educated at Barnstaple Grammar School, and he used often to confess, with no little merriment, his devotion to bird-nesting and his hatred of 'book-learning.' This distaste was increased by two ophthalmic attacks in childhood, which rendered reading a painful task; and in after life he frequently suffered from snow-blindness when crossing the Himalayas. At the age of 17 he was sent to India as a cadet, and in 1844 he was gazetted ensign in the 46th Regiment Bengal N. I. After the usual monotonous barrack-life, he found himself a subaltern in the so-called 'Fighting Brigade' of General Sir Colin Campbell, and during the Panjab war he took part in the affairs of, and obtained the medals for, Ramnagar, Sadullapore, Chillianwala, and Guzerat. Burning to distinguish himself in action, he was not favoured by opportunity: on one occasion he was told off with a detatchment to capture a gun; but, to his great disgust, a counter-order was issued before the attack could be made.

Lieut. Speke had now served five years, and when the campaign ended he applied himself, with his wonted energy, to make war upon the fauna and feræ of the Himalayas. A man of lithe, spare form, about six feet tall, 'blue-eyed,

tawny-maned; the old Scandinavian type, full of energy and life,' with a highly nervous temperament, a token of endurance, and long, wiry, but not muscular limbs, that could cover the ground at a swinging pace, he became an excellent mountaineer. His strong nerve and clear head enabled him to cross the Passes before the melting of the snows allowed them to be called open, and to travel by break-neck paths, which others were unable to face: a rival, on one occasion, attempted to precede him, and brought on a low fever by the horrors of the Col and the Corniche. He soon proved himself the best East Indian sportsman of each successive season: that he was a good shot in his youth is shown by the 'trophies' with which he adorned the paternal hall. But, as Lieut. Herne and I took the first opportunity of ascertaining, he was by no means remarkable for the 'use of an unerring rifle,' when he appeared at Aden. This often happens in the case of men who have overtaxed their nervous systems during early life, and who have unintermittently kept up the practice of dangerous sport: to mention no others, the late Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard are notable instances personally known to me. Those whose tastes lie in lion-hunting and boar-spearing will do well

to give themselves as much repose as possible between the acts, and to husband their nerve-strength for great opportunities. A far better walker than a rider, he prided himself, as often happens, chiefly upon his equitation.

For five years after the Panjab war Lieut. Speke annually obtained long leave to cross the Snowy Mountains, and to add to his collections of the animals little known or unknown, which then abounded in those glaciers and ice-bound plains. His messmates, with whom he was ever a favourite, wondered at the facility with which he escaped the regimental grind of parade and escort duties. He thus explains the modus operandi, that others may profit by it. 'The Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Gomm, observing to what good account I always turned my leave, instead of idling my time away or running into debt, took great pleasure in encouraging my hobby; and his staff were even heard to say it would be a pity if I did not get leave, as so much good resulted from it.' I may add that, with the fine tact which distinguished him, he never allowed his friends to think themselves neglected, and always returned with rare and beautiful specimens of Himalayan pheasants, and other admired birds, for each one who had done

him kindness, and thus men forgot to be jealous. Devoted also to one idea at a time, he eminently possessed the power of asking: no prospect of a refusal, however harsh, deterred him from applying for what was required to advance his views. I was struck by the way in which he wrote to Lieut.-Colonel Hamerton for supplies and advances, of which the latter had no power, or rather had not been empowered, to dispose.

Thus Lieut. Speke was the first to penetrate into some of the remotest corners of Little Thibet: and here, besides indulging his passion for shooting, collecting, and preserving, he taught himself geodesy in a rude but highly efficient manner. The Yearly Address (Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xxxv.) asserts that he learned to 'make astronomical observations.' This was not the case. But by watch and sun—to the latter a pocket-compass was presently preferred—he obtained distance and direction, and his thorough familiarity with all the topographical features of the mountains, enabled him to construct route-sketches and field-maps which, however rough, proved useful to sportsmen and explorers. Some years of this work, tracing out the courses of streams, crossing passes and rounding heights, gave him an uncom-

monly acute 'eye for country,'—by no means a usual accomplishment even with the professional surveyor. As an old 'agrimensor,' I well know that there is no better training for the tyro who can afford the time than to begin field-work without instruments: the use of the latter will be learned in a few days, nay, hours; and even the most experienced prefer, when possible, to go over the ground, and to form a mental sketch before attempting exact topography. His maps and plans were never, I believe, published, in consequence of some difference with the editor, who had delayed printing them.

During his explorations he led the hardest of lives, and he solved the problem of 'how to live upon half nothing.' 'In the backwoods and jungles,' he says, 'no ceremony or etiquette provokes unnecessary expenditure, whilst the fewer men and material I took with me on my sporting excursions the better sport we always got, and the freer and more independent I was to carry on the chase.' He rose with the freezing dawn, walked in the burning sun all day, breaking his fast upon native bread and wild onions, and he passed the biting nights in the smallest of 'rowtie' tents, often falling asleep before finishing his food. The latter was of course chiefly game, and he

had acquired a curious taste for the youngest of meat, preferring it even when unborn. He also attempted to travel barefooted, but this will almost always prove a failure to men who have not begun it in early life. His system of living was good: as the late Lord Palmerston advised, he ate much, drank little, and did not smoke.

The object of this economy was to carry out a project which he had matured in 1849, after the expiration of the Panjab campaign. Of his three years' furlough he proposed to employ two in collecting animals whilst marching through Eastern Africa, north of the Line, with the third to be spent in ease and rest at home. The idea of 'striking the Nile at its head, and then sailing down that river to Egypt,' was altogether an after-thought, and similarly his knowledge of 'Ruppell and others' was the result of far later application. I well remember at Aden his astonishment at my proposing so improbable a scheme as marching overland to the Nile sources. But he had seen in maps the mythical 'Mountains of the Moon,' which twenty years ago used to span Africa from east to west, a huge black caterpillar upon a white leaf, and he determined that they would 'in all probability harbour wild

goats and sheep, as the Himalaya range does.'

Lieut. Speke's tenth year of Indian service was completed on Sept. 3, 1854, and the next day saw him in the Peninsular and Oriental steamer bound from Calcutta to Aden. I was then at the Coal-Hole of the East, organizing amongst 'the treasures and sweetnesses of the Happy Arabia,' an expedition to explore, first the Guardafuian Horn, then the far interior. He brought with him 'notions' to the value of £390, all manner of cheap and useless chow-chow, guns and revolvers, swords and cutlery, and beads and cloths, which the 'simple-minded negro of Africa' would have rejected with disdain. He began at the very landing-place with a serious mistake, which might have led to the worst consequences. Meeting the first mop-headed Somalis who spoke broken English, he told them his intentions, and he actually allowed two donkey-boys to become his Abbans—guides and protectors. Strangers visiting the Eastern Horn must ever be careful to choose the most powerful of these licensed plunderers: the barbarians hold strongly to the right of might, and they would delight in stripping a white man appearing amongst them with an ignoble or an insufficient escort. On the other hand, the donkey-boys,

having been appointed according to custom, would have claimed the honour and the profits of the post, and they would have been supported by public opinion against any Abbans of another tribe.

Making acquaintance with Lieut. Speke, I found with astonishment that he could speak no Eastern language but a little of the normal Anglo-Hindostani, and that, without knowing even the names of the harbour-towns, he proposed to explore one of the most dangerous parts of Africa. Convinced that if he preceded me his life would be lost, and that the Somali Expedition would be unable even to set out, I applied officially to the Political Resident of Aden, the late Colonel, afterwards Sir James, Outram, of whose 'generous kind nature' and of whose 'frank and characteristic ardour' my personal experience do not permit me to speak with certainty. In his younger days Colonel Outram had himself proposed to open up the wild regions opposite Aden. But when he rose to command and its responsibilities, he 'considered it his duty as a Christian to prevent, as far as he was able, anybody from hazarding his life there.' To a traveller prepared for a forlorn hope this view of Christian obligations was by no means

consolatory, and I could not help wishing that Colonel Outram had been able to remember his own feelings of 20 years back. Thus far, however, he was dans son droit, he held it his duty to prevent men from destroying themselves, and he should have veto'd the whole affair.

Presently, however, upon my assuming the fullest responsibility and giving a written bond for our blood, the Political Resident allowed me to enrol Lieut. Speke as a member of the Expedition, and thus to save his furlough by putting him on full service. Colonel Outram would also have gratified his own generosity, and shifted all onus from his conscience, by making me alone answerable for the safety of a Madras officer who had left India expressly to join us. I had, however, now done enough: common report at Aden declared the thing to be impossible, and the unfortunate traveller returned unsuccessful.

Lieut. Speke was uncommonly hard to manage: he owned himself to be a 'Mastí Bengali' (bumptious Bengal-man), and having been for years his own master, he had a way as well as a will of his own. To a peculiarly quiet and modest aspect—aided by blue eyes and blonde hair—to a gentleness of demeanour, and an

almost childlike simplicity of manner which at once attracted attention, he united an immense and abnormal fund of self-esteem, so carefully concealed, however, that none but his intimates suspected its existence. He ever held, not only that he had done his best on all occasions, but also that no man living could do better. These were his own words, and they are not quoted in a spirit of blame: evidently such is the temper best suited to the man who would work through the accumulated difficulties of exploration or of any other exceptional career. Before we set out he openly declared that being tired of life he had come to be killed in Africa—not a satisfactory announcement to those who aspired to something better than the crown of martyrdom. But when the opportunity came he behaved with prudence as well as courage. I therefore look upon his earlier confession as a kind of whimsical affectation, like that which made him, when he returned to England in 1859, astonish certain of the Browns by speaking a manner of broken English, as if he had forgotten his vernacular in the presence of strange tongues.

Finding, even at that early period of acquaintanceship, that he had a true but uncultivated taste for zoology, and extensive practice in rude

field mapping, I determined that his part of the work should be in the highly interesting Eastern Horn of Africa. He accordingly landed at Bunder Guray, with directions to explore the important feature, called by Lieut. Cruttenden, I. N., 'Wady Nogal,' and to visit the highlands of the Warsangali and the Dulbahanta tribes, the most warlike and the least treacherous of the Somal. Meanwhile Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne remained at Berberah, collecting information from and watching the annual fair, whilst I proceeded, more, it must be confessed, for curiosity and for display of travelling savoir faire, than for other reason, through the Habr Awal and other most dangerous families of the Somal, to Harar, the Tinbuktu of Eastern Africa.

I returned to Aden on Feb. 9th, 1855, and was followed about a week afterwards by Lieut. Speke. He was thoroughly disgusted with his journey, and he brought back a doleful tale of trouble. He had adopted, by my advice, a kind of half-eastern dress, as did Colonel Pelly and his officers, when visiting El Riyaz, the headquarters of the Wahhabis; and he attributed to this costume all his misfortunes. He came back, determined that no such feature as the Wady Nogal existed: yet M. Guillain (ii. 493) saw be-

tween Dra Salih and Ra'as el Khayl, the valley, and its stream debouching upon the coast. He had recorded his misadventures in a diary whose style, to say nothing of sentiments and geographical assertions, rendered it, in my opinion, unfit for publication, and I took the trouble of re-writing the whole. Published as an Appendix to 'First Footsteps in East Africa,' it was in the third person, without the least intention of giving offence, but simply because I did not wish to palm upon the reader my own composition as that of another person. Unhappily, however, an article from a well-known pen appeared in Blackwood (p. 499, October, 1856), and contained these words:—

'A resumé of Mr Speke's observations is appended to Mr Burton's book, but it lacks the interest of a personal narrative; and we much regret that the experiences of one whose extensive wanderings had already so well qualified him for the task, and who has shown himself so able an explorer, should not have been chronicled at a greater length, and thrown into a form which would have rendered them more interesting to the general reader.'

This brand was not foolishly thrown: it kindled a fire which did not consume the less

fiercely because it was smothered. Some two years afterwards, when in the heart of Africa, and half delirious with fever, my companion let fall certain expressions which, to my infinite surprise, showed that he had been nursing three great grievances. The front of the offence was that his Diary had been spoiled. Secondly, he felt injured because he had derived no profit from a publication which had not proved 'paying' to me. Thirdly, he was hurt because I had forwarded to the Calcutta Museum of Natural History, as expressly bound by my instructions, his collection, of which he might easily have kept duplicates. My companion had a peculiarity more rarely noticed in the Englishman than in the Hibernian and in the Teuton—a habit of secreting thoughts and reminiscences till brought to light by a sudden impulse. He would brood, perhaps for years, over a chance word, which a single outspoken sentence of explanation could have satisfactorily settled. The inevitable result was the exaggeration of fact into fiction, the distortion of the true to the false. Let any man, after long musing about, or frequent repetition of, a story or an adventure, consult his original notes upon the matter, and if they do not startle him, I shall hold him to be an exception. And if

he keep no journal, and be withal somewhat hard of persuasion, he will firmly hold, in all honour and honesty, to the latest version, modified by lapse of time. I made this remark more than once to my companion, and he received it with an utter incredulity which clearly proved to me that his was a case in point.

The next adventure was a savage melée at Berberah, on April 19th, 1855, when we were attacked by Somali plunderers. Here again I unwittingly offended Lieut. Speke's susceptibilities by saying in the thick of the fight, 'Don't step back, or they'll think we are running!' As usual, I was never allowed to know that he was 'chagrined by this rebuke at his management' till his own account of the mishap appeared before the public. The story, as he tells it, reads very differently from his written report still in my possession, and he gives the world to understand that he alone of the force had attempted to defend the camp. The fact is, he had lost his head, and instead of following me when cutting my way through the enemy, he rushed about, dealing blows with the butt of an unloaded revolver. His courage was of that cool order which characterizes the English rather than the French soldier. The former, constitutionally strong-

nerved and self-reliant, goes into action reckless of what may happen, and unprepared for extremes: when he 'gets more than he bargains for' he is apt, like unimaginative men generally, to become demoralized. The Frenchman, with a weaker organization, prepares himself to expect the worst; and when the worst comes, he finds it, perhaps, not so bad as he expected.

Lieut. Speke escaped as by a miracle, and recovered as wonderfully from eleven spear-wounds, one of which was clean through the thigh. Returning to England, we both volunteered for the Crimean campaign; and he found his way to the Turkish Contingent, I to the Bashi Buzuks. When peace was concluded, he agreed to explore, in company with Capt. Smyth, of the Bengal Army, Circassia and other parts of Central Asia. We met, however, in London, and he at once proposed to dismiss his new plans for another African expedition.

The reader has seen, in the earlier chapters of this book, the troubles attending our departure, and the obstacles opposed by the Court of Directors to Lieut. Speke again becoming my companion; it has also been explained how the difficulties were removed. My companion did not, however, 'take kindly' to the Second Expe-

dition. Even at the beginning of our long absence from civilized life I could not but perceive that his former alacrity had vanished: he was habitually discontented with what was done; he left to me the whole work of management, and then he complained of not being consulted. He had violent quarrels with the Baloch, and on one occasion the Jemadar returned to him an insult which, if we had not wanted the man, he would have noticed with a sword-cut. Unaccustomed to sickness, he could not endure it himself nor feel for it in others; and he seemed to enjoy pleasure in saying unpleasant things—an Anglo-Indian peculiarity. Much of the change he explained to me by confessing that he could not take interest in an exploration of which he was not the commander. On the other hand, he taught himself the use of the sextant and other instruments, with a resolution and a pertinacity which formed his characteristic merits. Night after night, at the end of the burning march, he sat for hours in the chilling dews, practising lunars and timing chronometers. I have acknowledged in becoming terms, it is hoped, the value of these labours, and the benefit derived from them by the Expedition. The few books—Shakespere, Euclid, and so forth—which com-

posed my scanty library, we read together again and again: he learned from me to sketch the scenery, and he practised writing a diary and accounts of adventure, which he used to bring for correction. These reminiscences forcibly suggest to me the Arab couplet—

اعلمته الرمايه كل يوم
فلمّا اشتدّ ساعده رماني

'I taught him archery day by day—
When his arm waxed strong, 'twas me he shot.'

The discovery of the water which he called Victoria Nyanza formed, I have said, the point whence our paths diverged. He was convinced that he had found 'the Nile Source,' and he was determined to work out that problem in the position which he thought himself best fitted to hold, that of leader. Arrived at Zanzibar, he fell into bad hands, and being, like most ambitious men, very apt to consider himself neglected and ill-treated until crowned by success, he was easily made sore upon the point of merits not duly recognized. He showed a nervous hurry to hasten home, although we found upon the Island that our leave had been prolonged by the Bombay Government. Reaching Aden, we were housed for a few days by my old and tried friend, the late Dr Steinhaeuser, who repeatedly

warned me that all was not right. On Monday, April 18th, arrived H. M.'s ship Furious, Captain Sherard Osborne, carrying the late Lord Elgin and his secretary, the supposed author of the review in Blackwood. We were kindly invited to take passage on board: my companion's sick certificate was en règle, whilst mine was not, and he left Aden in such haste that he did not take leave of his host. Still we were, to all appearance, friends.

Before parting with me, Capt. Speke voluntarily promised, when reaching England, to visit his family in the country, and to await my arrival, that we might appear together before the Royal Geographical Society. But on board the Furious he was exposed to the worst influences, and he was persuaded to act in a manner which his own moral sense must have afterwards strongly condemned, if indeed it ever pardoned it. From Cairo he wrote me a long letter, reiterating his engagement, and urging me to take all the time and rest that broken health required. Yet, hardly had he reached London before he appeared at Whitehall Place to give his own views of important points still under discussion. Those were the days when the Society in question could not afford to lack its annual lion,

whose roar was chiefly to please the ladies and to push the institution. Despite the palpable injustice thus done to the organizer and leader of the expedition, Capt. Speke was officially directed —'much against his own inclination,' he declared—to lecture in Burlington House. The President 'seized the enlightened view that such a discovery should not be lost to the glory of England,' and came at once to the conclusion, 'Speke, we must send you there again.' Finally, a council assembled to ascertain what were the projects of the volunteer leader, and what assistance he would require, in order to 'make good his discovery by connecting the Lake with the Nile.' They ended their labours by recommending the most liberal preparations—a remarkable contrast to those of the first expedition.[1]

I reached London on May 21st, and found that everything had been done for, or rather against, me. My companion now stood forth in his true colours, an angry rival. He had doubtless been

[1] 'This fine undertaking was most inadequately subsidized: only £1000 was supplied by the Government, through the Society—£750 at the outset, and £250 on their return. The rest of the total cost, £2500, was defrayed jointly by the travellers themselves' (Mr Findlay, loc. cit., speaking of the East African Expedition of 1856 to 1859). The Treasury, in 1860, contributed £2500, a sum which, with the experience gained during the first expedition, was amply sufficient.

taught that the expedition had owed to him all its success: he had learned to feel aggrieved, and the usual mental alchemy permuted to an offence every friendly effort which I had made in his favour. No one is so unforgiving, I need hardly say, as the man who injures another. A college friend (Alfred B. Richards) thus correctly defined my position, 'Burton, shaken to the backbone by fever, disgusted, desponding, and left behind both in the spirit and in the flesh, was, in racing parlance, "nowhere."'

Presently appeared two papers in Blackwood's Magazine (Sept.—Oct., 1859), which opened a broad breach between my late companion and myself. They contained futilities which all readers could detect. A horseshoe, or Chancellor's wig, some 6000 feet high and 180 miles in depth, was prolonged beyond the equator and gravely named 'Mountains of the Moon.' The Nyanza water, driven some 120 miles further north than when originally laid down from Arab information, stultified one of the most important parts of our labours. Nor did I see why my companion should proceed to apply without consultation such names as 'Speke Channel' and 'Burton Point' to features which we had explored together.

It was no 'petty point of explorer's etiquette,' as some reviewer generously put the case, which made me resent the premature publication of Capt. Speke's papers: though the many-headed may think little of such matters, a man who has risked his life for a great discovery cannot sit tamely to see it nullified. My views also about retaining native nomenclature have ever been fixed, and of the strongest: I still hold, with the late venerable Mr Macqueen, 'Nothing can be so absurd as to impose English names on any part, but especially upon places in the remote interior parts of Africa. This is, we believe, done by no other nation. What nonsense it is calling a part of Lake Nyanza the Bengal Archipelago; a stagnant puddle, with water in it only during the rains, or where the lake overflows, the Jordans, a name never heard of in geography' (The Nile Basin, pp. 109, 110).

Such a breach once made is easily widened. My companion wrote and spoke to mutual acquaintances in petulant and provoking terms, which rendered even recognition impossible. They justified me, I then thought, in publishing the Lake Regions of Central Africa, where, smarting under injury, my story was told. After the lapse of a decade, when a man of sense can sit in

judgment upon his younger self, it is evident to me that much might have been omitted, and that more might have been modified, yet I find nothing in it unfair, unreasonable, or in any way unfaithful. Many opined that the more dignified proceeding would have been to ignore the injuries done to me. But the example of my old commander, Sir Charles Napier (the soldier), taught me in early life how unwise it is to let public sentence be passed by default, and that even delay in disputing unqualified assertions may in some cases be fraught with lasting evil.

Capt. Speke succeeded, as the world knows, in organizing a second expedition upon the plan of the first: it lasted between Sept. 25, 1860, and April, 1863, when he telegram'd to Alexandria, 'The Nile is settled.' I would in no way depreciate the solid services rendered to geography by him and by his gallant and amiable companion, Capt. Grant. They brought in an absolute gain of some 350 geographical miles between S. lat. 3° and N. lat. 3°, an equatorial belt, vaguely known only by Arab report and concerning which, with the hardest labour, I could collect only the heads of information. But they left unsolved the moot question of the Nile sources, and indeed it soon became the opinion of scientific Europe

that during the two and a half years, ending with April, 1863, the Nile Basin had been invested with an amount of fable unknown to the days of Ptolemy.

Presently after Capt. Speke's triumphant return appeared the volumes upon the 'Discovery of the Source of the Nile,' and upon 'What led to the Discovery.' His brilliant march led me to express, despite all the differences which had sprung up between us, the most favourable opinion of his leadership, and indirect messages passed between us suggesting the possibility of a better understanding. Again, however, either old fancied injuries still rankled in his heart or he could not forgive the man he had injured—odisse quem læseris—or, which is most probable, the malignant tongues of 'friends' urged him on to a renewal of hostilities, and the way to reconciliation was for ever barred. This was the more unhappy as he had greatly improved under the influence of a noble ambition justly satisfied, and all his friends were agreed that success had drawn out the best points of his character.

The volumes did much to injure Capt. Speke's reputation as a traveller. It would be vain to comment upon the extreme looseness of the geography: one instance suffices, the

'great backwater Luta Nzige.' The anthropology and ethnology are marvellous: what can be said of his identifying the Watuta with the Zulu, and the Zangian Wahuma with the 'Semi-Shem-Hamitic' race of Æthiopia or with the Gallas, the most Semitic of the N. East African tribes? What can we make of 'our poor elder brother Ham?' What can ruddy King David have had to do with the black Chief Rumanika? The explanation is that the author's mind, incurious about small matters, could not grasp, and did not see the importance of grasping, a fact, and his vagueness of thought necessarily extended to his language. Else how account for his 'partial eclipse of the moon happens on the fifth *and* sixth of January, 1863' (Journal p. 243)? if *and* be a misprint for *or*, why had he not consulted the newest almanac? Nor did he know the use of words. A mass of foul huts is 'a village built on the most luxurious principles,' and a petty chief is a 'King of kings;' whilst a 'splendid court' means a display of mere savagery, and the 'French of those parts' are barbarians somewhat livelier than their neighbours. 'Nelson's Monument at Charing Cross' is a specimen of what we may expect from Central Africa.

Not less curious is the awkward scatter of Scriptural quotations and allusions that floats upon the surface of his volumes. It looks as though some friend had assured the author that his work would not 'go down' without a little of what is popularly called 'hashed Bible;' and that the result had been the recommendation of missionary establishments at the Nile sources. I am assured, however, that before the end of his life Capt. Speke had greatly changed his previous opinions. When travelling with me he used to ignore 'overruling Providence or a future state' in a style whose unstudied conviction somewhat surprised me.

Returning to England from Fernando Po, West Africa, I attended at Bath the British Association for September, 1864. The date for the discussion about the Nile Sources, and the claims of the Lake Tanganyika, and a N. Eastern water then unnamed, versus the 'Victoria Nyanza,' was fixed on Sept. 16. On the previous day I passed my quondam companion as he sat on the President's right hand, and I could not but remark the immense change of feature, of expression, and of general appearance which his severe labours, complicated perhaps by deafness and dimness of sight, had wrought in him. We

looked at each other of course without signs of recognition. Some one beckoned to him from the bottom of the hall. At 1.30 P. M. he arose, and ejaculating, 'I can't stand this any longer!' he left the room. Three hours afterwards he was a corpse.

Early in the forenoon fixed for what silly tongues called the 'Nile Duel' I found a large assembly in the rooms of section E. A note was handed round in silence. Presently my friend Mr Findlay broke the tidings to me. Capt. Speke had lost his life on the yesterday, at 4 P. M., whilst shooting over a cousin's grounds. He had been missed in the field, and his kinsman found him lying upon the earth, shot through the body close to the heart. He lived only a few minutes, and his last words were a request not to be moved. The calamity had been the more unexpected as he was ever remarkable for the caution with which he handled his weapon. I ever make a point of ascertaining a fellow-traveller's habits in that matter, and I observed that even when our canoe was shaken and upthrown by the hippopotamus he never allowed his gun to look at him or at others.

Thus perished, in the flower of his years, at the early age of 37, by the merest and most

unaccountable accident, an explorer of whom England had reason to be proud, and whose memory will not readily pass away. His sudden decease recalls to mind that of James Bruce of the Blue River, who, after a life of hazard and of dangerous enterprise, perished by the slipping of his foot; unlike the Abyssinian explorer, however, Capt. Speke was not fated to extend his sphere of usefulness or to enjoy the fruits of his labours. With the active and intrepid energy, with the unusual temper, patience, and single-mindedness, with the earnest and indomitable pertinacity, and with the almost heroic determination, which he brought to bear upon everything that he attempted, the achievements of Capt. Speke's later life would doubtless, had his career run out its time, have thrown into the shade the exploits of his youth.

* * * * *

I will end this chapter—and volume—with a few stanzas written by my wife, who shall be allowed to tell her own tale.

'The following lines were suggested to me in the studio of the late Mr Edgar George Papworth, of 36, Milton Street, Dorset Square, during the winter of 1861-5.

'Captain Burton had recently returned from

Africa. The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science had just taken place at Bath, and poor Captain Speke's sudden death was still fresh in our memories. We had been invited by the artist to look at Captain Speke's bust, upon which he was then employed. Mr Papworth said to Captain Burton, "I only took the cast after death, and never knew him alive; but you who lived with him so long can surely give me some hints." Captain Burton, who had learnt something of sculpturing when a boy in Italy, took the sculptor's pencil from Mr Papworth's hand, and with a few touches here and there made a perfect likeness and expression. As I stood by, I was very much impressed by this singular coincidence.'

A sorrowful mask at my feet I found,
With the drawn-down mouth and the deepen'd eye,
More lifeless still than the marbles 'round—
Very death amid dead life's mimicry;
I raised it, and Thought fled afar from me
To the Afric land by the Zinghan Sea.

'Twas a face, a shell, that had nought of brain,
And th' imbedding chalk showed a yellow thread
Which struck my glance with a sudden pain,
For this seemed live when the rest was dead;
And poor bygone raillery came to mind
Of the tragic masque and no head behind.

But behind there lay in the humblest shrine
A gem of the brightest, purest ray:
The gem was the human will divine;
The shrine was the homeliest human clay.
Self-glory—but hush! be the tale untold
To the pale ear thinned by yon plaster mould.

Shall the diamond gem lose her queenly worth,
Though pent in the dungeon of sandy stone?
Say, is gold less gold, though in vilest earth
For long years it has lurked unprized, unknown?
And the rose that blooms o'er the buried dead,
Hath its pinkness paled, hath its fragrance fled?

Thus the poet sang, 'Is the basil vile,
Though the beetle's foot o'er the basil crawl?'
And though Arachne hath webbed her toil,
Shall disgrace attach to the princely hall?
And the pearl's clear drop from the oyster-shell,
Comes it not on the royal brow to dwell?

On the Guarded Tablet was writ by Fate,
A double self for each man ere born,
Who shall love his love and shall hate his hate,
Who shall praise his praise and shall scorn his scorn,
Enduring, aye to the bitter end,
And man's other man shall be called a friend.

When the Spirits with radiance nude arrayed
In the presence stood of the One Supreme,
Soul looked unto soul, and the glance conveyed
A pledge of love which each *must* redeem;
Nor may spirit enfleshed in the dust, forget
That high trysting-place, ere Time was not yet.

When the first great Sire, so the Legends say,
The four-rivered garden in Asia trod,
And 'neath perfumed shade, in the drouth of day,
Walked and talked with the Hebrew God,

Such friendship was as it first began;
And the first of friends were the God, the Man.

But *we* twain were not bound by such highborn ties;
Our souls, our minds, and our thoughts were strange;
Our ways were not one, nor our sympathies,
We had severed aims, we had diverse range;
In the stern drear Present his lot was cast,
While I hoped for the Future and loved the Past.

'Twixt man and woman use oft hath bred
The habits that feebly affection feign,
While the common board and the genial bed
And Time's welding force links a length of chain;
Till, where Love was not, it hath sometimes proved
This has loved and lived, that has lived and loved.

But 'twixt man and man it may not so hap;
Each man is his own and his proper sphere;
At some point, perchance, may the lines o'erlap;
The far rest is far as the near is near—
Save when the orbs are of friend and friend
And the circles' limits perforce must blend.

But the one sole point at which he and I
Could touch, was the contact of vulgar minds;
'Twas interest's forcible, feeble tie,
Which binds, but with lasting bonds ne'er binds;
And our objects fated to disagree,
What way went I, and what way went he?

Yet were we comrades for years and years,
And endured in its troth our companionship
Through a life of chances, of hopes, and fears;
Nor a word of harshness e'er passed the lip,
Nor a thought unkind dwelt in either heart,
Till we chanced—by what chance did it hap?—to part.

Where Fever, yellow-skinned, bony, gaunt,
With the long blue nails and lip livid white;
With the blood-stain'd orbs that could ever haunt
Our brains by day and our eyes by night;
In her grave-clothes mouldy with graveyard taint
Came around our sleeping mats—came and went:

Where the crocodile glared with malignant stare,
And the horse of the river, with watery mane
That flash'd in the sun, from his oozy lair
Rose to gaze on the white and wondrous men;
And the lion, with muzzle bent low to earth,
Mock'd the thunder-cloud with his cruel mirth:

Where the speckled fowls the Mimosa decked
Like blue-bells studded with opal dew;
And giraffes, pard-spotted, deer-eyed, swan-necked,
Browsed down the base whence the tree-dome grew:
And the sentinel-antelope, aëried high,
With his frighten'd bound taught his friends to fly:

Where the lovely Coast is all rank with death,
That basks in the sun of the Zingian shore;
Where the mountains, dank with the ocean's breath,
Bear the incense-tree and the sycamore;
Where the grim fierce desert and stony hill
Breed the fiercest beasts, and men fiercer still:

Where the land of the Moon, with all blessings blest
Save one—save man—and with name that sped
To the farthest edge of the misty West
Since the Tyrian sailor his sail-sheet spread,
Loves to gaze on her planet whose loving ray
Fills her dells and fells with a rival day:

Where the Lake unnamed in the Afric wold
Its breast to the stranger eye lay bare;
Where Isis, forced her veil to unfold—
To forget the boast of the days that were—

Stood in dusky charms with the crisp tire crowned,
On the hallowed bourne, on the Nile's last bound:

We toiled side by side, for the hope was sweet
To engrave our names on the Rock of Time;
On the Holy Hill to implant our feet
Where enfaned sits Fame o'er the earth sublime;
And now rose the temple before our eyes,
We had paid the price, we had plucked the prize;

When up stood the Shadow betwixt us twain—
Had the dusky goddess bequeathed her ban?—
And the ice of death through every vein
Of comradeship spread in briefest span;
The guerdon our toils and our pains had won,
Was too great for two, was enough for one;

And deeper and deeper grew the gloom
When the serpent tongue had power to sting,
While o'er one of us hung the untimely doom,
A winter's night to a day of spring;
And heart from heart parting fell away
At the fiat of Fate by her iron sway.

It seems as though from a foamy[1] dream
I awake, and this pallid mask behold,
And I ask—Can this be the end supreme
Of the countless things of the days of old?
This clay, is it all of what used to be
In the Afric land by the Zingian Sea?

ISABEL BURTON.

[1] Träume sind Schäume.

APPENDIX I.

NOTES ON COMMERCIAL MATTERS AT ZANZIBAR IN THE YEARS 1857—1859.

THERE was a great dearth of small change on the Island, and until A. D. 1849 broken sums were paid in Mtama or holcus grain, of which exceedingly variable measures constituted the dollar. The system reminds us of the Mexican cacao money and the almonds of British India. When Capt. Guillain (iii. 376—398) says 'il existe aux Kiloua une monnaie de compte, nommée Doti,' he confounds metallic specie with the African substitute of cotton cloth, the Doti, as will appear, measuring 8 cubits = 12 feet, more or less. 'Shroffing' was in early days a profitable trade: the Kojahs and Banyans offered the ruler, in later years, a considerable annual sum if he would retain the primitive currency. This infancy of the circulating system endured till 1840, when Sayyid Said imported from Bombay through H. B. M.'s consul some $5000 worth of the small copper coin called pice. Here there are no mints, of which some 16 exist at Maskat—private shops to which any man can carry his silver, see it broken up, and pay for the coining whatever the workmen may charge. At first 132 and even 133 pice were the change for a German crown: presently the shroffs, by buying up the copper, raised its value to 98.

The discount (34 pice, or more than a quarter) of the salaries paid by the H. E. I. Company at Zanzibar became so great that the minor officials of the Consulate required an increase. When I landed at Zanzibar the German crown fetched in the bazar from 107 to 108 pice; in parts of the mainland where it was accepted, from 112 to 130. This fluctuating state of things was very properly put down with a high hand by Sayyid Majid, who ordered 128 pice to be the legal equivalent of a German crown, assuming it here as in India as equal to two Company's rupees (1 rupee = 16 annas × 4 pice = 64 pice × 2 = 128 pice). In these lands he who holds the balance of justice must make things find their own level; however hazardous may be the interference with trade, it is sometimes necessary amongst barbarians to prevent it cutting its own throat.

The following statement of our losses at Bombay or Zanzibar may be useful to future travellers who are advised to bring out direct bills to H. B. M.'s Consulate. Here they must buy, despite high prices and roguery, cloth and wires, beads and cattle, or they run the risk of carrying useless stock. A letter of credit from a London banker for £500, payable at Bombay, realized only Co.'s rs 4720, the rate of exchange happening to be low. The value of 100 German crowns at Zanzibar then ranging between Co.'s rs 214 and 220, our letter of credit for Co.'s rs 4720 brought $2205. Thus assuming the rupee at 2*s.* and the dollar at 4*s.* (it is worth about 2*d.* more), our loss upon £500 amounted to £87.

Bills on England are generally purchaseable at a fair rate: until lately $5 have been paid for the pound sterling, and the exchange is now about $4.75. Nothing of the

kind, however, is permanent at Zanzibar; there is no regular market, and the only rule is manfully to take the best advantage of a neighbour's necessities.

Usury, made unlawful by the Saving Faith, flourishes as in all the commercial centres of Islam. Foreign houses doing business at Zanzibar cannot afford to part with the ready money requisite to secure their regular and highly-profitable returns of trade. They therefore borrow at 6 to 9 per cent. large sums from the principal Arabs and Wasawahili; when lending they refuse less than 33 per cent. upon the best security, and I have heard of cases in which 40 per cent.—deducted also from the capital—was demanded. Amongst natives moneys advanced on landed security or bottomry bear interest of 15—20 per cent. per annum, and pious Shylock salves his conscience by the sale of an egg or a cucumber. As in Somaliland, Banyans and large traders advance small ventures of goods, such as a bale of cloth to the retail vendor, who during the season barters it upon the coast and in the interior for slaves and ivory, hide, copal, and grain. In these transactions the interest is enormous; consequently the merchant rolls in dollars, and the tradesman manages only to live.

The insurance of vessels is here, as in most parts of the East, a gambling transaction; barratry cannot be guarded against, and all manner of fraud is successfully practised. Kojahs and Banyans underwrite, working upon two systems—'Fáliserí,' a corruption of our 'policy,' because a regular agreement is written out; and 'Patán Sulámat,' (the safety of the keel); in the latter nothing can be claimed unless there be a total loss. It is, however, the popular form: when a vessel has been built and not paid

for, or when money is wanted to finish her, the creditor insists upon Patán Salámat before she goes to sea. I may here add, that refitting at Zanzibar, as at Mauritius, is exorbitant: a spar worth $15 to $20 will be charged $350 to $370.

Between Sept. 16, 1832, and May 26, 1834, the arrivals of square-rigged vessels were 41 with 7559 tons. Dr Ruschenberger gives the items as follows: United States, 32 (5497 tons), including 4 whalers, and of these 20 were from Salim; English, 7 (1403), French, 1 (340), and Spanish, 1 (319).

Between 1852 and 1857 the Island was visited by a greatly increased number, as is shown by the following table.

	'52.	TONS.	'53.	TONS.	'54.	TONS.	'55.	TONS.	'56.	TONS.
American (U.S.)	36	9,187	30	7,519	36	9,901	28	9,142	24	7,215
English . . .	6	1,627	3	587	2	1,300	5	1,609	3	1,517
Hamburg . . .	10	2,386	14	3,504	15	3,981	15	3,698	20	5,488
French . . .	14	4,522	18	7,452	18	6,598	13	5,523	23	10,579
Arab	5	2,110	9	4,278	5	2,113	3	1,448	12	3,938
Spanish . . .	3	624	1	200		460	2	460	2	460
Portuguese . .			1	215	2	338			3	930
Hanoverian . .					1	220				
Prussian . . .									1	600
Danish . . .									1	450
TOTAL	74	20,456	76	23,265	81	24,911	66	21,871	89	31,127

Thus in five years the tonnage show an increase of 10,671. The French ships, however, whose arrivals have greatly increased, mostly came out in ballast, and loaded with sesamum, cocoa-meat, and cloves. Moreover, it became the custom to enter the ship twice: if, for instance, she visited the coast after touching at the Island, she appeared a second time upon the lists after her return.

Thus, whilst the tonnage was greatly advanced, exportation did not keep pace with it.

In 1858 the returns of merchant shipping arrivals at the port of Zanzibar showed 89 of all nationalities, with 26,959 tons. In the next year this total fell off, owing to the cholera and political troubles, to 80 bottoms, with 23,340 tons. In 1861-2 the commerce was carried on by 55 ships, and 23 men-of-war visited or revisited the Island. In 1862-3 there were 57 trading vessels and 31 cruisers (Commercial Reports recorded at the Foreign Office from H. B. M.'s consuls).

I found it impracticable to obtain any information concerning the average or the total value of native cargoes.

Zanzibar being the general depôt for this portion of the African coast, shows a list of exports contrasting greatly with its industry. The staple productions of the Island are the cocoa-nut and cloves—of these details have been given in the preceding pages. The produce of the coast is contained in slaves, in copal, and in ivory of the finest description, hides and cowries, rafters and red pepper, ambergris and beeswax, hippopotamus' teeth, and rhinoceros' horn. In 1859 the export of ivory amounted to 488,600 lbs. (value £146,666); of copal to 875,875 lbs. (value £37,166); and of cloves to 4,860,100 lbs. (value £55,666). These figures are taken from the commercial reports of H. B. M.'s consuls, and are probably much understated. I have already mentioned most of the main items of exports. The following details will complete the list, and for further information I may refer the reader to Appendix No. I. (Commerce, Imports and Exports), the Lake Regions of Central Africa.

Beeswax is produced in small quantities upon the Island; the slaves, however, will not allow the hives to

remain unplundered—they devour the contents, wax and all. It is also brought from the Chole islet and from the mainland: here, as in Abyssinia and Harar, hives are hung to the tall trees about the villages. The produce is like our 'virgin honey,' oily, but very impure: it greatly differs in taste; some of it is excellent, other kinds are almost flavourless. Upon the coast there is a dark and exceedingly sweet variety often found with the small bee smothered in it: the people declare that a spoonful of it will cause intoxication, like the celebrated produce of Asia Minor.

Hippopotamus' teeth in 1857 were still sent to Europe and to Bombay, principally for making sword hilts and knife handles: in America porcelain was supplanting them at the dentists'. Rhinoceros' horns, mentioned in the Periplus about Rhapta (chap. xvii.), were exported to Arabia and Central Asia. Hides and skins, chiefly of bullocks and goats, with spoils of the wild cattle, the zebra and the antelope, were brought for exportation from the Northern coast. Ivory was, after slaves, the only produce for which caravans visited the far interior, and both articles, which the expense of free porterage rendered inseparable, were sold to retail dealers on the coast. Sometimes it was dragged over the ground protected by grass and matting, with cords made fast to holes bored in the bamboo or hollow base fitting into the alveolar process. The best in the market was held to be the fine heavy material brought down from Ugogo by the Wanyamwezi porters, who, on their long journey, collect ivories of many different kinds. These are rufous outside, and abnormally heavy—a tusk apparently of 60 lbs. will weigh in the scales 70. The duty varies according to the district which supplies it: for instance,

that of Unyamwezi is charged $14 for 36 lbs.; Mombasah, Lamu, and Kilwa, $4; the Pangani and Tanga countries $8, and Somaliland only $2. In the African animal the female's tusk is often longer and thicker than in the long-legged variety of India and Ceylon. At the Cape of Good Hope, where the land is poor, the elephant may reach twelve feet, whilst northwards, where forage abounds, the average is three feet shorter, whilst the tusks are, according to travellers, much bulkier than in the taller beast. This may be explained by the more regular development of the defences where the animal is undisturbed by man. Ivory grows as long as its owner grows. At Zanzibar they declare that the animal which bears monster tusks is not, as might be expected, of mammoth stature: it is a moderate-sized beast, high in the forehand, and sloping away behind, like a hyæna. We have found it necessary to preserve our elephants in Ceylon, but in Africa the grounds extend from N. lat. 10° to S. lat. 25°, and clean across the Continent. There is no present fear of the market wanting supply: the annual deaths of over 100,000 would be a mere trifle considering the extent of country over which the herds roam.

Zanzibar exports her produce to the four quarters of the world as follows:

Europe and the United States take cocoa, Kopra (dried meat of the nut), cocoa-nut oil, and orchilla; copal, ivory, cloves and stems, hippopotamus' teeth, tortoise-shell, and a little ambergris; cowries, hides, goat-skins, horns, gums, beeswax, and valuable woods in small quantities. The exports to France are chiefly sesamum and Kopra. There is no direct trade with Great Britain. Vessels from the United States usually touch, before going home, at Aden and Maskat, where they fill up with coffee and dates.

India demands chiefly ivory, copal, and cloves; she also buys hippopotamus' tusks, rhinoceros' horns, cocoa-nuts, beeswax, tabkir or snuff, arrow-root, gums, and Zanzibar rafters. It is asserted in a journal of the R. Geographical Society (vol. xii., March, 1856) that Zanzibar Island and Coast have an annual export and import trade of £300,000 with Western, and of £150,000 with Eastern India. Arabia takes the same articles as Hindostan. Madagascar prefers British and foreign manufactured goods and coarse Bombay earthenware, flowered basins, and similar goods. This trade was declining in 1857, and vessels were not allowed to enter any of the ports. The Mrima or African coast requires American domestics, indigo-dyed cloths, cotton checks, common broad-cloths (especially crimson), Indian and Maskat stuffs, Surat and other caps, china and iron wares, brass chains, and brass and iron wires (Nos. 7 and 8). It also imports Venetian beads, a very delicate article of trade, each district having its own peculiar variety; subject also to perpetual change, and refusing to take any of the 400 kinds except those in fashion. Finally, a dangerous commerce, and highly disadvantageous to the white race, was carried on in arms and ammunition: coarse gunpowder was supplied in kegs; and one European house exported, it is said, in a single year 13,000 muskets, thus overdoing the trade. The weapon must have a black butt, and an elephant on the lock, otherwise it is hardly saleable; moreover, the price should not exceed three to four shillings. The old Tower musket was a prime favourite.

The following is a summary of the exports from the port of Zanzibar in 1859, when the East African Expedition left the coast.

Exported to	Local Money.	English Money.		
	German Crowns.	£	s.	d.
Great Britain	25,050	5,566	15	0
United States	534,100	118,688	18	0
France	247,500	55,000	0	0
Hamburg	161,000	35,777	15	0
British India	467,500	103,888	18	0
Cutch	313,400	69,644	10	0
Arabia	105,200	23,377	14	6
East Coast of Africa	1,233,900	274,200	0	0
West Coast of Africa	230,000	51,111	2	6
Madagascar	73,850	16,411	2	0
Total Value of Exports	3,391,200	753,666	15	0

The principal articles of export from the port of Zanzibar were as follows:

Names of Articles.		Quantities Exported.	Value in English Money.		
Produce of the Island of Zanzibar, and East Coast of Africa.			£	s.	d.
Ivory	lbs.	488,600	146,666	18	0
Cloves	,,	4,860,100	55,666	14	0
Gum Copal	,,	875,875	37,166	18	0
Hides	number	95,000	25,553	12	0
Cowries	lbs.	8,016,000	51,444	9	0
Sesamum Seed	,,	8,388,360	20,800	0	0
Cocoa-nuts	,,	1,750,000	2,711	5	0
Kopra (dried Cocoa-nut)	,,	2,450,000	13,333	7	0
Cocoa-nut Oil	,,	252,000	4,066	15	0
Rafters	number	20,000	1,250	0	0
Red Pepper	lbs.	176,000	1,422	6	0
Value of Local Produce exported			360,082	4	0
Articles of Foreign Manufacture.					
American Cottons	bales	6,200	103,890	0	0
English Cottons	,,	950	35,895	0	0
	boxes	100			
Indian Cottons	bales	1,100	50,089	0	0
	pieces	13,200			
Muscat Loongees	bales	200	10,000	0	0
Venetian Beads	barrels	900	25,555	12	0
Brass Wire	,,	225	8,444	9	0
Muskets	number	20,400	15,111	2	0
Gunpowder	barrels	10,500	11,666	15	0
China and Iron Ware			7,111	0	0
Bullion	German crowns	370,000	82,222	5	0
Value of 21 chief Articles of Export			£ 710,067	7	0

The following is a summary of the value of the import and export trade of Zanzibar, borrowed from the consular reports of 1864.

		£
1861-62	Imports	361,837
	Exports	427,016
	Total ..	788,853
1862-63	Imports	544,903
	Exports	467,053
	Total ..	1,011,956
	Total increase during 1862-63 ..	223,103

The distribution of the above trade was as follows:—

IMPORTS.

From what place.	1861-62.	1862-63.	Increase.	Decrease.
	£	£	£	£
United Kingdom		24,908	24,908	
British India	117,790	157,660	39,870	
Protected States of India	19,789	18,336		1,453
Arabia and Persian Gulf	10,063	10,572	509	
Coast of Africa and adjacent islands	115,856	206,394	90,538	
France	29,305	34,500	5,195	
Italy		7,263	7,263	
United States of America	27,789	26,179		1,610
Hamburg	41,242	52,674	11,432	
Total .. £	361,837	544,902	183,065	

Zanzibar imports from Europe and America silks, cottons, chintzes, and calicoes, muskets and gunpowder, beads and gunny-bags, notions and knick-nacks. The Americans chiefly send 'domestics' from the Massachusetts Mills. This year some thousand pieces of English cotton were sold, to the detriment of that specialty, and in 1863 even American merchants were compelled by war to import Manchester goods. French vessels bring out little but specie, there being hardly any demand for French manufactured goods. The total of French im-

ports in 1859 was $516,451, of which $400,000 were bullion and $41,000 Venetian beads. Imports from Great Britain pass through India. Hamburg ships are laden with commissioned articles, mostly English,—glass ware and mirrors, English lead, sail-cloth in small pieces, broadcloths, and similar articles. From India come English manufactured goods, cotton piece-goods, long-cloths, inferior broad-cloths, beads, brass and iron wires, coarse cutlery (English and foreign), bar and round iron, hardware, English muskets, tin, pig-lead, copper, spelter, china and earthenware; cereals in general, but especially rice, ghi, sweet-oil (cocoa), bitter-oil (sesamum), spices and frankincense, sugar and sugar-candy. Maskat supplies principally ornamental cloths (lungi, &c.), salt, sharks'-flesh, and fish-oil. The African Mrima contributes chiefly slaves, ivory, and copal, coffee and tobacco, cocoas and cloves; cereals, especially Jowari or holcus; ghi, cowries, and other shells, Zanzibar rafters and firewood, rhinoceros' horns and hippotamus' teeth. Small pigs of excellent copper, and malachite of a fine quality, have been brought from the country of the Cazembe, and the analogy of Angola would lead us to expect rich mines in the interior. Madagascar contributes only tortoise-shell and a little rice, the latter husked or parboiled, to prevent it being used as seed by the importers. This custom is connected with some superstition: a few years ago the inhabitants of Socotra sold some she-goats to a ship's crew, and complained that they were not visited by rain for several seasons. In 1863, wishing to introduce cocoa into Fernando Po, I bought a sack of seed from Prince Island, and found that all had been scalded. The trade with India and Arabia is carried on by 'Daus' and Batelas, of

which there are neither registers nor returns. Weights and measures vary greatly at Zanzibar, where no three exactly correspond. There are no standards: stone is used instead of metal, and the rapacity of the seller has introduced notable differences into the sizes and contents of one and the same denomination.

The Wakiyyah, or ounce, the unit here as amongst most of the Arabic-speaking races, is the weight of a German dollar = Engl. avoirdupois, 15.50 drs.

12 Wakiyyat = 1 Ruba Man (¼ Maund) =		11 oz.	10.50 drs.
16 Wakiyyat (& 1 Anna) = 1 Ratl (lb.) =		15	8.00
24 Wakiyyat = 1 Nisf Man (½ Maund) =	1 lb.	7	5.00
48 Wakiyyat, or German crowns = 1 Man (Maund) =	2 lbs.	14	10.00
2 Man ($96 weight) = 1 Kaylah (measure) =	5	13	4.00
6 Kaylah = 1 Farsaleh (fraisle) =	35	0	0
10 Farásileh = 1 Jizleh =	350	0	0
2 Jizleh = 1 Kandi (Candy) =	700	0	0

The weight of the German crown thus regulated all others, and of the former 16 may be assumed in round numbers to form the Ratl, or Arab lb. Of course no standard is kept. Without wear the 16 coins should weigh 449.568 grammes, or about 4 grammes less than the English avoirdupois. According to Captain Guillain the average weighs only 442 grammes, and the loss becomes 7 grammes. Thus the Man, which should be 1.348 Kilo., is reduced to 1.326; and the Farsaleh of 12 Man from 16.184 Kilos to 15.912. Practically, in order to facilitate business, the Farsaleh or unit of higher value is made equal to 35 light lbs. avoirdupois or 15.874 Kilos, but the natives still assume the weight of the Man at 48 piastres. The Kandi is the unit of freight: thus the voyage to Bombay is said to cost $4.50 to $5 per Candy. The Kandi for

ivory = 21 Farasileh (= 333.354 Kilos), for copal and cloves = 22 Farasileh. Tonnage is represented by the Jizleh, a very uncertain weight, of which 2.103 to 3 are equivalent to the Kandi.

The English pound avoirdupois is generally used. The Maskat Maund is $8\frac{2}{4}$ lbs. or 9 lbs., trebling that of Zanzibar, 2 lbs. 14 oz. 10 drs. Ivory and cloves, coffee, gums, and similar articles are mostly sold by the Farsaleh.[1]

The measures of length, besides the English foot, which is generally recognized in commerce, are—

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Fitr (the short span between thumb and forefinger)	= 1 Zirá'a, or cubit (= 18 inches).
2 Shibr (long spans between thumb and auricularis)	= 1 Zirá'a, or cubit.[2]
2 Zirá'a	= 1 Wár (= 1 yard).
2 Wár (4 Zirá'a)	= 1 Ba'a, or fathom.

The Kadam or pace is roughly applied as a land measure. The learned use as itinerary distances the Hindu 'Kos' and the Persian Farsakh (parasang), without, however, any regularity. Marches are reckoned by the Sa'at, or hour, somewhat like the pipe of the S. African Boer.

The corn measures are—

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Ratl to 2 Ratl	= 1 Kibabah.
4 Kibabah	= 1 Kayla.
8 Kaylah to 16 Kaylah	= 1 Farrah (فرق).
60 Kaylah	= 1 Jizleh.
112 Kaylah to 120 Kaylah	= 1 Khandí.

[1] Farsaleh, in the plural Farasileh, is supposed to be an Arabic word, but it is unintelligible to the Arabs, except when they sell coffee. I can only suggest that it is derived from our parcel, and that we, on the other hand, have taken from it the word fraisle (of coffee).

[2] Capt. Guillain finds amongst the Wasawahili that the cubit averages 45 centi-metres, and amongst the Somal 48 to 49. This agrees

The Kaylah, which is the standard, varies from 5 lbs. to 8 lbs., according to the grain or pulse measured. In parts of the Benadir it is a little more than half that of Zanzibar, and expresses only 2.50 Kibabahs. The Farrah also is of many different capacities; it is generally a jar whose capacity is determined by its contents in Kaylahs.

The currency at present is—

8 Pice	= 1 Anna (in India 4 pice) here a nominal coin = $3\frac{1}{5}d.$
2 Annas	= 1 Tumni ($6\frac{2}{5}d.$).
26 Pice	= 1 Pistoline, or small Robo.
32 Pice	= 1 Robo (Ruba' kirsh, quarter dollar = 1*s.* $1\frac{1}{4}d.$).
16 Annas (4 Robos, or 128 Pice)	= 1 Riyal or German crown = 4*s.* 2*d.* (here equal to the Spanish dollar).
$9\frac{1}{2}$ dollars	= 1 Half-doubloon.
18 or 19 dollars	= 1 Doubloon.

German crowns or Maria Theresa (the standard coin) now becoming rare, the following coins have been declared legal tenders at the rates here specified.

The gold ounce = Maria Theresa	$15.00
English sovereign	4.75
Gold Napoleon (20 francs)	3.75
„ (10 francs)	1.$\frac{3}{5}$ths
„ (5 francs)	0.$\frac{15}{16}$ths
Silver 5-franc piece	0.94 pice
Indian rupee	0.47

Formerly the Austrian Maria Theresa, coined at Milan, known as Girsh Aswad (black dollar), was the only legal tender. Its weight should be grammes 28.098. The Spanish or Pillar dollar, called Girsh Abyaz (white

with my observations. The latter race is not only tall and gaunt; it has also a peculiarly long and simian forearm: moreover, when cloth is to be measured, the biggest man in the village is generally summoned.

dollar), Abu Madfa' (the 'Father of Cannon' from the columns), Girsh Moghrebi (the western dollar), and Abu Takeh (Father of Window, whence the common trade term 'Patac'), generally equalled it in value. At times, however, there was an agio of 2 per cent. in favour of the Austrian. The Mexican dollar suffered discount of 5 to 10 per cent. in favour of the Maria Theresa. The Bolivian was unknown. The Company's rupee was current, but valued at 220 to 223 per 100 Austrians. After abundant dunning on the part of the French, who with scant conscience or delicacy insisted upon their silver being taken, the late Sayyid ordered 110 five-franc pieces to be the equivalent of 100 Maria Theresas: the bazar, however, demanded 112.

It is curious that while the Half-doubloon never varies, the Doubloon is worth sometimes $18, sometimes $19.

Cloth is sold by the following measures:

2 Shibr	= 1 Zirá'a, or cubit.
4 Zirá'a	= 1 Saub, Tobe, or Shukkah.
2 Saub	= 1 Doti, or Duti.
2 Doti	= 1 Jurah, here generally pronounced Gora.
20 to 30 yards	= 1 Takah.

The Saub or Tobe is at Zanzibar half-size of the Somali country. The Takah or piece varies greatly. That of 'Merkani,' American domestics, is generally of 30 yards. The Arabs are no judges of broad-cloth: remnants are usually imported, as none would venture upon a bale: often half a foot will be stolen from the whole length of the cloth, and a false selvage sewed on.

Beads are thus sold —

1 Zirá'a	= 1 Kaytah, or Kátá, a string about one cubit long.
35 lbs.	= 1 Farsaleh.

Ghee is sold by the eighth, quarter, or half Maund, or Maund (3 lbs.). The Kiski, or earthen pot, contains from 50 to 52 lbs. Vegetables and manioc are sold by the Pakhacheh (بقاجه) 'package,' or bundle, which varies greatly in size, according as the article is dear or cheap.

Salt is thus sold—

10 Kaylah (60 lbs.)	= 1 Kandha (a basket).
17 Farasileh (of Cutch salt)	= 1 Kandhi.
22 Farasileh (Surat)	= 1 Kandhi.

Coffee is sometimes sold by the Farsaleh of 7½ lbs., because that is the Mocha weight.

Dates are sometimes sold by the Farsaleh of 70 lbs.

Cocoa-nuts by the 100 or 1000.

Timber and hides by the Kurjah, or score. Fuel in little bundles.

The following is a tariff of articles purchasable in the bazar during the month of May, 1857. The reader, however, is warned that the price of almost everything was then exceedingly high.

Grains.

Rice (Bombay best)	17 German crowns	per Kandi.
„ Bengal	14 „	„
„ Zanzibar best	1 German crown	per 5 Kaylah.
„ „ 2nd quality	1 „	„ 5⅓ „
„ „ 3rd „	1 „	„ 6½ „
„ Mangalore	1 „	„ 6 „
„ Indian (red)	1 „	„ 7 „

Holcus or Jowari (Ar. Durrah and Taam, Kis. Mtámá, Ang. Kafir Corn)—

Coast Grain	1 German crown	per 15 Kaylah.
Indian „	1 „	„ 16 „

At harvest time even 130 Kaylah may be bought for a dollar.

Muhindy or maize—		
Coast grain	1 German crown	per 16 Kaylah.
Wheat (all imported)—		
1st quality.	10 German crowns	per Kandi.
2nd „	9 „	„
Flour (America)	4 „	per barrel.
„ (Maskat)	2 to 3 „	„ Juniyah.
Bájri, Arabic Dukhn, Guinea corn, Pennisetum typhoideum (imported) the best from Cutch	1 German crown	per 13 Kaylah.

Of this grain not more than 50 sacks are grown on the Island.

Pulse.

Lobiya (best and largest is the white from Mozambique)	1 German crown	per 8 Kaylah.
Lobiya (smaller reddish)	1 „	„ 10 „
„ (small red)	1 „	„ 12 „
„ (inferior)	1 „	„ 14 „
Chaná, Arab. Hummus, Persian Nukhud, Kis. 'dengu' Anglo-Indian 'gram' from Port. Grão (Mandavie best)	12 German crowns	per Kandi.
Chaná (Banjáru red, called black)	8 „	„
Chaná (Jambusiri yellow, called white)	8 „	„
Sesamum (Tel, Kunjid, or Futa)	1 German crown	per 7 Kaylah.

This article has greatly varied of late in price: from 6 to 8½ Kaylah have been bought for a dollar.

Thúr[1] (Arab. Túriyán Kis. Baradi)	1 German crown	per 10 Kaylah.
Mung (Persian Mash Kis. Chiroko)	„	„ 9 „
(small and green, boiled and eaten in pillows.)		

[1] The Banyans import this pulse (Cajanus Indicus) split, skin, boil, and eat it with ghi; sometimes with rice and ghi, like Dall. It is supposed to be a very windy food.

Urat[1] (or Papri Kis. P'hawi)	1 German crown	per 10 Kaylah.
Mustard seed.	1 „	„ 12 „

Mahogo or Manioc, five small pieces for a pice. It is extraordinarily dear.

Cucumbers—three per pice. They are brought from the coast.

Betel-nut—from seven to eight per pice.

Betel-leaves—the Rabtah of 30 leaves (it sometimes contains 50) for a pice.

Fruits.

Cocoa-nuts—7½ German crowns per 1000.

Mangos now a fancy price—half a dollar will be paid for the Kafír, or basket, which costs 4 or 5 pice in the season.

Jack-fruit—3, 4, or 5 pice a piece.

Oranges now in season. Three pice for 50 or 60 good fruit, and 100 if inferior.

Plantains are out of season. From half a dollar to two dollars per bunch.

Pine-apples rare—5, 6, or 7 pice each. When cheap they are to be had for half a pice.

Dates.

Best quality	¾ German crown	per Farsaleh.
2nd „	11 Annas	„
3rd „	10 „	„
4th „	9 „	„

Ghee.

Best quality	8 German crowns	per Farsaleh.
2nd „	7½ „	„
3rd „	6 „	„

Meats.

Goats' flesh	1 German crown	per 10 lbs.
Mutton	1 „	„ 11 lbs.

Beef is sold by the bullock, costing on an average $8.

Fowls—8 large, 12 half-fowls, or 16 chickens, $1.

Ducks—(the pair), $1.

Geese—(each), $1.

Sharks' meat, salted—one piece about 1 oz. weight per pice.

Eggs—One per pice; when cheap, three.

Milk—From 6 to 8 pice per bottle.

[1] Unknown in Persia, this little black grain, like poppy seed, comes from Bombay, and is eaten boiled with ghi.

Sugars.

Soft	3¾	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Candy	6	„	„
Halwa	1	„	per 8 Maunds.

Honey is not procurable at this season. Bees-wax varies from 7 to 8 dollars per Farsaleh.

Salt (imported)—1 German crown per 43 Kaylah. During the season 60 Kaylah may be had.

Coffees.

Mocha	6	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Cochin	5½	„	

Tea—A very inferior kind is sold by Kojahs for 4 Annas, and another but little better for 6 Annas, the pound.

Oils.

Sweet (cocoa)	2¾	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Bitter (sesamum)	3¾	„	„
Turpentine	2	„	per gallon.
Linseed (bad)	1¾	„	„

Spices.

Black pepper	3¾	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Red ditto	now fetches fancy prices.		
Cloves	1⅞	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Ginger	1¾	„	„
Nutmegs	30	„	„

Garm Masallah.

Zira (cummin)	3	German crowns	per Farsaleh.
Garlic	4	„	„
Coriander	1	„	per 15 Kaylah.
Cinnamon	7¼	„	per Farsaleh.
Cardamoms	27	„	„
Turmeric, best quality	2	„	„
„ second	1¼	„	„
Ginger	1¾	„	„
Camphor	6	Annas	per pound.

Metals.

Lead	1	German crown	per 3 Maunds (9 lbs.).
Tin, best	10	„	per Farsaleh.
„ second quality	9	„	„
Iron (Swedish)	2¼	„	„
„ (English)	1 and 6	Annas	„

Brass wire (No. 8)	1¼	German crowns	per Maund.
„ (No. 7)	1	„	„
„ (fine)	¾	„	„
Iron wire (No. 8)	5	„	„
„ (No. 7)	4	„	„
„ (fine)	3	„	„

There is no copper wire, as the Arabs refuse to pay the price; yet some tribes in the interior demand it.

Various articles.

Copal (best)	9	German crowns	per Farsalch.
„ (2nd)	7	„	„
„ (3rd)	6½	„	„
„ (inferior)	4	„	„
Wax Candles	12	Annas	the dozen.

Formerly the Americans brought excellent candles; the Arabs, however, fancied that they contained pigs' grease, and now none are procurable.

French Writing-paper	4	German crowns	per ream.
2nd quality	2	„	„
3rd quality	14	Annas	„
Post-paper	1½	German crowns	„
Portuguese	2½	„	„
Hides.			
Brava	23	German crowns	per Korjah (20).
Pemba	10	„	„
Common	9½	„	„
Goat-skins.			
1st quality	2½	German crowns	„
2nd ditto	1½	„	„
Soap (*European*).			
20 bars, in box	1¾	German crown.	
12 cakes, perfumed	1	„	
6 cakes, in box	¾	„	
12 cakes, inferior	½	„	
Country soap	1½	„	per Farsalch.
Potash	¾	„	„

A few cigars are sold by the shopkeepers. They are

of very inferior quality, and cost about half a dollar for a bundle of 25.

Paint.

Red, per tub	1¾	German crowns.	
Black „	2	„	
White „	1¾	„	
Blue „	2	„	
Pitch	2	„	per Farsaleh.
Tar	1½	„	

APPENDIX II.

A. B.

THERMOMETRIC OBSERVATIONS IN EAST AFRICA.

OBSERVATIONS TAKEN IN ZANZIBAR TOWN, BETWEEN MARCH, 1853, AND JUNE, 1853.

Register.	March, 1853.	April, 1853.	May, 1853.	June, 1853.
Extreme height of barometer during the month	30.140	30.100	30.200	30.272
Extreme depression " " "	29.892	29.938	29.990	30.088
Mean of barometer at sunrise	30.044	30.023	30.114	30.166
" " 10 A.M.	30.061	30.029	30.116	30.189
" " 4 P.M.	29.985	29.992	30.080	30.135
" " 10 P.M.	30.016	30.016	30.084	30.157
Extreme height of dry thermometer during the month	90°	87°	86°	81°
Extreme depression " " "	79°	76°	72°	73°
Mean of thermometer at sunrise	83°.290	80°.766	77°.807	75°.300
" " 10 A.M.	84°.096	82°.366	79°.450	77°.600
" " 4 P.M.	85°.193	82°.966	79°.419	78°.800
" " 10 P.M.	83°.806	82°.166	78°.677	77°.866
Greatest difference between dry and wet bulbs	8°	8°	8°	11°
Least " " "	4°	2°	2°	5°
Extreme fall of rain, inches	1.7	3.76	5.63	none
Total fall of rain, inches	5.34	18.34	24.03	none
General direction of wind at sunrise	N. and E.	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.
" " 10 A.M.	N. and W.	S.W.	S.W.	S.W.
" " 4 P.M.	N. and W.	S.W. and S.E.	S.W.	S.W.
" " 10 P.M.	S.E. and N.E.	S.W. and S.E.	S.W.	S.W. and S.E.

NOTE. The evaporating dish had not reached Zanzibar when these observations were recorded.

N.B. Medium temperature generally assumed to be 79° (F.), and the mercury rarely rises above 89° (F.)

OBSERVATIONS TAKEN IN ZANZIBAR TOWN, BETWEEN JULY, 1853, AND FEBRUARY, 1854.

Register.	July, 1853.	November, 1853.	December, 1853.	January, 1854.	February, 1854.
Extreme height of barometer during the month	30.362	30.184	30.132	30.142	30.104
Extreme depression " "	30.112	29.886	29.928	29.900	29.850
Mean of barometer at sunrise	30.227	30.120	30.050	30.035	30.023
" " 10 A.M.	30.237	30.132	30.068	30.049	30.051
" " 3 P.M.	30.190	30.050	29.993	29.986	29.961
" " 10 P.M.	30.181	30.088	30.014	29.977	29.986
Extreme height of dry thermometer during the month	82°	88°	89°	90°	90°
Extreme depression " "	70°	75°	77°	82°	78°
Mean of thermometer at sunrise	74°.645	80°.066	82°.030	83°.580	83°.892
" " 10 A.M.	77°.741	83°.300	84°.483	85°.870	86°
" " 4 P.M.	78°.483	84°.666	86°.095	86°.741	87°
" " 10 P.M.	78°.064	84°.433	85°.129	86°.161	86°.535
Greatest difference between dry and wet bulbs	11°	11°	11°	10°	11°
Least " " "	3°	3°	3°	5°	5°
Extreme fall of rain, inches	0.96	2.34	2.10	2.32	1.84
Total fall of rain, inches	1.38	11.80	7.90	12.14	3.44
General direction of wind at sunrise	S.W.	S.E. and S.W.	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.
" " 10 A.M.	S.W.	S.E. and S.W.	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.
" " 4 P.M.	S.W. and S.E.	S.W.	N.E.	N.E.	N.E.
" " 10 P.M.	S.W. and S.E.	S.W.	N.E. and S. E.	N.E.	N.E.

The evaporating dish showed	Total evaporation during the month.	Greatest evaporation in any one day.	Least evaporation in any one day..
In January (1857) inches	2.36	.09	.04
February " "	2.19	.10	.05
March " "	2.49	.09	.06
April " "	1.76	.10	.03

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT PANGA-NI AND CHOGWE, FEBRUARY 1857.

Date.	10 A.M.	4 P.M.	Remarks.
4 Feb.	85°	86° 30′	In house Panga-ni: long upper room, open to E. and S. Clear day, fine breeze from E.
5 „	87°	86°	
6 „	87°	89° in boat	Sky clear. High E. wind. Scud at night.
7 „	92° hut at Chog-	91° hut at Chog-	Wind N.E. Stars and moon hidden by scud.
8 „	89° 30′ we	90° 30′ way	At midnight 74°. Heavy dew. Scud at night. Rain in mountains.
9 „	78° 30′	79°	Both obs. made in Tongwe Fort.
10 „	85°		Obs. taken in shade of rock. Jungle below Tongwe. Very hot day.
Sums	604° 0′	522° 0′	B. P. Therm. by Newman at Panga-ni, 212.2 Temp. 85°
			Chogway, 212.1 „ 89°
			Tongway, 208.8 „ 81°
Means	86° 17′	87° 0′	

OBSERVATIONS MADE ON ROUTE TO FUGA, FEBRUARY, 1857.

Date.	10 A.M.	4 P.M.	Remarks.
11 Feb.	91° (Nullah)	99° (Do.)	N.E. wind. Flaming day. Clear evening and night.
12 „	86° 30′ (hut at Kohode facing N.)	96°	Cloudy morn. Hot day. At night sheet-lightning over Usumbara hills.
13 „	87° (tree facing N.)	92° (3 P.M.)	Wind N. E. Lightning at night. Heavy nimbus from Usumbara, rain coming up against wind.
14 „	85° (ditto)	81° Pasunga under shed	S.W. RAINY MONSOON BEGINS. S.W. wind. Cloudy day. Storm at 4 P.M. Therm. 76°.
15 „	80° (shed)	75° hill-top	S.W. wind. Rain in morn and at night. Mists over hills. Clouds.
16 „	79° (hut Fuga)	73° (hut)	N.E. wind. No sun or stars for lights. Rain at night.
17 „	72° (hut below Fuga in rain)	90° Pasunga	S.W. wind. Stormy. Heavy rain 9 to 10 A.M. Canopus visible.
Sums	580° 30′	606°	B. P. at Kohode, 210.7 Therm 80° Msiki Mguru, 209.8 „ 80° Pasunga, 209.8 „ 85° Fuga, 205.0 „ 79°
Means	82° 51′	86° 34′	

OBSERVATIONS MADE ON RETURN TO CHOGWE, FEBRUARY, 1857.

Date.	10 A.M.	4 P.M.	Remarks.
18 Feb.	79° (open air)		
19 „	93° (tree)	84°	. At Kizanga. N.E. wind. Rained half day. At noon in shade 101°. During storm 76°.
20 „	89° ditto	90° (Hut, Chogwe)	N.E. wind. Rain ceased. Stinging sun. Cloudy night.
21 „		87° (Hut, Chogwe)	N.E. wind. Cloudy. Veiled sky.
22 „	84° (Hut, Chogwe)	86° (Hut, Chogwe)	Nimbus from S.W. against wind. No rain.
23 „	92° (Hut, Chogwe)		N.E. wind. Close, cloudy, dusty weather. Hot night.
24 „	90° (Hut, Chogwe)		Hot air. Close and cloudy. Dust like sand.
Sums	527°	347°	
Means	87° 50′	86° 45′	

OBSERVATIONS MADE ON RETURN TO PANGA-NI, FEBRUARY, 1857.

Date.	10 A.M.	4 P.M.	Remarks.
25 Feb.	90°	89°	Both in hut, Chogwe. N.E. wind, fine day.
26 „	86°	82°	Both in boat. N.E. wind. Very hot sun. Clear night.
27 „	82° 30′ (Governor's House Panga-ni)	85° 30′ (Governor's House)	Leakage, 10 A.M. Hot night. Cold dews.
28 „		85° 30′	Ditto. Clear hot day. Cloudy night.
1 March	84° 30′	85° 30′	Ditto. Cloudy morn. Fine clear day.
			Observations summarily cut short by fever.
Sums	343°	427° 30′	
Means	85° 45′	85° 30′	

APPENDIX II.

C.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS

MADE IN 1857, 1858, 1859.

OBSERVATIONS MADE FROM KAOLE TO ZUNGOMERO, DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1857.

DAY

JUNE 28 Barometer at 10 a.m., 30.336; at 4 p.m., 30.646. Therm. at 10 a.m., 83°/(81°); at 4 p.m., 97°/(85°). Zungomero. Cold in morning, 68°. Clear. Cumulus and high wind at 10 a.m. Hot midday. Cumulus (5). Wind fell; rose again about 4 p.m.

29 A march. Cold. Pleasant hot clear sun. Clouds, 4 from S.W. At 4 a.m. cool S.W. wind, therm. 84°.

30 Kaole, Kinga-ni, Boma-ni. Barometer at 10 a.m., 30.438; at 4 p.m., 30.232. Therm. at 10 a.m., 83°/81°; at 4 p.m., 80°/78°. Morning hot. At 9 a.m. clouds, cumulus, and nimbus. At 11 a.m. rain. Clouds and heat-showers all day.

JULY 1 March. Mkwaju la Mvua-ni. Normal weather. Clouds fleecy, misty, came up with sun. Heavy rain, huge drops about 1 p.m. Cloudy during day. Fine night. Wind S.W.

2 March. Morning fine. Nimbus about noon. No rain. Wind S.W.

3 March. Same as yesterday. Wind S.W.

4 Halt. Sick, uncertain. Day as usual. At night, moon, rainbow, thick clouds. Violent rain. Mcho'o, between 2 Masikas, lasts one day, and then goes off for a time.

5 March. Clear morning. Hot sun. Mist clouds and nimbus. Few drops of rain. Splendid night.

6 March. Clear morning. Hot sun. Mist clouds and nimbus. Few drops of rain. Splendid night.

7 Barometer at 10 a.m., 30.078; at 4 p.m., 30.086. Therm. at 10 a.m., 83°/81°; at 4 p.m., 85°/83°. Clear morning. Hot sun. Mist clouds and nimbus. Few drops of rain. High wind.

8 March. Wild day. Rain frequent, and in huge drops. Furious winds. At night cloudy, wind S.W., as usual.

9 March. Alternately hot, cold, and rainy. Violent gusts. Rain heavy before moon rose. Heavy dew. Wind S.W.

10 March. Morning cloudy. Clear and hot about noon. Fleecy clouds. No rain. Wind light and S.W.

11 Barometer at 10 a.m., 29.325; at 4 p.m., 29.320. Therm. at 10 a.m., 76°/76°; at 4 p.m., 78°/76°. Cloudy morning.

12 March. Madege Madogo. Day fine. Wind and clouds from S.W. Clouds, cumulus after 7 and 8. Wind high.

13 March. Kidunda. Day exactly like yesterday.

14 March. Mgeta. Day normal. Cool in morning (70° or 71°), hot in midday, clouds and cumulus from S.W., and cold at night (68°).

15 March. Kiruru. Day at first misty. Hot sun at noon. Heavy nimbi from S.W. Torrents of rain at night.

16 Halt. Kiruru. Too sick to observe. Steamy hot day. Damp and disagreeable. Nimbi from S.W. at night. About 8 p.m. torrents of rain.

17 Halt. Kiruru. Too sick to observe. Dull day, no sun, wind, or rain. Sky all clouded over from S.W.

18 March. To Duthumî. Day close. Few clouds from S.W. Morning clear. Hot sun. Cloudy afternoon. Cold gusty night.

19 to 23 Halt. Too sick to observe. At Duthumî, perfectly uniform weather. Wind, probably from proximity of hills, from N. and N.E., cold and high. Hot sun. Cloudy morn and afternoon. Cold night, 66°. No rain whatever.

24 March. To Bakera. Red hot day with cold wind. Few cirri from S.W. Cold night.

25 March. To Zungomero. Bright morning. At noon heavy nimbi from S. and S.W. No rain.

26 Halt. Too sick to observe. Little wind. Hot occasional sun. Cloudy from S.W. In hut therm. never varied from between 70° and 80°.

27 Halt. Too sick to observe. Cool cloudy day from the S.W. Impossible to make observations. Very damp country, and mists easily rise.

REMARKS.—Air, as Baloch say, lighter and more healthy than Zanzibar.

Showers, accompanied and followed by raffales of cold wind.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT ZUNGOMERO, ETC., DURING THE MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST, 1857.

Climates—

1. Zungomero and Rivers—Rain every day or night. Violent bursts after every 2 or 3 days. Very unwholesome. S.W. wind. Cold from below.

2. Goma Hills—Fog, mist in morn. Then clear day. Cold S. wind. Wholesome cool nights.

3. In Rufuma and Usagara Hills—Very cold and hot, 50° and 60° at night, and dew, 90° and 100° in day. Rain and drizzle. Cold high E. winds. Healthy, because high.

DATE, JULY AND AUGUST, 1857.

1 Barometer at 10 a.m., 29.320; at 4 p.m., 29.028. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 73°/75°; at 4 p.m., 79°/76°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.W.; at 10 a.m., S.W.; at 4 p.m., S.W.—REMARKS. High wind, S.W. Drops of rain. Clear and sunshine at times.*

2 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 76°/73°, at 4 p.m., 76°/74°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.W.; at 10 a.m., S.W.—Rem. Clouds higher. Drops of rain. A rather clear night.

3 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 74°/71°; at 4 p.m., 79°/76°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.W.; at 10 a.m., S.W.; at 4 p.m., S.W.—Rem. Fine morning. Heavy nimbus from S. Day clear. Hot sun. Torrents of rain at night.

4 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 74°/72°; at 4 p.m., 76°/74°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.E.; at 10 a.m., S.E.; at 4 p.m., S.E.—Rem. Hot sun. Nimbus from E. Rain from E. and S.E., at 3 p.m.

5 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 73°/70°; at 4 p.m., 78°/75°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E.; at 10 a.m., E.; at 4 p.m., E.—Rem. Dewy morn. Hot sun. Nimbus from S.E. Rain at 2 p.m. Finer day.

6 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 75°/72°; at 4 p.m., 81°/71°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.E.; at 10 a.m., S.E.; at 4 p.m., S.E.—Rem. Dawn, rain. Fine day. Cumuli on horizon. At 2 p.m. tourbillon and dust. No rain. High wind all night.

7 March. Very fine morn. Hot sun. Cloud at 10 a.m. Cold wind near river. Then hot sun. In mountains heavy nimbus at 4 p.m. from S.W. Cleared off. Tourbillon at night about 12 p.m. Cloudless night.

8 Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 80°/78°; at 4 p.m., 85°/84°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E.; at 10 a.m., S.E. Cloudless morn. Clouds about 10 a.m. from E. Fine hot day. Dew very heavy. 59° in morn.

9 March. Direction of wind at sunrise, E.; at 10 a.m., E. Gloomy morn. Clouds at 1 p.m. Fine and clear even. At dawn, therm. 54°. Copious dew. Healthy, cold.

10 In tent. (Chya K'henge.) Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 76°/75°; at 4 p.m., 82°/79°. Direction of wind at sunrise, W. and by N.; at 10 a.m., W.; at 4 p.m., W. Cirrus in morn. All over heavy nimbi from W. at 12, and at 3 p.m. Perfectly clear night. Stars burning brighter every day.—From 8 to 10 in tent Mzizi Mdogo. (No rain in these hills. Cold, fine, and healthy.) Rufuta. Mfuru-ni. Muhama R.

11 March. Clear hot morn. Fleecy clouds at 10 a.m. Heavy nimbi from W. Therm. in shade of tree at 10 a.m.; 87° at 3 p.m.?; at 5 p.m. sky covered. Clear night. Dew, clouds on hill-tops. Cold wind from N. at 10 p.m.

12 March. Clear hot morn. Heat clouds at 7.30 a.m. Wind N. Day, cloudy (cumuli high) with flashes of sun. Night clouded with thin clouds.

* Last good observation of barometer. Two thermometers (F.) used, attached and detached.

13 March. Wet fog on hill-tops. Therm. 74°. Did not clear till 10 a.m. Fiery hot day. Fine cool night. Heavy dew.
14 March. Cloudy morn. Then heavy nimbi from hill-tops, S.E. Spitting of rain from hills. At 9 a.m. clear. Hot at noon. Fiery sun and clouds.
15 Halt. Sunny day. Few heat-clouds. Hills clear. Cold night. Climate warmer than before.
16 Ditto in all points.
17 March. (Muhama.) Cool morn. Very hot day. At night rain-drops.
18 Halt. Furious hill-wind from S. and S.W. Clouds, and pleasant day. Cold dewy night. No rain. Land dried up.
19 Halt. Fine day. S. wind in gusts and raffales. Clouds as usual when sun strong. Cool dewy night.
20 Ditto. Climate sensibly warmer.
21 March. (Makata.) Cloudy morn at 10 a.m. Cumuli and sun mitigated by high S.W. wind. Night alternately cloudy and clear. Climate warm.
22 March. (M'yombo.) Dewy morn. Fiery sun. High S. wind. In afternoon heavy nimbi from S. Cold dewy night.
23 March. (Mbumi.) Fine cool morn. Heavy dew clouds. Very close at 8 a.m. Pleasant S.W. wind at 9. Gentle wind under hills. Cool clear night.
24 March. (Kadétamare.) Cloudy dawn. Hot sun. Fiery afternoon. Few high cirri. Cool evening. Very cold night. Therm. 58° and 60°. Dew heavy.
25 March. (Muinyi.) Cold, clear, dewy morn. Then fiery sun and a few cirri. S. winds. Cool pleasant night.
26 Halt. Morn cloudy. Heavy nimbi. Violent S. wind. Night cool and pleasant. Hill-tops. Misty morn. and even.
27 March. (Nidabi.) Cloudy morn. Then small rain from hills. Cold raw wind from S.E. Furious heat at morn. Few cirri. Hot till 12, then cool. Pleasant night.
30 Barometer at 10 a.m., 28.400; at 4 p.m., 28.331. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 74°/71°; at 4 p.m., 75°/73°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.W.; at 10 a.m., S.W.—Rem. Moderate rain in morning. Very heavy at 12. Fearful burst at 3 p.m.
31 Barometer at 10 a.m., 28.468; at 4 p.m., 28.340. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 74°/72°; at 4 p.m., 76°/74°. Direction of wind at sunrise, S.W.; at 10 a.m., S.W.—Rem. Bad rain all night.
AUGUST 28. Halt. Fine morn. At 10 a.m., cloud on hills. Spitting of rain. At noon, cloudy. At 4 p.m., hot sun. Cool night after 10 or 11 p.m., before hot.
29 March. (Rumuma.) Fine morn. Dew clouds in E., on hills obscuring sun. On hill-top, Sarsar wind. Then clear sky and fiery sun. Wind, S. At night in tent therm. 56°.
30 Halt. Morn. clear and little dew. Day sunny and cloudy; climate of Italy. Therm. at 2 p.m. in tent, 95° (40° variation in day). Nights cool and pleasant.
31 Halt. Cool morn. Clear day. Fiery sunset. Morn, hazy. Cool and pleasant night.

ALT. OBSERVATIONS ON GOMA HILLS.

Rufuta River (5.45 p.m.) 28.932. Alt. 77°, Det. 75°. Then cloudy evening.
Half up Pass (6.15 a.m.) 28.700. Alt. 77°, Det. 72°. Misty morn. Fog.
On Goma (8.30 a.m.) 27.994. Alt. 78°, Det. 75°. Clearer, sun and clouds.
On summit (9.30 a.m.) 27.400. Alt. 82°, Det. 84°. Clear and fine.
Mfuruny (5.15 p.m.) 27.388. Alt. 80°, Det. 74°. Fine clear evening.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT INENGE AND UGOGI DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER, 1857.

DAY

1 Heavy rain in morn at dawn. Then clear and cloudy. At 10 a.m. sky all clouded. Long shower of small drops. (Halt. Rumuma.) In night spitting of rain. Close night. Wind E.

2 March. (Marenga.) Drizzle for 1 hour. Nimbi in morn from E. Then cold wind and clouds. At Marenga furious E. wind. Cumuli high. Sun moderate. At sunset, wind sank. Came up with moon, furious at night. Sky clear, but table-cloths on hills.

3 March. (Jungle.) Clear morn. Wind fell with dawn. Gusts at 7 a.m. Very hot sun. Asses rushing under the shade. Fine, clear, cold night; all wet with dew. A few clouds (mists) and gusts.

4 March. (Inenge.) Fine cool morn. Very hot, and few clouds till 9. Then pleasant breeze. Clouds at 10, but not sun. Clear and burning at 4. Night at first warm, then cold.

5 Halt. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.432; at 4 p.m., 26.412. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 77°/76°; at 4 p.m., 77°/75°. Cool morn. Clouds from hills till about 4 p.m. Sun then burning. Misty, dewy night. Wind E. and dusty.

6 Halt. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.688; at 4 p.m., 26.616. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 87°/73°; at 4 p.m., 79°/76°. Hot morn, sun. Wind from N. and E. Very hot at 4 p.m. Exceedingly cold and clear night. Wind at sunset raw and dangerous.

7 Halt. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.458; at 4 p.m., 26.450. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 75°/75°; at 4 p.m., 75°/73°. Hot morn. Wind very variable. Feels killingly cold. Yet therm. high. At 4 begins to be feverish.

8 Halt. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.480; at 4 p.m., 26.400. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 82°/78°; at 4 p.m., 76°/78°. Fine cool morn. Terrible sun afterward from 10 to 2. Wind very variable. Fine night.

9 Halt. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.418; at 4 p.m., 26.392. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 80°/78°; at 4 p.m., 79°/76°. Cool day. Cloudy and windy. Fine night as usual, very damp. Wind E. and N.—5 to 9. Pitched in hollow at foot of Pass.

10 March. Cold morn. Then great heat. Ascending Inenge mount. Fine cool wind. Cold night. Sun very hot at 4 p.m. Wind E. and N.

11 Halt. Rubeho. Cold heavy fog in morn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 25.100; at 4 p.m., 25.070. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 78°/79°; at 4 p.m., 76°/73°. Hot sun. At 10, fleecy, cloudy. Fierce heat at 12. Cool night, foggy, and no wind.

12 March 2nd. Rubeho. Heavy fog. Cleared at 9. At night, 64° in tent. Barometer at 4 p.m., 24.468. Temperature of air at 4 p.m., 73°/75°. Very high wind at 10; lasted all day; fell with the sun; rose again, and lasted all night. Rarefied and very cold.

13 Halt. Rubeho. Foggy morn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 24.462; at 4 p.m., 24.438. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 71°/71°; at 4 p.m., 70°/70°. Like rain. Cold day, but sun hot. Fog heavy. E. wind. Sun fierce. Wind and cold. Little dew in all these places. All fog. Dates, 12, 13 (Sept.) above Pass.

14 March. Exceedingly foggy morn. Sun bright and hot about noon. Barometer about 4 p.m., 24.644. Temperature of air at 4 p.m., 70°/72°.

Therm. in tent at dawn, 50°. High E. wind. At night, raw, windy, and foggy.

15 March. Jungle. Fog in morn. Bright hot sun. Few clouds after 1 p.m. High E. wind. Terrible night. Pitched on hill-side, with a draft to the hot plains below. Dates, 14, 15 (Sept.). Descent.

16 Halt. Little Rubeho. Fog, mist (almost rain), and wild wind in morn. High E. wind all day. Sun exceedingly hot. Too occupied to observe.

17 March. (Jungle.) Fog, mist, and wind from E. Very hot in day. Sun furious, and sky cloudless. Fine clear night. No dew whatever.

18 March. (Ugogi.) Cool morn. Hot sun. No clouds. Pitched in gully, where wind comes from every quarter. Mild night.

19 Halt. Day exactly as yesterday. Barometer at 10 a.m., 27.364; at 4 p.m., 27.310. Temperature at 10 a.m., 84°/82°; at 4 p.m., 83°/85°. Sun sets in these hills at 4.45 p.m. Warm night.

20 Halt. Clear morn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 27.270; at 4 p.m., 27.248. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 82°/79°; at 4 p.m., 85°/82°. Clouds. Cloudy in afternoon. Fine, clear, warm night. Great sameness of climate.

21 Halt. Cloudy morn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 27.236; at 4 p.m., 27.290. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 76°/74°; at 4 p.m., 78°/77°. Little wind. Drops of heat-rain at noon. Cloudy night. Warm in tent.

22 Tirikeza. Clear day in morn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 27.240. Temperature at 10 a.m., 76°/78°. Clouds at 10 till sunset. Then all clear except mist-bank in W. Fine cool night. Cooler than under hills. Wind E.

23 March. (Marenga M'Khali.) Clear morn. Wind E. at 9 and 10. Clouds thin before noon; then pleasant. Cool night. In tent at dawn. Therm., 51°.

24 Tirikeza. Perfectly clear dawn. Wind E. A few clouds at 1, which increased till sunset. Cool wind (E.) at 4 p.m. Fine dewless night.

25 Tirikeza. Clear dawn. Day cloudy. Wind E. In intervals hot sun. Fine sunset. Cold night. Wind blowing, and dew considerable.

26 March. (Ziwa.) Clear dawn. Barometer at 10 a.m., 26.915; at 4 p.m., 26.900. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 85°/84°; at 4 p.m., 86°/87°. Cold morn. Fearful heat in tent (93°) about 2 to 4. Cold blowy night. Dew heavy.

27 Halt. Clear dawn. Thinnest veil on horizon. Temperature of air at 10 a.m., 87°; at 4 p.m., 90°. Fearfully hot day. No shadow of cloud. High wind. Tent blown down. Cold evening; then hot; then cold towards morn. Wind E. Dew.

28 Halt. Clear dawn. Then sunrise, 54°. At 3 p.m., 95°. No mist on cloud. Gusts from E. and N.E. Warm night. Cool towards dawn.

29 Halt. Clear dawn. Very hot. Cloudless. Wind E., and about 4 p.m. veered round to N.E. Warm night. Windy night as usual. Cold dawn. Heavy dew.

30 Ditto in all points.

REMARKS.—From Rumuma to Ugogo Plains. Air rarified. Extremes of heat and cold. Clouds on hills and occasional showers. Very hot sun. Breeze at 9 or 10. Gusts at night. Furious E. wind. Sometimes no dew; sometimes dew like rain. Draft in descent to heated plains.

Ugogi, a new climate. Somaliland near Harar, or Upper Sind. Hot and dry, dewless: wind and dust. Sky intensely blue; stars like young moons. Very healthy. Ugogo similar. Great heat and cold. Dew somewhat copious. No clouds. Furious E. wind from the hills.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UGOGO, ETC., DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, 1857.

Therm. tied to hind pole of tent, opposite entrance, 2 feet from ground.

DAY

1 Thermometer at sunrise, 66°; at noon, 91°; at 4 p.m., 94°; at sunset, 84°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E. Fine dawn. Fiery sun, cloudless. Heat gradually increased. Banks of thin clouds about W. Furious wind at night. Cool dawn.

2 Thermometer at sunrise, 62°; at noon, 91°; at 4 p.m., 91°; at sunset, 81°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E. Fine dawn. Fiery sun, cloudless. Heat gradually increased. Clouds thicken. Wind veers from S.W. to N.W. Blew hard at night.

3 Thermometer at sunrise, 63°; at noon, 90°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E. and N.E. Windy morn.

4 Thermometer at sunrise, 66°; at noon, 76°; at 4 p.m., 91°; at sunset, 82°. Direction of wind at sunrise, E. and S.E. Windy morn. Fiery sun, cloudless. Heat gradually increased. Clouds. Wind violent, and from every direction; fell at midnight.

5 Thermometer at sunrise, 70°. Direction of the wind at sunrise, E. and S.E. Windy morn. Heat milder. Clouds. Clouds gathering. Wind furious till 10 p.m. Close night.

6 Thermometer at sunrise, 70°. Direction of wind, E. and S.E. Sky all covered. Shower about 8 a.m. Heat less. Clouds.

7 Fine morn. Wind from all round. Great heat. Thermometer at 4 p.m., 94°. At night, wind till 10; then fell; then rose with moon. Tent blown down at 3 p.m.

8 Fine clear dawn. No wind. Great heat. Whirlwind bad at night till about 12 a.m.

9 Thermometer at sunrise, 68°. Clear dawn. No wind. Great heat.

10 March. Fine clear dawn. Hot morn. A few clouds. Breeze as usual at 10. Very hot afternoon.

11 March. Cool dewy morn. Dark day. No rain. Clear as usual about the afternoon. Cold wind. Feverish. Warm night.

12 Hot night. Cloudy day. Very close in the afternoon, with gusts of cold wind.

13 Thermometer 54° in tent at sunrise. Cold morn. Hot wind at 10. A few heat clouds. Pleasant and cool after midnight.

14 Cold morn. Intensely hot day. 97° at noon. No clouds. A little wind from S.E. Fine clear evening. Cold gusts. S.E. wind at night.

15 Thermometer 61° in tent at sunrise. High wind outside; fell at dawn; very cold; rose, as always does, between 8 and 9 a.m.; fell at sunset (wind S.E.); fine night.—6–15. Winds high; rise from 8 to 10 a.m.; blow all day till sunset, very uncertain, generally E. and S.E., also N. and W. A simoom on plains. Cold high winds at night, yet healthy. All our sick recovered.

16 Thermometer at sunrise, 54° in tent, 49° outside; at noon, 101°/96°; at 4 p.m., 93°/93°; at sunset, 80°/81°. Fine dawn. Wind moderate. Puffs of wind, S.E. Fine night.—Ugogo. Therm. always the same, observed once.

17 March. Cold dawn. Fine morn. Fiery day. Few wind and heat clouds, high up, which increased from W. (against wind) about 3 to 4 p.m. Fine sunset and warm night. Breeze at 10 a.m.

18 Halt. Dawn, fair and cool. Thermometer at noon, 89°/93°; at 4 p.m., 89°/90°. Hot day. No clouds. Fine clear even. At night, coldish wind from S.E.

19 Thermometer at sunrise, 52°/53°. Cold dawn. Hot cloudless day. Fiery wind in gusts. Fine clear sunset, 82° out of tent, 81° in it. Wind E. and S.E. as usual.

20 March. Cold dawn. Hot day. No clouds. Fine cirri, high up. Fine clear sunset. At night, raw E. wind.

21 March. Cold dawn. Clouds at 9 a.m. Cleared away in evening. Windless night.—Gunda M.

22 Jiwe la Mkoa. Clouds at 9 a.m. E. wind all night.

23 March. Kirurumo. Hot morning. Cloudy about 10. Yet burning sun. Fine afternoon. In evening heavy nimbus from W. E. wind. Spitting rain all night. Very cool and pleasant. Thunder and sheet lightning.

24 Clouds and cold. 70° at 7 a.m. About 1, sun struggled through. Mgongo. Thunder at 3 to 4 p.m. Heavy thunder. Rain from 7 to 9 p.m. E. wind, but clouds from W. Clouded again. Air full of damp cold wind at sunset.

25 Cloudy raw morn. Sun half out at 10 a.m. Raw day. Clear fine night. Very cold. Wind E., but not high.

26 High cirri in morn. Cold and high wind. Day hot. Fine warm night.

27 Burning day. Cumulus in even. Wind E.

28 Cool morn. High E. wind at 8. Plenty of clouds. Pleasant day. High wind; rose again after sunset till midnight. At sunset in shed, 81°.

29 Thermometer at sunrise, 65° in shed. Cool morn, 84° in shed, 94° in sun. High E. wind at 8 a.m. Hot day. In morn heavy clouds from W., but high. Night at first warm and cloudy, then cool and clear. Trees bent by wind. Never saw this before.

30 Clear dawn. Fiery day. Simoom gusts at 11. Cool in house, 81° and 82°. Heavy clouds from N. No wind, but direction S.E. Warm fine night. High cumuli. Cool fine midnight to dawn.

31 Cloudy dawn. Cool pleasant day. Beautiful evening and warmish night.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UNYANYEMBE, ETC., DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1857.

DAY

1 Cloudless dawn, windless. Wind and clouds from E. Cumuli in afternoon. Tolerably clear sunset. Fine moonlight night. Warm and pleasant.

2 Rubuga. Cloudless dawn, windless. Wind and clouds from E. Cumuli after noon. At moonrise cloud and mists, 7 p.m. from S. Then cool E. wind with moon.

3 Cloudless dawn, windless. Very hot day. Cumuli and wind bound up. Cloudy night, cool and comfortable.

4 Ukona. Cloudless morn till 7; then cleared away. Sun hot, and cold wind. Cumuli in day, high up. Fine cool even at dawn. Few clouds, cirri. Wind E. and S.

5 Cloudless morn. High E. and S. wind at 7 a.m.; then fell. Cool night and clear.

6 Unyanyembe. Cloudless morn. Moderate E. wind at 7 and 8. Cloudy day. Cumuli nearly over sky. Wind N.E. and E. during forenoon; veered S. and even W. with sun, and returns E. at night.

7 Too sick to observe.

8 Ditto.

9 Verandah, facing E. Thermometer at sunrise, 72°; at noon, 91°; at sunset, 87°. Cool cloudless dawn. Cloudy, but very close. Profuse perspiration. Pleasant cloudless even. High S.E. wind at night.

10 Verandah, facing E. Thermometer at sunrise, 70°; at sunset, 132°. Cool cloudless dawn. Almost cloudless. In sun at 3 p.m. Pleasant even. Filmy night. Little wind.

11 Verandah, facing E. Thermometer at sunrise, 71°; at noon, 120° in sun; at sunset, 84°. Cool cloudless dawn. Exceedingly hot and close. Pleasant even, but clouds gathering.

12 Thermometer at sunrise, 71°. Cloudy, as if for rain. Warm day. Fine even, but clouds high up, showing wind. Rain expected.

13 Fine dawn. Clouds during day. Exceedingly hot. Rain wanted and expected. Moon and stars halved.

14 Thermometer at sunrise, 79° in tent; at noon, 83° in tent; at sunset, 85° in tent. Fine dawn. Fiery day. Signs of rain. Lightning from Azyab, N.E., disappears.

15 Thermometer at sunrise, 78°; at noon, 92°; 89° in even. Verandah, facing E. Very hot cloudy day. Rain at 3 p.m.; and at night; very little fell.

16 Thermometer at sunrise, 72°; at noon, 92°; at sunset, 91°. Verandah, facing E. Clear dawn. Very hot. People expect rain with this heat. Very clear night. Wind E.

17 Fine dawn. Thermometer at 10 a.m. 90° in verandah (E.); at 4 p.m., 91°. Climate too uniform for Europeans. Cloudy day. Rained for about 1 hour at night.

18 Cloudy day. Exceedingly hot. Thunder all afternoon till night. No Hilal seen yet. Cool, clear, and pleasant night.

19 Bright dawn. (Sick.)

20 Bright dawn. Clouds during day. Rain in afternoon, and high wind.

21 Clear dawn.

22 Thunder and rain at 3 p.m.

23 Thunder all afternoon. Rain at 3 p.m.

24 Rain at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Wind from W., cold, raw, and damp. The storms from Azyab, N.E. Cloudy all day. Rain, thunder, and lightning all night.

25 Cloudy dawn and forenoon. Storm at night, 7 to 9.

26 Cloudy. Thunder and storm at 4 p.m. Violent rain and storm, distant about 3 miles, at night. No wind.

27 Cloudy day and dawn. All looks like rain. Grumbling of low thunder all day.

28 Very cloudy dawn. Cleared at 8.

29 Violent rain at night. Surly weather. Signs of rain, flying ants.

30 Thermometer at sunrise, 80° in verandah. Clear cool day, a few clouds. Rain in evening.

31 Too sick to observe.

REMARKS.—Air of Unyanyembe intensely dry; sometimes does not rain for months. Soil fertile by proximity of water; rains every 15 or 16 days. Lightning from S.E. We had very steady rain. Thunder and lightning like chota barsát in Upper India. About the 30th inst. country well sopped. All began to plant; rice about end of month, and Jawari after.

Rain, as at Zanzibar, every day. Generally deep cloudy morns. Cold wind, and very damp. Therm. 70°. Sun at 10 a.m., hot. Clouds partially dispersed. About 2 p.m. showers, with thunder and lightning, increase till dark, when become very violent. Bolts fell one night. Climate unwholesome as the Kinga-ni river. Almost all our men had fever. Wind generally E., but changing to S.W.

This rain in Dec. is called Muaka, or the year. We experienced it on the coast, in the Elphinstone, and the Riami. All are cultivating.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UNYAMWEZI LAND, KAZEH, AND ZIMBILI, DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1857.

DAY

1 to 15 Unyanyembe and Kapunde. Too sick to observe. Climate precisely the same.

16 Thermometer at sunrise, 70° in tent. Rain at 2 p.m. Thunder and lightning. Night cool and cloudy. Day cold. Want very warm clothing. Wind raw.

17 Thermometer at sunrise, 70°. Cloudy morn.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UJIJI, ON THE LAKE TANGANIKA, DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL, 1858.

DAY

1 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 71°; at 12, 75°; at 6 p.m., 76°. Means of 'Cox' and pocket therm.

2 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 71°; at 12, 73°; at 6 p.m., 73°.

3 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 68°; at 12, 76°; at 6 p.m., 75°. Cool day. Heavy clouds. No rain.

4 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 69°; at 12, 79°; at 6 p.m., 77°. Fine clear day. No rain.

5 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 69°; at 12, 78°; at 6 p.m., 77°. Fine day, showing that monsoon is drawing to close.

6 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 69°; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 76°. Fine day.

7 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 70°; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 76°. Fine day.

8 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 68; at 12, 78°; at 6 p.m., 76°. Weather exceedingly damp. No rain.

9 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 70°; at 12, 76°; at 6 p.m., 76°. Started for Uvira. Twice rain in night.

10 Thunder, lightning, and rain, all day. Very damp and cold on Lake.

11 Violent rains and E. wind all night; tent blown down. Raw cold.

12 Heavy rain in midday and hot sun. Damp excessive.

13 On Lake.

14 Ditto.

15 Sun very hot. Morn and even clouded with nimbus.

16 Cold, not of low temperature, but humid atmosphere. Fiery sun and rain during day.

17 Alternate bursts of burning sun and cold. Rain all day.

18 Purple clouds from N., sign of heavy rain, showers occasional.

19 On sea, smooth at first. Fine sky. About 9 a.m. wind sprang up. Hot sun. Heavy dew.

20 Fine, hot, rainless day.

21 Fine, hot, rainless day. Even perfectly clear.

22 Cold, raw, and uncomfortable.

23 Fine day and night. S.E. wind at 7 p.m. Heavy nimbi after midnight. Rain at sunrise.

24 Fine day.

25 Fine day. S.E. wind, raw at night.

26 Clear day. W. wind, high. Waves foaming. Heavy dew. No clouds.

27 Clear and windy. Driven off sands by sea rising.
28 Fine day. Occasionally cloudy. No rain.
29 Fine day. Occasionally cloudy. No rain.
30 Fine day. Occasionally cloudy. No rain.
31 Violent rains in night and all morning.

REMARKS.—Rains at Kazeh, began on 14th November.

At Ujiji about 2 months earlier. At Msene 1 month earlier.

Not heavy at first; no burst of monsoon, as in India, but invariably accompanied by violent thunder and lightning.

The sun of the rains is considered very sickly; it burns with a violent and nauseating heat, truly uncomfortable.

The wind during this month, N. after midnight *till* sunrise, when it becomes raw and cold. During the day warmer, and veered round to S.E. This was constant point. In evenings, and often at nights, it became a complete blast.

Direction of rain in Ujiji, generally either from N., from S.E., and from S.W. But it was, as everywhere, very variable. The S.E. and E. wind seems to prevail everywhere, from Ugogo to the Lake.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UNYANYEMBE, LAT. S. 5° 4′ 12″, ALT. 3436 ABOVE S. L., DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE, 1858.

'Cox' hung in verandah. See Sept. (same place).

DAY

1 Rusigi River. Cold and very dewy morn. Hot sun. Few cumuli and cirri.

2 Hot day. Clouds at noon. Fine, clear, and cold night.

3 Cold morn. Hot sunny day.

4 Slight shock of earthquake at 11.15 a.m. Fine hot day.

5 Fine, hot, and breezy morn. Wind, as usual, E.

6 Fine, hot, and breezy morn.

7 Muggy and cloudy night. Hot sun till clouded at noon. Air still. Splendid night.

8 Cool morn. Usual raw wind. Splendid night.

9 Cool morn. Raw high wind at noon. Fleecy clouds.

10 Splendid night. Cool morn. Raw high wind at noon. Fleecy clouds.

11 Cold wind and burning sun all day.

12 Cold wind and burning sun all day.

13 Slight shocks of earthquakes at repeated intervals.

14 Misty morn. Hot clear day. Cloudy even.

15 Misty morn. Hot clear day. Cloudy even.

16 Cold morn. Stinging sun.

17 Cold morn. Stinging sun.

18 Cold morn. Stinging sun. Raw wind at 10 a.m. Light breezes during day.

19 Kazeh. Cold morning. Stinging sun.

20 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 67°; at 12, 83°; at 6 p.m., 80. Nothing remarkable, but cold E. wind.

21 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 66°; at 12, 83°; at 6 p.m., 78°. Same remark.

22 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 63°; at 12, 83°; at 6 p.m., 78°.

23 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 64°; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 78°. Weather the same. Air exceedingly dry. At dawn a cold W. breeze that chills the blood. About 10 a.m. changes E.

24 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 66°; at 12, 86°; at 6 p.m., 80°. Raw and violent E. wind, which causes abundant sickness. Day clear till 1 p.m., then cloudy.

25 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 67°; at 12, 87°; at 6 p.m., 82°. Clouds from E.; sometimes clear away at sunset; sometimes last all night. Invariable cloud-bank of purple nimbus in W.

26, 27 On both these days tourbillons, or devils, of light dust, filling houses.

28—31 Too sick to observe.

REMARKS.—Early summer. The earth is dried up with want of moisture; and in Unyanyembe the dews, except during the rains, are light.

The weather is monotonous. The morn cold, raw, and bright. The sun begins to tell at about 9 a.m., and at 10 a.m. rises a high wind from the N. and E., cooled by evaporation, and pouring from the hill-lines that flank the plains. It is considered very unwholesome. Fleecy clouds appear at noon, increase in volume and depth, and disappear about sunset, which is bright and clear, except when a thick cloud-bank occupies in straight line the western horizon. Nights often cool, and sometimes still and 'muggy.'

The Kaus, or S.W. monsoon, is supposed to blow from April to the end of November, when it is succeeded for 4 months by the Kazkazi, or N.E. monsoon. Such are the seasons at Zanzibar. In Unyamwezi, however, the E. wind seems to last all the year.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT UNYANYEMBE, MASUI, AND NGEMO, LAT. S., 5° 5′ 12″, ALT. 3436 FT. ABOVE S. L., DURING THE MONTH OF SEPT., 1858.

'Cox' hung in a passage, and after the 8th in an open verandah pointiug E., and exposed to reflection of sun.

'Newman' hung in empty tent from ridge-pole, one fold defended from air; average of 8 days, observed at 6 a.m., 65°; at 9 a.m., 85°; at 12, 108°; at 3 p.m., 107°; at 6 p.m., 80°; extreme, 50°; from 63° to 113° (highest at noon).

DAY

1 Kazeh.

2 Thermometer at 9 a.m., 76°; at 12, 85°; at 3 p.m., 85°; at 6 p.m., 83°.

3 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 73°; at 9 a.m., 76°; at 12, 85°; at 3 p.m., 88°; at 6 p.m., 83°.

4 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 73°; at 9 a.m., 76°; at 12, 83°; at 3 p.m., 87°; at 6 p.m., 83°. Wind cold. Several persons taken ill.

5 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 73°; at 9 a.m., 75°; at 12, 83°; at 3 p.m., 87°; at 6 p.m., 85°.

6 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 71°; at 9 a.m., 75°; at 12, 84°; at 3 p.m., 85°; at 6 p.m., 84°. Dark, warm, and cloudy. Cold blasts at times. Rain in distance.

7 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 75°; at 9 a.m., 76°; at 12, 83°; at 3 p.m., 85°; at 6 p.m., 84°.

8 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 74°; at 9 a.m., 75°; at 12, 83°; at 3 p.m., 85°. Purple clouds from E., with thunder and lightning. A few drops on first shower, augurs an early monsoon.

9 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 75°; at 12, 86°; at 6 p.m., 83°. Clouds, but no rain. Night clear.

10 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 88°; at 6 p.m., 83°.

11 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 69°; at 12, 88°; at 6 p.m., 84°. Nights generally clouded before 12.

12 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 68°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 84°. Rain.

13 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 85°.

14 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 75°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 79°.

15 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 92°. Cloudy night; could not observe.

16 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 74°; at 12, 89°; at p.m., 85°.

17 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 85°. Hot cloudy day. Cold blasts. Rain somewhere.

18 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 75°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 79°. Cloudy, muggy night.

19 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 92°; at 6 p.m., 85°. Purple clouds. Thunder, and a few drops of rain at 10 p.m.

20 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 74°; at 12, 92°; at 6 p.m., 86°. At 9 p.m., thunder, and a few drops of rain. Clouds from W., wind from E.

21 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 73°; at 12, 89°; at 6 p.m., 85°. Clear hot day and night.

22 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 73°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 85°. Normal day. Remarks. Very bright moon.

23 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 74°; at 12, 92°; at 6 p.m., 88°. Wind always E.

24 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 75°; at 12, 90°; at 6 p.m., 86°. Sun fiery.

25 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 70°; at 12, 88°; at 6 p.m., 84°.

26 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 71°. (Last at Unyanyembe.) Marched this day.—26 to 28 at Masui.

27 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 70°; at 12, 82°; at 6 p.m., 71. Therm. hung in hut to pole alt. Violent cold wind all evening.

28 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 70°; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 82°. 5 ft. fronting S. No refracted heat. At Ngemo.

29 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72°; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 82°. In hut, on wall, fronting S.E. alt.

30 Thermometer at 6 a.m., 72; at 12, 80°; at 6 p.m., 83°. 5 ft., no refraction.—29, 30, at Ngemo.

REMARKS.—Midsummer. Despite the drought, beasts and birds begin to couple, and trees to put forth leaves.

The E. wind becomes milder, the weather better, especially at night, and the whirlwinds diminish. The change of seasons, which brought so much sickness, passed away in the latter third of July. In Sept., Unyamwezi is tolerably healthy.

The normal day, at this season, is a cold high E. wind, rising shortly after the sun has heated the ground. It pours from the far Usagara Mountains. The sky is clear and sparkling, with a few high cirri, and on the horizon white cumuli. Shortly after noon clouds obscure the sun and confine the wind, which, however, sometimes blow throughout the evening and the night. The nights are cool about 11 p.m., till which hour the air is still, warm, and genial. It much resembles the end of an Italian summer day. The winds, however, with their prodigious loads of dust, if a little less puffy, and more continuous, would rival the gales of Sind.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT MGUNDA, MKHALI, AND UGOGO, DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1858.

DAY

5 Tura. Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at midday, 91; at sunset, 94. N. D. At night, lightning in E. A violent wind-storm at 9 to 10 p.m.

6 Temperature of air at sunrise, 64; at midday, 82; at sunset, 84. Cloudy morn.

7 Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at midday, 83; at sunset, 78. Furious E. wind at 10 a.m. Sun fiery.

8 Kirurumo in Desert. Temperature of air at sunrise, 64; at midday, 82; at sunset, 80. Furious E. wind at 10 a.m.

9 Temperature of air at sunrise, 62; at midday, 100; at sunset, 83. Furious E. wind at 10 a.m.

10 Temperature of air at sunrise, 63; at midday, 100; at sunset, 76. E. wind early, 9 a.m.

11 Temperature of air at sunrise, 59; at midday, 100; at sunset, 78. E. wind at 8 a.m.

12 Temperature of air at sunrise, 58; at midday, 99; at sunset, 79. Warm night. Tourbillon at 9 p.m.

13 Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at midday, 90; at sunset, 86. Hot day. Rain appears gathering.

14 W. Frontier of Ugogo. Temperature of air at sunrise, 64; at midday, 100; at sunset, 81. Hot and clear.

15 Temperature of air at sunrise, 65; at midday, 89; at sunset, 82. Wind N.E., high and cool. People sowing in readiness for first rains.

16 Khoko. Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at midday, 92; at sunset, 84. Showers from E. at 5 p.m., large heavy drops and spitting. Night windy.

17 Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at midday, 90; at sunset, 72. Clouds from noon to 5 p.m. Cool windy night.

18 Temperature of air at sunrise, 63; at midday, 96; at sunset, 80.

19 Usekhe. Temperature of air at sunrise, 64; at midday, 87; at sunset, 84.

20 Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at midday, 84; at sunset, 86.

21 Temperature of air at sunrise, 67; at midday, 84; at sunset, 84.

22 Kanyenye. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at midday, 96; at sunset, 82. Violent tourbillon and dust after sunset.

23 Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at midday, 97; at sunset, 83. High wind in morn.

24 Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at midday, 94; at sunset, 84. High wind all night.

25 Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at midday, 92; at sunset, 88.

26 Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at midday, 96; at sunset, 84. Calm day, windy night.

27 Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at midday, 100; at sunset, 83. Calm hot morn and afternoon; cold and windy even.

28 Temperature of air at sunrise, 63; at midday, 100; at sunset, 85. Spitting of rain during the night.

29 Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at midday, 96; at sunset, 80. Spitting of rain in morn. Cloudy day. Hot afternoon. High gusts at night.

30 Kifukuro. Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at midday, 100; at sunset, 83. Cool cloudy day. Heavy nimbi from E. at night. Rain predicted.—14 to 30 Ugogo.

REMARKS.—Therm. hung to fore-pole of ridge tent, mercury height of man's eye. Tent always facing N.

Morning fine, cool, clear, and still.

Clouds, chiefly cumulus. E. wind sets in between 10 to 11, with clouds. Noon, fleecy clouds, cirri, and cumuli, sun obscured, cool air, and high cold E. wind. Sun fiery between clouds, which, when thick, arrest wind. Evening clear, cool, and pleasant. Wind sometimes veers to W. Hottest part of day, because wind arrested between noon and 3 p.m. often a veil of mist-cloud. Night still and cloudy, with raffales of cold high E. wind. Nimbus and cumulus. Air often mild and genial. Night, wind sometimes mild, and W. but rarely. Often a film of mist, and the moon and stars in haloes.

In Ugogo the E. wind is sensibly warmer than Umyanwezi, and presents less contrast with the surrounding atmosphere. Tourbillons are frequent and violent. The average heat at 9 a.m. was 97°; at 3 p.m., 100°.

OBSERVATIONS MADE AT MARENGA MK'HALI, UHEHE, WESTERN USAGARA, AND UZIRAHA IN KHUTU, DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1858.

DAY

1 Ziwa. Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 80. Cool, cloudy morn. Hot, close, glaring day. Cool evening.

2 Marenga Mk'hali. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 101; at sunset, 82. Air cooled by distant rain. Fiery bursts of sun. Heavy clouds at night. Lightning from N. and E.

3 Marenga Mk'hali. Temperature of air at sunrise, 69; at 4 p.m., 101; at sunset, 80. Cloudy morn till 8. Clouds at noon. Heavy shower with thunder and lightning from E. at 1 p.m.

4 Marenga Mk'hali. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 101; at sunset, 82. Clouds at 10 a.m. Clear day. Hot sun. Cool night.

5 Marenga Mk'hali. Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at 4 p.m., 97; at sunset, 84. Cloudy morn. Gusty day. Cold night. Draughts of air from Dungomaro ravine in Ugogi all night from midnight.

6 Ugogi. Temperature of air at sunrise, 66; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 80. Warm morn and even. Cool wind at 9 p.m. Heavy showers and gusts at night. Masika, or rainy monsoon, according to some, begins.

7 Ugogi. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 82. Still, cool morn. Clouds and wind from E. Storm of rain and thunder at night.

8 Enter Uhehe and Usagara. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 80. Hot morn. Clouds at 9 a.m. Stormy night.

9 Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at 4 p.m., 92; at sunset, 82. Hot morn in hills. Wind E. Rainy, clammy night.

10 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 84. Air close, damp, and stormy.

11 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 94; at sunset, 84. Cool at dawn. Hot, clear day. Wind E. and N.E. Halo round moon.

12 Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at 4 p.m., 93; at sunset, 82. Hot, clear morn. Sky cleared by rain. At 2 p.m., clouds. At midnight, haze and halo. Wind E. and high.

13 Inena. Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 84; at sunset, 72. Hazy, muggy morn. Clouds, but no wind. At 4 to 6 p.m., heavy rain from a gap in southern hills.

14 Temperature of air at sunrise, 67; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 74. Nimbus cumulus and heavy sky. Spitting at noon. Still even. Spitting at 7 p.m., and at 3 a.m., heavy rain.

15 Maroro. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 96; at sunset, 78. Muggy morn. Hot sun through nimbus and cumulus. Thunder at midday. Spitting at sunset.

16 Maroro. Temperature of air at sunrise, 67; at 4 p.m., 94; at sunset, 80. Cloudy morn. Windy day. Cool even. Wind, rain, and dust at sunset. Hot night. Starry, and very heavy dew.

17 Temperature of air at sunrise, 69; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 82. Cool morn. East wind at 8 a.m. No rain. Clouds high. Cirri and cumuli. Dew very heavy.

18 Kiparepeta. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 83; at sunset,

78. Dew clouds tabling E. hills. Sky elsewhere clear. Breeze at 8 a.m., when sun dispersed all clouds, stratus, &c.

19 Kisanga. Temperature of air at sunrise, 68; at 4 p.m., 88; at sunset, 78. Stratus on E. hills. Cold E. wind. Hot sun at noon. Fine, clear even. Clouds, and heavy shower at night.

20 Kisanga. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 89; at sunset, 80. Dew clouds in morn. Clear, hot day. Pleasant E. wind. Cloudy even.

21 Kisanga. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 80. Dew clouds in morn. Clear, hot day. Fine night.

22 Ruhembe. Temperature of air at sunrise, 71; at 4 p.m., 92; at sunset, 82. Clouds spitting at 7 to 8 a.m. Clear, hot day. Cool night.

23 Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 93; at sunset, 78. Dewy morn. Day clear, and cloudy after 10 a.m. Dewy even. Clouds at midnight.

24 Kikobogo. Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at 4 p.m., 94; at sunset, 80. Dewy morn. No breeze. Mist from marshes.

52 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 98; at sunset, 82. Dewy morn. No breeze. Thunder and rain at night. Rain heavy drops.

26 Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 97; at sunset, 88. Dewy morn. Clouds at 10 a.m. Thunder and heavy rain at noon. Night hot, then after spitting rain, cool.

27 Temperature of air at sunrise, 71; at 4 p.m., 97; at sunset, 82. Cool, misty morn. Hot sun. Dewy, misty night.

28 Kirengwe (Khutu). Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 84; at sunset, 80. Sun mist-veiled at 10 a.m. Wild weather, and heavy rain in day. Land stinks.

29 Zungomero. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 84; at sunset, 80. Cloudy morn. Wind E. Heavy rain. Cloudy even. Heavy rain like that of India at night.

30 Zungomero. Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 74; at sunset, 72. Drizzle till noon. All damp, soppy, and steaming.

31 Zungomero. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 74; at sunset, 86. Cloudy. Nimbi and cumuli. No rain.

REMARKS.—Thermometer suspended in tent, fronting north, as before.

Weather very variable. In Ugogi and Eastern Usagara the Rainy Monsoon appears to have set in on the 6th Dec., 1858.

Until Maroro, the climate had the aspect of the rainy seasons. After that meridian, throughout Eastern Usagara the weather held up; but these masses of hills seem rarely, if ever, to be without rain. The dews are remarkably heavy, forming a contrast with Unyamwezi and the inland regions.

At Zungomero, reached about the end of December, the violent showers which fell like buckets-full, piercing at once the thickest thatches, were called by the people the 'Sowing Rains.' All were busy in the fields, and labour was protracted till about the first week in December.

The sea-breeze extends to Zungomero, setting in at 9 to 10 a.m. In foul weather sea-gulls are blown up from the coast. The vicinity of the Duthumi hills to the N. E., which are rarely, if ever, seen in a clear outline, and the mountains of Usagara westward, render this a region of almost perpetual rain. Its summer lasts about one fortnight, beginning in early January, at which time no rain falls.

OBSERVATIONS MADE IN KHUTU AND UZARAMO, DURING THE MONTHS OF JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1859.

DAY

1 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 95; at sunset, 80. Wet, muggy morn. Wind E. Shower at 5 p.m. Cloudy even.

2 Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at 4 p.m., 98; at sunset, 80. Fine morn. Wind E. Cirro-cumulus. Few high clouds. Fine even and clear night.

3 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 104; at sunset, 80. Fine morn. Sea-breeze and clouds at 10 a.m. Violent rain from E. at 9 p.m.

4 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 109; at sunset, 84. Stratus on earth. Sea-breeze and sun at 10 a.m., and at sunset.

5 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 82. Fine morn. Clouds and breeze at 10 a.m., and at sunset.

6 Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 110; at sunset, 83. Cloudy, dull, muggy morn. Fierce sun. Heavy rain at night.

7 Temperature of air at sunrise, 73; at 4 p.m., 102; at sunset, 82. Cloudy, dull, muggy morn. Fierce sun. Fine even.

8 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 70. Clear, fine morn. Fierce sun. Fine even.

9 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 80. Dirty morn. Spitting of rain. Hot sun. Showery even.

10 Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 98; at sunset, 80. Dull morn. Hot day. Sea-breeze. Fine even.

11 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 104; at sunset, 82. Muggy morn. Sunny and cloudy day. Fine even.

12 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 97; at sunset, 80. Fine, clear morn. Cirri and high clouds. Fine even.

13 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 99; at sunset, 80. Day hot and clear. Night cloudy.

14 Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 80. Day hot and clear. Night cloudy.

15 Temperature of air at sunrise, 71; at 4 p.m., 88; at sunset, 80. Day hot and clear. Halo at night.

16 Temperature of air at sunrise, 71; at 4 p.m., 110; at sunset, 86. Air misty and thick. No clouds.

17 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 107; at sunset, 88. Air misty and thick. No clouds.

18 Temperature of air at sunrise, 70; at 4 p.m., 104; at sunset, 86. Air misty, but somewhat clearer.

19 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 108; at sunset, 86. Heavy clouds. Muggy morn. Fleecy sky at sunset. Halo at night.

20 Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 108; at sunset, 84. Misty, muggy morn. Heavy clouds from N. and N.E. Tourbillon of wind and dust at 3 p.m. Rain in large drops. Hot even and night. Lightning from N. and N.E. to S.E.—1 to 20, Zungomero in Khutu at head of valley.

21 Marching. Temperature of air at sunrise, 71; at 4 p.m., 88; at sunset, 80. Misty. Sun at 9 a.m. fiery. Steamy day. Fetid air. Rain near.

22 Marching. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 77. Misty. Sun at 9 a.m. fiery. Storm from S. to N. from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. Violent rain. Spitting at night. Fetid close air.

23 Marching. Temperature of air at sunrise, 72; at 4 p.m., 90; at sunset, 80. Grey sky. Sun at 9 a.m. hot. Spitting rain from 10 to 12. Light rain at 3 p.m. No sun.

24 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 82. Grey sky. Water and air in equal parts. Spitting at 9 to 11 a.m. Sun hot at 12. Blue sky in north. Heavy rain. Slow clouds from N. at 8 to 10 p.m.

25 Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 84. Fine veil of mist. Wind and clouds from E. Four days' sea-breeze. Fine night, but very hot.

26 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 106; at sunset, 80. Clear, hot day. Wind E. Sea-breeze after 12. Hot night.

27 Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 110; at sunset, 86. Misty morn. Wind E. at 10 a.m. Storm of wind and thunder (no rain) from E.

28 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 110; at sunset, 84. Misty morn. Day hot and cloudy. Thunder at 4 p.m. Lightning at night.

29 Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 106; at sunset, 86. Misty morn. Hot sun. Heavy cumulus and E. wind. Sea-breeze. Hot even. Still, starry night.

30 Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 86. Clear morn. Hot sun. Clouds at 10 a.m. Fiery sun. Clouds at 3 p.m. Wind E. Fine even.

31 Temperature of air at sunrise, 75; at 4 p.m., 99. Clear morn. Clouds and wind from E. Fiery sun. Heavy cumulus. High sea-breeze. Clouds and spitting at 10 p.m.

Feb. 1. Temperature of air at sunrise, 76; at 4 p.m., 100; at sunset, 80. Clear morn. Clouds at 9 a.m. Rain at 10 a.m. Fine day.

2 Ruisi. Temperature of air at sunrise, 74; at 4 p.m., 104; at sunset, 82. Clear morn. Clouds at 7 a.m. Showers at 10 to 11 a.m. Clouds and mist from E. Fine day. Clear night.

3 Konduchi. Temperature of air at sunrise, 77; at 4 p.m., 99; at sunset, 80. Clear morn. Sea-breeze. Fine clear day. Heat great out of sun.

Remarks.—An anomaly was observed at Zungomero. There appeared to be a double sea-breeze. The earlier set in between 9 and 10 a.m. every day. The second rose regularly at sunset, and at times there were gusts from the eastward at night. This phenomenon appears purely local, and caused by the cold winds of the Duthumi hills, which, when the sun disappears, find their way to the still heated head of the Khutu Valley.

Between Zungomero and the Mgeta Ford the sea-breeze is lost in the lower levels. After the Mgeta it sets in strong and regular. The rain also diminishes, though in winter tourbillons are common. When the E. wind blows cold it is a sign that rain is approaching, like the puffs preceding storms on the Zanzibar seas.

Rain in showers not common on the land above the ancient sea-beach; when on the shore there is more. This accounts for superior fertility.

Wind at Konduchi as on the coast generally. Calm morn till 9 or 10 a.m. Sea-breeze till sunset. Calm again till fetid land-breeze sets in at night, and endures until morn.

APPENDIX III.

OBSERVATIONS during a Voyage of Research on the East Coast of Africa, from Cape Guardafui south to the Island of Zanzibar, in the H. C.'s cruisers Ternate, (Captain T. Smee,) and Sylph schooner (Lieutenant Hardy). With short notes by Richard F. Burton.

January 2nd (1811), Wednesday. Sailed from Bombay in company with our consort, the Sylph schooner, Lieut. Hardy, having under convoy two merchant vessels bound to Mocha.

3rd, Thursday. Spoke Lieut. Hardy, who informed us his chronometer had unfortunately stopped: at noon the thermometer in the shade stood at 79°, lat. obsd. 18° 16′ N., long. 71° 36′ E., wind fresh from N.N.E. with fair weather.

4th, Friday. We had fine weather with a light north-easterly wind. Our thermometer, which had been fixed in the companion-hatch of the gun-room, was yesterday in the evening removed to a more exposed situation, to the Captain's cabin on deck. At noon to-day observed it had fallen to 78°, being one degree lower than yesterday: lat. 17° 48′ N., long. 69° 47′ E.

5th, Saturday. During the preceding night a heavy

dew had fallen, but the air to-day felt pleasantly dry and cool. Thermometer 77½°, lat. 17° 29′ N., long. 68° 46′ E.

6th, Sunday. We were in lat. 16° N., long. 66° 45′ E., thermometer stationary at 77½°.

7th, Monday. In lat. 16° 13′ N., long. 64° 29′ E. The thermometer at 76°, light winds from the N.E. with cool weather.

8th, Tuesday. The weather still continued delightful with a pleasant north-easterly breeze. The thermometer at 75°, lat. to-day at noon 15° 44′ N., long. per chronometer 62° 30′ E.; by a lunar observation taken at 8 P.M. 61° 53′, variation of the compass per azimuth 52 miles west.

9th, Wednesday. In lat. 15° 32′ N., long. by chronometer 60° 44′ E.; and by a lunar taken at 8 P.M. 60° 55″. No alteration in the state of the winds or weather, and the thermometer remained at 75°.

10th, Thursday. In lat. 15° 2′ N., long. per chronometer 58° 54′ E.; at 8 P.M. by lunar 58° 27′ E.; thermometer 76°.

11th, Friday. Lat. 14° 40′, long. per chronometer 47° 11′ E., and by lunar at 8 P.M. 56° 20′. The thermometer at 77°.

12th, Saturday. We parted with the convoy, and, changing our course from W. to S.S.W., we steered toward the Island of Socotra. At noon observed an immense shoal of porpoises about half a mile astern of us, passing with great velocity in a direction from the north to the south-east. In the evening a rank smell of fish spawn was strongly perceptible. Thermometer at noon 77½°, lat. 14° 35′ N., long. by chronometer 55° 37′ E. The wind from the east, with fine weather, and a cloudy sky.

About sunset the appearance of what seemed to be land, in the west part of the horizon, produced considerable alarm, which was soon dissipated, on observing that the clouds which caused this strange and remarkable deception began to alter their forms.

13th, Sunday. At 5 P.M. steering S.W., we had a view of the Island of Socotra (Note 1) through the haze, bearing W. by S. ¼ S., distant 10 or 12 leagues. Stood towards it with an intention of nearing the shore before daylight next morning, in order that we might have an opportunity of ascertaining the position of the easternmost point of the island, but the Sylph making the signal that she had struck soundings, we hove to for the remainder of the night. Thermometer 78°, lat. 13° 13′ N., long. 55° 11′ 15″ E.

14th, Monday. We sounded, but found no ground, with a line of 80 fathoms. Made sail again at daybreak, and steering W. by S. coasted along the south side of the island about 15 miles from the shore. Lat. 12° 27′ N., long. by chronometer at noon 54° 57′ E. At 2 P.M. the eastern extremity of Socotra bore N. by W., and, according to our observations, is situated in lat. 12° 34′ N.; in longitude, from the chronometer at noon, 45° 45′ 33″, E.

15th, Tuesday. Continued our course along shore, in from 18 to 27 fathoms, over a bottom of red coral. Socotra towards the south presents an appearance extremely dreary; its arid rocks seemed destitute of trees or verdure of any kind, at least, none were visible to us, though frequently examined through our best glasses at only a few miles distance. On approaching it from the east, land showed in the form of a high promontory, termed by

navigators the Dolphin's nose.[1] As we brought the south cape of the island abreast of us an extensive rocky precipice of considerable height, and remarkable for its uniformity in this respect, approaching close to the water's edge, concealed the land in the interior and appeared to occupy the whole centre of the island, the land at each extremity terminating in irregular mountains, some of which on the east are of a good height. We ascertained the position of the south cape or headland to be in lat. 12° 20′ N., long. 53° 37′ E., and that of the western extremity as far as visible in lat. 12° 24′ N., long. 53° 26′ E. Continuing to steer W. by S., we saw the two small square isles called by the English The Brothers, bearing about 50 miles W.S.W. of the south cape of Socotra; the eastern one named by the Arabs Duraga,[2] or Degree Island, is situated, according to our observation, in lat. 12° 7′ N., long. 53° 23′ E; from the east it has very much the appearance of a castle or citadel. The other, called Sumhaa, is about 8 or 10 miles west of Duraja, has a remarkable rocky process on one end bearing a striking resemblance to a sentry-box or watch-tower. Its position is in lat. 20° 8′ N., long. 53° 18′ E. The weather still fine, with a cloudy sky, the thermometer at 76½; lat. to-day at noon 12° 2′ N., long. per chronometer 53° 30′ E.

16th, Wednesday. Pursuing our course west and by

[1] According to Captain Guillain (ii. 344) the Arabs call it Ras Mume. As regards the term Dolphin's Nose, he observes: 'Je dois avouer qui l'analogie pourrait être plus saissisante et elle accuse au moins beaucoup d'imagination chez eux qui l'ont remarquée.' He appears to ignore that Dolphin's Nose is a recognized term for a long thick point seen en profil, and understood by every English sailor.

[2] Better written Darajah, meaning a step, a tier.

south, we at noon passed the Island of Abdulcuria,[1] the disjointed rocks of which appeared at a distance like so many separate isles. It extends in a N.W. and N.E. direction, and bears from the south Cape of Socotra W. by S. 100 miles, and 50 miles W. ½ S. of the Brothers; the island is an appendage of Socotra, to the chief of which it is subject; it is said to afford plenty of fresh water.[2] Passing this island, the high land on the eastern extremity of the African Continent presented itself to our view, and at 9 P.M. we hove to with the ship's head to the S.E.—Cape Guardafui, bearing W. by N. ½ N., distant 9 or 10 leagues. We were still favoured with fine cool weather, the thermometer at 77°, with light winds varying from N.E. to E. and S.E., and the sky generally overspread with light-coloured clouds: with the exception of the night of the 5th, no dew has fallen since we sailed. Lat. at noon 11° 49′ N.; long. by chronometer 52° 13′ E., variation by azimuth 5° 31′ W.; the position of Abdulcuria according to our observations is in North lat. 12°, and long. 52° 20′ E.

17th, Thursday. At sunrise made sail again, steering in a S.W. direction along the Continent of Africa in from 35 to 70 fathoms,—white sand and coral; but about 4 P.M. it falling calm, and finding a current setting us inshore at the rate of half-a-mile an hour, came to in 38 fathoms to prevent ourselves being imbayed. At 6, a

[1] Abd el Khuri, 'the slave of the (married) priest or secular clergyman.' The people of Socotra were once Christians all. Others write the name Abd el Kari, or slave of the Koran reader.

[2] On the Island of Abd el Khuri, only 20 leagues west of Socotra, heavy showers begin with February and end with April. Modern travellers declare that there is not a single stream except during the rains, and that the well water is all more or less brackish.

breeze springing up from the eastward, encouraged us to make another attempt, but presently dying away, we were again obliged to anchor. While lying here we put out our lines and caught one fine rock-fish, which are probably very plentiful, as we observed our consort, the Sylph, haul up several in a short space of time. At 10 P.M. weighed with a light easterly wind, and stood to the S.E. We had this day cloudy weather, with light variable winds; the thermometer at 78½°. Lat. 11° 41′ N.; long. per chronometer at noon 51° 14′ S. According to this as Cape Guardafui is in N. lat. 11° 49′, long. 51° 13′ E.

18th, Friday. Working off shore with light baffling winds, in from 45 to 55 fathoms, sand. The weather cloudy, with slight showers of rain, and a lowering sky. A considerable dew had fallen during the night, and the air to-day felt damp and unpleasant. The thermometer at 78½°; found the current setting us in-shore at the rate of one mile per hour. Lat. 11° 30′ N.; long. by chronometer at noon 51° 31′ 15″ E.

19th, Saturday. Dew at night, and during the day southerly winds continued to prevail with damp cloudy weather, and occasional showers of rain; the thermometer at 78½°. Tacking off and on shore, we had in the course of the day another sight of the Island of Abdulcuria and the Brothers, the former bearing N.W. of us, and the latter in a north-easterly direction. Lat. obsd. 11° 42′ N.; long. by lunar at 9 A.M. 51° 56′, and by chronometer at noon 52° 5′, E., variation by azimuth 7° W. About 6 P.M. in attempting to tack, the ship refused to stay, and, in consequence, got foul of the Sylph, which we at the time had in tow. Fortunately, however, after some alarm and a little trouble, we soon got clear again, with-

out material damage being sustained by either vessel.

20th, Sunday. Continued working along the African shore with fresh southerly winds, the thermometer at 79½°, Cape Guardafui and the Brothers still in sight. Abdulcuria at sunset bore N. and by E. of us distant 14 or 15 leagues. Lat. 11° 27′ N.; long. per lunar at 9 A.M., 52° 24′ E., and by chron. at noon 52° 29′ E., variation per azimuth 6½° W.

21st, Monday. Still working against the southerly winds; no land in sight. The thermometer at 79½°. Lat. observed at noon 10° 50′ N.; long. by lunar at 10 A.M. 52° 37′, and by chron. at noon 52° 43′ E., variation, 8° 20′ W.

22nd, Tuesday. During the early part of the day fresh southerly winds, with the thermometer at 79½°. Towards the evening it fell calm, when we lowered the boat and tried the current; found it setting to the northward at the rate of half a knot an hour. Lat. observed 10° 43′ N.; long. by chron. 53° E.

23rd, Wednesday. We had light southerly winds and calm in the morning, but a northerly breeze springing up in the afternoon permitted us to lay our course S.W. Still no land to be seen. The thermometer at 79½°. Lat. observed 10° 28′ N.; long. by chron. 53° E.

24th, Thursday. Steering W.S.W. with a fresh northerly breeze. The weather damp and misty, and frequent drizzling rain. Thermometer 78½°. Lat. observed 9° 8′ N.; long. by chron. 51° 55′ 15″ E.

25th, Friday. Proceeding westward, we in course of the forenoon saw land, which, as we now approached that part of the coast where the objects of our investigation lay, was looked to with anxious expectation. It bore

N.W. by W. distant from us 5 or 6 leagues, and by the situation of the ship, knew it to be the land between Cape Orfui[1] and Cape Basseos:[2] as this coast has been hitherto considered as desert and inaccessible, we were anxious to examine it, but the thick haze which hung over the land, and the light winds and currents which we never failed to experience on nearing the shore, obliged us to heave off towards the evening to avoid getting imbayed; the land, as it appeared to us, seemed fully to justify the descriptions given of it. It seemed of a moderate uniform height, and barren and sandy, without vestige of habitation, or vegetable production of any kind. We hove to for a short time in the afternoon, and discovered by striking soundings in thirty fathoms, and suddenly deepening again, that we had happened on a sandbank, many of which probably lay along this coast. While we lay to the lines were put overboard, and shark and rock-fish of various kinds being found in great plenty, a good number was soon taken, sufficient to furnish the whole ship's company with a fresh meal in the evening: made sail again, standing out from the land. We had to-day moderate north-easterly winds with fair weather; the thermometer at 80°. Lat. observed 8° 20′ N.; long. by chron. at noon 50° 32′ E.; variation 6° 12′ W. Immediately after discovering land, we perceived a large dow or boat close in shore, which appeared eager to avoid us.

26th, Saturday. At daylight we could see nothing either of the boat or land, having lost sight of both during the night. Standing in, we again saw the coast about 7

[1] Ras Hafun (not Jard Hafun), N. lat. 10° 26′ 8″ (Raper).

[2] Ponta das Baixas, the Cape of Shoals, the point called by the Arabs Ra'as Aswad (Black Head), in N. lat. 4° 32′.

in the morning. Its appearance was similar to what we sailed along the preceding day, only it was more flat, and considerably lower,[1] but equally barren. Kept our way along shore at the distance of about 6 or 8 miles, in from 10 to 25 fathoms, sand and shells. A little before sunset we hove to in 25 fathoms, and were again very successful in fishing. At 6 P.M. made sail, still keeping a respectable distance from the shore. The weather clear and warm, with steady easterly winds, the thermometer at 79½°. Lat. 7° 10′ N.; long. per chron. 49° 42′ 30″ E.

27th, Sunday. Continued our way along the coast three or four miles from the shore, in from 20 to 25 fathoms, sand and gravel, with a very strong current[2] in our favour. The land opposite us to-day was low and even, and had somewhat a better appearance than any we had for some days before seen. Green spots were here and there observable, and we could distinguish on the shore several natives and a few cattle, but of what description we were not near enough to ascertain. Fish still continued to be caught in great abundance. About 3 P.M. saw higher land[3] ahead, which we took to be Cape Bassas (Note 2), the position of which, though described to be a very dangerous place, had never been accurately laid down; we were therefore anxious to determine it, and to have an opportunity of doing so properly, kept working to windward that we might not pass it during the night. Winds

[1] They were approaching the Sayf Tawil or Long Shore, which extends from Ra'as el Khayl (N. lat. 7° 46′ 30″) to Ra'as Awaz, the Cape of Change, where the Highlands fall.

[2] January being the height of the Mausim or Kaskazi, when the Azyab or N. E. wind blows home.

[3] The Highlands were Jebel el Hirab, the 'Mountain of the Keel,' because it appears like a huge dow upturned. It rises some 9 to 10 miles from the seaboard, and backs the Ponta das Baixas or Ra'as Aswad.

still easterly with warm weather. The thermometer at 79½°. Lat. 5° 37′ N.; long. by lunar at 8 P.M. 49° 20′ E.; variation per amplitude 8° 40′ W.

28th, Monday. Passed the elevated land seen yesterday afternoon, and at 2 P.M. Cape Bassas was abreast of us, distant a few miles. The real situation of this cape we had difficulty to determine, for the land along, low and smooth, had so much sameness in appearance, and that forming the cape itself so little remarkable from the rest, that had we not observed the coast to recede considerably on each side, making opposite to us an evident projection or headland, we should still have remained in great uncertainty respecting it. At 5 or 6 miles' distance from the shore struck soundings in 19 fathoms, hard ground, and we had still a strong current in our favour, but we observed little or no rippling about the ship. The position of the cape (Note 3) according to the mean of several good observations is in N. lat. 4° 44′, and long. 48° 17′ E., variation per azimuth 9° 7′ W. After ascertaining the situation of this cape[1] we stood to windward during the night. To-day the weather continued fine with a moderate easterly wind, the thermometer at 78°. Lat. observed at noon 4° 59′ N.

29th, Tuesday. Stood in again and steered along the coast to the southward of Cape Bassas at the distance of three miles in from 10 to 20 fathoms sand and shells. The land here was white and sandy, but in several places there was apparently tolerable pasturage ground, on which were seen several small groups of huts and some pretty numerous herds of cattle. By the number of people observed on these spots this tract seemed better frequented; but its general appearance was similar with that to the

[1] Ra'as Aswad in N. lat. 4° 44′ 5″ (Raper).

northward of the cape. During the preceding night a considerable dew had fallen, and the weather to-day was damp and cloudy, the thermometer at 78½°. As the supposed site of the river Doara[1] (Note 4) was near at hand, the examination of which formed one of our principal objects, it became desirable to avoid passing any part of the coast in the night, but towards the evening the wind unfortunately began to blow very fresh with a heavy swell, and being on bad holding ground, we were once more reluctantly compelled to work to windward. Lat. observed at noon 4° 14′ N.; long. by lunar at 2 P.M. 47° 42′ E.; variation per azimuth 9° 15′ W.

30th, Wednesday. Continued steering S.W. about 2½ miles from the land, in from 7 to 10 fathoms, white sand and coral, the Sylph keeping her course half way between us and the shore in regular soundings of 6 and 7 fathoms. This day's sail presented the same barren prospect as the coast we had already traced; it was still low and sandy, remarkably white, and to all appearance completely desert; neither huts, people, nor cattle of any description to be observed. The shore was in many places rocky, and a high surf beat over it. At 2 P.M. breakers appeared ahead, distant less than 2 miles, and a little beyond them, low land, which seemed to be an island; to weather these it became necessary to haul off shore, and immediately after taking this precaution, the wind began again to blow exceeding fresh, with a very heavy swell, which forced us to continue standing out to

[1] Still generally written Doara. It is apparently a mere Nullah or Fiumara, and is hardly mentioned by modern navigators. I can only suggest that the name might have been derived from Daaro, a district or tribe on the Upper Juba river, and the inveterate confusion of the potamology in this part of Africa can alone account for the error.

sea during the whole night. Weather still damp and cloudy, and the thermometer at 79½. Lat. observed at noon 3° 30′ N.; long. by chron. 47° 25′ E.

31st, Thursday. The wind increased to a gale and blew furiously during the whole day and following night, attended with a tremendous heavy swell, which prevented us from approaching the shore near enough to see anything distinctly; we could only remark that the land seemed to be higher than what we had lately seen. Weather still damp and cloudy, and the thermometer at 79°. Lat. observed at noon 2° 44′ N.; long. by chron. 46° 5′ E.; variation by amplitude 10° W.

February 1st, Friday. The wind moderating, we continued our course along the coast in very irregular soundings of from 10 to 65 fathoms, rocks and gravel. At 9 A.M. the mosques of Magadosho were seen bearing W.S.W. distant 9 or 10 miles. The late gale has therefore carried us farther to the southward of the reported mouth of the Doara—a mortifying circumstance, and to us a very severe disappointment, for we had promised ourselves much gratification in exploring that river—so interesting, and at the same time so little known. At noon Magadosho bore W.N.W. of the ship two or three miles; here we sounded, but could find no ground with a line of 80 fathoms. The town, which is large and irregular, is situated on an uneven sandy piece of ground close to the beach; the land behind considerably lower than that on either side. The houses resemble those seen in the towns on the coast of Arabia and Persia, and are apparently built of stones and mud, of a low, square form, with small doors and windows, and have all flat roofs. The most conspicuous objects are the mosques already mentioned;

there are four of them; three of which are placed in the town, the other among some straggling buildings, a little to the northward. The land both to the N.E. and S.W. is of a reddish colour, thickly covered with black spots, and upon them some low-spreading trees, which have a very uncommon appearance. About ten miles to the southward is a remarkable white sandy hill, which, with the red hills already mentioned, are excellent marks in approaching Magadosho. The sea-shore immediately opposite the town is sandy and guarded by a reef, which, running from the rocks on the N.E. to the S.W. end of the town, extends to about a quarter of a mile from the beach; within the anchorage is said to be excellent. To the S.W., as to the N.E., the shore is in many places low and rocky, forming what has been described as islands (Note 5). We were doubtful of this, but did not go near enough to ascertain. We observed a large village on the northernmost of these supposed islands, a few miles south of Magadosho. Having determined the position of the town, we were in hopes that we might at last be enabled to anchor, and pursue at leisure the inquiries we proposed to make here concerning some of the objects of our search, but our bad fortune continued to attend us, for the wind began again to blow very fresh, with an exceedingly heavy swell setting in towards the shore. Under these circumstances, we did not think it prudent to trust ourselves at anchor in an open unprotected roadstead with a reef of rocks under our lee; we therefore bore away along the coast to the S.W. of Magadosho till the evening, when we stood out to sea and passed a night more tempestuous than any we had hitherto experienced. The weather still damp, with heavy dews at night, ther-

mometer at 78°. Lat. observed at noon 2° 4′ N.; long. by chron. at noon 45° 46′ E. According to us, Magadosho is situated in N. lat. 2° 3′,[1] and in long. by chron. 42° 43′ E.

2nd, Saturday. Being driven from Magadosho the preceding night, we intended if possible to make Meeya or Maiea,[2] a place laid down about 14 or 15 miles to the S.W. of Madagascar. At twilight, however, saw nothing of such a place, and were again forced to stand out to sea during the night, when we must have passed it; for at noon to-day we were off the town of Brava in N. lat. 1° 11′, and long. 44° 9′ E. This town is situated under some very high reddish land, spotted with black rocks, and has several small islands abreast of it at a very short distance from the shore, one of which, to the southward, opposite a white sandy patch of high ground, has a tower or light-house on it. The land between Magadosho and Brava is uniformly high, and has that remarkable reddish appearance already so often described. Our bad fortune still persecuted us; we could not anchor here for the same reasons that had prevented us at Magadosho; we therefore yielded to our fate, and again took refuge in a secure distance from the shore. The houses of Brava are similar to those of Magadosho. The weather continued unaltered, with the thermometer at 80°; N. lat. observed at noon 1° 14′.

3rd, Sunday. At noon we were in lat. 0° 5′ N. The land is low and woody. Proceeded along shore, looking attentively for a river (Note 6) described to discharge itself thereabouts: our search proving fruitless, at sunset came

[1] N. lat. 2° 2′ 18″ (Capt. Guillain).

[2] Marka town, N. lat. 1° 44′ 1″, generally known as Bandar Marka.

to anchor three or four miles from the shore in 12 fathoms, soft sand; the land abreast of the ship low, sandy, and rocky. Though the wind had much abated to-day, still, however, it blew fresh with a considerable swell, and the weather continued damp, with dew at night. Thermometer at 78½°. Lat. at noon 0° 5′ N.; long. 43° 11′ E.

4th, Monday. About midnight the Sylph parted from her anchor, got under weigh early in the morning, and at noon passed the River Dos Fuegos, or the Rogues' River, and Juba [1] Irunjba, a village situated at its mouth, but at too great a distance to make any particular observations. The coast for a little north of this river to Patta is faced by one continued chain of islands, some of which are large and wooded, others very small. These islands are sometimes connected by reefs [2] of rocks, over which a large surf beats, and sandbanks surround them. The reefs run through their whole length, frequently extending a considerable way out to sea; in one place, about 20 miles south of Juba, even to 7 or 8 miles, opposite which is a remarkable high insulated rock in-shore, appearing like a square tower; here also the reef stretches a long way out—perhaps 5 or 6 miles. Though there are no soundings close to the edge of this part of the bank, the water was remarked to have a very white colour, resembling that often seen at the mouths of large rivers. The land on this part of the Continent is in general moderately high, and almost

[1] Probably from Goba, the meeting (scil. of waters), Gobwen (corrupted to Govind) meaning the great meeting. Ganana is supposed to mean division or bifurcation. Danok is probably a corruption of the Galla Danesha, a settlement on the left bank of the river. I nowhere find my notice of the 'Irunjba' village, and presume that it is a corruption of 'Gobwen.'

[2] This reef, beginning at Makdisha, much resembles the great Brazilian formation, extending from Pernambuco southward.

universally covered with wood; the shore shelves to a smooth sandy beach, which is guarded by the islands and reefs noticed. Steady moderate north-easterly winds, with fine weather, but damp, and dews at night. The thermometer at 78½°. Lat. observed at noon 0° 24′ S.

5th, Tuesday. In course of the afternoon passed by a deep inlet where some boats were riding at anchor, and at sunset were abreast of several large woody islands supposed to be those immediately north of Patta; between 6 and 7 P.M. came to twelve fathoms, fine sand. That part of the coast of Africa stretching from the equator south beyond our present anchorage, promises in its aspect something very interesting to the enterprising investigator. The numerous richly-clothed islands which line the shore, separated by beautiful and frequently spacious inlets and bounded behind by a delightful continent, rich in all the charms of luxuriant vegetation, present to the eye a prospect extremely enchanting, and would seem to indicate a degree of natural wealth equal to the most favoured regions of the known globe. Nothing could form a more striking contrast with that in view than the barren coast to the eastward of Juba.[1] Fine steady easterly breeze, with pleasant weather. It is worthy of remark, since in the latitudes on this coast near the line, a heavy dew had been observed to begin falling immediately after the sun went down, and continued till some time after its rise next morning; during the day the air felt very dry,[2] thermometer at 79°. Lat. observed at noon 1° 23′ S.; long. per chron. at noon 41° 59′ E.; variation 13° W.

[1] The voyagers had now passed from the barren Somali Coast (Azania) to rich Zanzibar, where the tropical rains extend.

[2] The cause of the dryness was the immense evaporation which the coolness of night deposited in the form of dew.

6th, Wednesday. Weighed and worked to windward for the purpose of trying the current and to get clear of the land to observe the latitude at noon ; in a few tacks began to gain ground. It was therefore evident that the strong southerly current which runs along the coast during the North-east Monsoon had already began to change its direction, though as yet it is probably only to be felt near the shore. At noon saw a large dow a few miles astern, standing to the southward. She seemed at first extremely cautious of approaching the ships, but seeing English colours, ventured within hail, and being informed who we were, acquired more confidence. We were informed they were from Muscat bound to Mampasse;[1] they said their shyness arose from a suspicion of our being French cruisers. They afterwards obligingly sent on board two pilots to conduct the ship to anchorage near Patta.[2] At sunset came to six fathoms and abreast of some small isles at the south point of the isle of Guien, which forms the north side of the inlet adjoining the Peer Patta (Note 7), on which was observed a considerable town (Note 8), bearing from the ship about N.W. Fired a gun as a signal for a Patta pilot to carry us through the intricate channel to the inner anchorage. Wind still steady from the N.E. with fine weather. The thermometer at 79°. Lat. observed at noon 1° 59′ 6″.

7th, Thursday. A boat with pilots arrived from Patta; got under weigh and proceeded through the passage at 4, 5, and 6 fathoms, and at 11 A.M. came to again in a very narrow part of it leading between the N.E. point of the island of Peer Patta and an extensive sandbank, dry at low water, which runs a long way out. All of these islands,

[1] Mombasah. [2] The Bette of the Arabs.

namely, Peer Patta, Daw Patta, Mandra, &c., are faced with shoals of rocks and render the navigation very difficult, and should, with other considerations, deter trading vessels from frequenting this port. In the afternoon sent the small boat with our Hindostanee pilot to Patta, to acquaint the Sooltan of our arrival and intention of visiting him next day. Weather as heretofore. The position of this anchorage is in South lat. 2° 4′; long. by chron. 41° 14′ 2″; variation 14° W.

TRANSACTIONS AT PATTA.[1]

8th, Friday. The boat that went yesterday to Patta returned this morning, having left behind Mallum Ali, the Hindostanee interpreter, a circumstance which (there being reason to believe his stay not voluntary) added to the report of the boat's crew concerning the deportment of the natives on shore, did not tend to impress us with a favourable idea of their good intentions. We had already learnt, from the pilots and others who had visited us on board, that the place was distracted by civil dissensions; the Sooltanship being claimed by two rival cousins, whose respective adherents, occupying the same town, occasioned by their contentions a continual scene of confusion: and we knew that any correspondence with one party under these circumstances would, by the other, be considered as evincing a disposition of hostility towards them. It therefore became a doubt to which of these savage competitors for royalty we ought to pay our respects; for though we never dreamt of ascertaining the question of right and wrong between

[1] This account of Patta is valuable: we hear little of the place from later travellers.

them, it was of some importance to discover which party was strongest and best able to protect and assist us in the prosecution of our inquiries. But this was found impracticable; several partisans of both factions were indeed on board, but each endeavoured to make it appear that his own was the right and powerful Sooltan. Had the boat's crew been able to tell whose hands Mallum Ali had fallen into, it would have settled the matter as to the person, whoever he might be, there must have been a necessity to pay court; but none of them could speak with certainty respecting him. Disappointed in obtaining satisfactory information concerning this point, it was nevertheless determined to persevere in the resolution of visiting Patta. Accordingly about 11 A.M. Captain Smee, in company with Lieut. Hardy, myself, and the pilots, carrying with with us a present (Note 9) for the Sooltan, left the ship in the large cutter, manned with Europeans. It was judged prudent to take Arabs (though, to prevent misunderstanding, they remained concealed till compelled to produce them in our own defence). We had scarcely got a mile from the ship when we were met by a boat belonging to Sooltan Hammed with presents for Captain Smee; but finding him on his way to Patta he declined going any farther; the chief man and one of the Sepoys came into the cutter, and their boat returned with us to town. This conduct appearing very suspicious, determined us to act cautiously and avoid particularly giving any pretence for violence. After two hours' sail we arrived off Patta: it was then low water, and the cutter could not approach nearer to the shore than half a mile; we were therefore obliged to go separately into small canoes which the negroes pushed through the mud to the beach. On landing nobody appeared to receive or

conduct us to the Sooltan—another suspicious circumstance that did not give us much encouragement. But, had such been our desire, we had already gone too far to return, for the cutter with all the Europeans and Arabs were at some distance, and we had no means of rejoining them. Those who landed were—Captain Smee, Lieut. Hardy, and myself, the Syrang,[1] captain's servants, with the pilots and persons from the Sooltan's boat. Under the direction of these last we walked from the landing-place, surrounded by a crowd of armed savages, to a large unshapely heap of mud called the Palace of Sooltan Hammed, where we met with our interpreter, Mallum Ali. Having entered it through a wicket in a strong door or gate, we were conducted across a square court to a kind of open porch used, it seems, as a place of public audience; in it were placed several low beds or couches with broken rattan bottoms, on one of which we were desired to sit down. They were excessively dirty and looked as if they had been stolen from some native brother in India. Immediately to the left of the one in which we were seated, stood the Sooltan's seat or throne, being nothing more than a new wooden arm-chair with a high back, and some rude carving on it. On the ground before, a round piece of wood or stone with a hole in the middle supplied the place of a footstool; and around stood a crowd of naked men and boys, for all ranks and descriptions have, it seems, here free access to the presence of their sovereign. The Sooltan immediately entered, and, holding out his hand to us severally, took ours, and put the back of it to his mouth—a ceremony the natives reversed; they all kissed the back of his hand. He is in person of a middle stature, rather corpulent, and

[1] Sarhang, or native boatswain.

has an agreeable countenance; I imagined his age to be about 35. He was dressed in a long, dirty, yellowish-coloured gown with a greasy turban on his head, and filthy loose slippers on his feet, and in the left hand carried a sabre, the handle of which was of black wood ornamented with gold and silver. Being seated, a tin goblet of sugar and water, the favourite beverage of the country, was handed to each, which having drunk, the presents, with the letters from government, were delivered by Captain Smee, who complimented the Sooltan in the name of Mr Duncan and the Honourable Company. He returned the compliments, but did not at that time open the letters. A conversation afterwards ensued, in which the objects of the voyage were stated, with a request for all the information in his power respecting them; but he seemed dissatisfied with the explanation of our views, which he probably suspected concealed designs of a dangerous nature, and appeared to stand very much on the reserve. To our interrogations about the unfortunate Mr Park[1] and his associates, he only answered, 'How can I speak of the man? I never saw him.' Regarding the rivers on the coast he confessed Rogues River to be of immense extent, that its sources were far beyond his knowledge, commonly believed to be in Europe, or, as he expressed it, 'in our country;'[2] that a great number of slaves were brought down it to Brova; but as to the towns, state of the country, or people which dwell on its banks, he said he was totally ignorant. At my suggestion it was proposed to introduce the vaccine or inocu-

[1] Englishmen at the time were full of the fate of Mr Park, and they knew little of Africa, who expected the people of Patta to have heard of the Niger.

[2] Probably meaning Abyssinia.

lation at Patta, with the means for which I was ready provided. The Sooltan asked if that was possible, for, allowing I might be able to do such a thing, how could it be propagated so as to be of advantage. It was replied that a sufficient number of persons might be easily instructed for the purpose; but he seemed to doubt the truth of this assertion, and treated the proposal with contemptuous neglect. Then, rising, he abruptly withdrew. Thinking the audience at an end, we were about to retire, but it was intimated that we must walk into another apartment, whither they conducted us, the way to it leading through the opposite side of the court and up a narrow mud staircase: this room was better furnished, but equally filthy and more gloomy than the former. The Sooltan soon followed us, and it presently appeared, if we did not pay a very high price for liberty to take leave of his Highness, we must consent to remain for a time much exceeding either our pleasure or convenience. Seating himself for a moment and whispering to some of his attendants, he rose, and with them retired into an inner room, where Captain Smee was called, and remained separated from us during the rest of the conference, which lasted till near sunset. About 4 P.M. they all came out for a few minutes, and at this moment a lascar arrived from the boat and told us the people had been fired upon, but that on showing their arms they desisted. This outrage (we had a flag of truce flying all the time) was taken no notice of. The Sooltan laid it to the charge of his cousin's (Note 10) party. His Highness, however, seemed perfectly ashamed of his own treatment of us, which was such as he did not care to make public, for he carried Captain Smee a second time into the private apartment for the pur-

pose, as we afterwards understood, of extorting a promise of money and other articles from him. Our feelings were at this moment very uncomfortable. It was easy to see some mischief was in hand, for the place where we sat, and the passages about it, were filled with armed men; those who before had none, going out and returning with spears, bows and arrows, &c. Near sunset, Captain Smee again came out and, without sitting down, said he was going to the beach; we followed, and though environed by an armed multitude, reached it without molestation. Finding the boat, by the rise of the tide, had got close in, we embarked with great satisfaction. When Captain Smee was first called out, the Sooltan required that he should supply them with 15 muskets, 10 pistols, 11 barrels of gunpowder, several parcels of flints, &c. This demand was remonstrated against, on the ground that these articles belonged to the Company his masters, and if he parted with them he could not defend himself against his enemies,—two of whose vessels, they themselves had acknowledged, were at Zanzibar and Quailemane; but again reflecting he was entirely in their power, promised to comply with their requisitions as far as compatible with the safety of the ships under his command. They seemed satisfied; said the French vessels at Zanzibar and Quailemane were only small vessels trading for slaves, and for the time put an end to the conference; but encouraged by success (for they seemed to place great confidence in the promise of an Englishman), a second request for money to satisfy their soldiers was made, to which Captain Smee positively refused to accede. He told them he had no money to spare; asked if the letters he had delivered had been read; if so, that he was aston-

ished they should make so unreasonable a demand. To this they returned an equivocating answer; first they had not; then they had read them. Perceiving him anxious to take leave (for they evidently intended to protract the interview till it should be too late for the boat to get off), they insisted on his staying to eat; said he had better stay all night, for there was not water enough for the boat to get to the ship. He said he would go and see, and without giving time for deliberation, walked out and fortunately got to the beach before the rabble without knew anything of the affair. Having got the two pilots into the cutter and a Sepoy belonging to the Sooltan's boat who was still waiting on the beach, we put off, determining to keep him as a security for the safety of Mallum Ali, who remained behind to preserve a show of friendship with the Sooltan, and at midnight reached the ships, much fatigued, and happy at having escaped so well.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTA.

The town of Patta stands on a low square point between two salt-water creeks surrounded with woods, chiefly cocoa-nut trees, and is composed of wretched mud buildings. No fruit except the coocoa-nut was met with, and it was found impossible to procure any fresh water. The sheep, which are covered with hair instead of wool, and their goats are excellent (Note 11). The inhabitants belong to the Souallie [1] tribe, a people sprung from a mixture of the Galla [2] negroes with the Arabs, &c. The flat nose and

[1] The Wasawahili, or coast tribes.

[2] The Gallas or Ormas are negroids not negroes. This will answer Note 23, which compares the Gallas with the west coast 'niggers.'

thick lips, so peculiarly distinctive of the African countenance, is generally observed among them, and sufficiently marks their original connection with that race;[1] the woolly covering of the head universally prevails; the colour of their skins varies from a reddish brown or tawny hue, like the Arabs, to nearly a deep black; in their dispositions they are cunning and treacherous to the last degree.[2]

On the 9th, the same boat we met yesterday, and which returned with us to town, arrived at the ships with presents from the Sooltan, consisting of 60 cocoa-nuts, three white bullocks, and three goats in charge of one of his principal men, who came to receive the articles, the promise of which had been extorted during the interview at Patta. To give no cause for quarrel, the Sooltan's present was accepted, but the boat was sent back with an answer that until Mallum Ali should be sent on board not a single article would be parted with. The pilots perceiving the boats go away without them, became very outrageous, and attempted to leap overboard, but finding themselves too well guarded, they desisted, and began to say (in direct contradiction to what they formerly asserted, and on the strength of which we had allowed ourselves to be brought to the present anchorage) that there was not water enough for the ships to get through the channel of the S.W., as the wind rendered it impossible for us to return the way we came in, and the above passage the only one by which we could keep clear of the shoals which

[1] The mixture of blood is with the negro races of the interior, driven down as slaves, and with the Arabs and Persians, whose first emigration dates probably from prehistoric ages.

[2] We can hardly give them a better character now.

surrounded us. We determined to detain the pilots till the ships were out of danger.

Next day, the 10th, the boat returned with Mallum Ali, though the promise given to the Sooltan was compulsory, and did not, strictly speaking, deserve the least regard; yet out of respect to the word and honour of an Englishman, as well as for the sake of any of our countrymen who might hereafter fall into their hands, and on whom they might be tempted to retaliate their disappointment, it was resolved to adhere to our extortod engagements as far as consistent with the safety of the ships. Therefore five muskets, two pistols, two barrels of gunpowder, two bundles of musket-ball cartridges, and 160 flints, being all we could spare, were delivered, with which they departed very well satisfied, and thus terminated this troublesome business.

From the 10th to the 12th we were occupied in getting through the S.W. channel, which proved a very tedious job. The pilots were either too ignorant or too unwilling to be of much service, and it became necessary to keep our boats out sounding in order to discover the passage, and direct the ships how to steer: we found it very narrow, and interrupted in two places by bars, on which at high water we found not more than one quarter less three fathoms. From the anchorage the channel ran W.S.W. ½ W., about half a mile, and then turned to the southward. In leading out on the 11th the Sylph grounded, but soon got off again; on the evening of the 12th, having got clear of the sands and rocks, dismissed the pilots, and stood out to sea during the night. Since anchoring at Patta the weather (with the exception of the morning of the 8th, when a few drops of rain fell) was

fair with pleasant easterly winds, and heavy dews at night. The thermometer generally at 82°. The town, as near as we could ascertain (for we had no opportunity of determining it exactly), is in lat. 2° 8′ S., and long. by chron. 41° 13′ E., variation 14° W.

13th, Wednesday. No land in sight [1] during the day, and light easterly winds and calms prevailed with clear weather. Lat. at noon 2° 48′ S.

14th, Thursday. The course N.E. by E. Saw land bearing W.N.W., on which several large fires were burning, and at sunset were abreast of some small rocky islands, which seemed a continuation of the chain to the northward of Patta. Wind favourable. Lat. 2° 48′ S.

15th, Friday. In lat. 2° 41′ S., variation per azimuth 13° 29′ W. Fine weather, with light favourable winds.

16th, Saturday. In course of the afternoon yesterday we passed a reef of rocks, part of which rose considerably above the surface of the water, and had a very remarkable appearance. The reef runs from the N.E. point of Formosa Bay (Note 12), stretching several miles off shore in a south-easterly direction; the situation [2] I supposed to be in South lat. 2° 45′, for having to-day at noon observed in 2° 58′, it was then 15 or 16 miles astern of us. At noon the S.W. point of Formosa Bay bearing S.W. by W., observed two boats under the land; stood in with a view to speak them, and fired two guns which they took no notice of, but crowding all sail, made round the point into the Bay. Crossing the mouth of Formosa Bay at 5 P.M., saw another reef with breakers on it. We were at this time

[1] During this run they passed the mouths of the Ozi Dana, Zana, or Pokomoni, and of the Adi, Sabaki, or Sabbak, rivers.

[2] Melinde Pillar is in S. lat. 3° 12′ 8″ (Raper).

about 4 miles from shore, in 24 fathoms sand, and the breakers could not, I think, be more than $1\frac{1}{2}$, or at the farthest, two miles from the ship. At 5 h. 20′ hove to in 13 fathoms, when the water suddenly shoaled to 6, 5, and one quarter less 4 fathoms, rocks. On shoaling a mosque, or round tower, was observed on a point or projecting part of the shore, bearing W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N., distant 8 or 9 miles. Hauled our wind, and stood out for the night, intending to return next morning to determine as accurately as possible the exact situation of this dangerous shore. To-day there were light favourable winds with fine clear weather, the thermometer at 80°. Lat. at noon 2° 58′ S., long. 40° 8′ E.

17th, Sunday. At noon observed in lat. 3° 8′ S., the mosque seen on shore within the breakers yesterday, bearing due W. (Note 13). Spoke a country boat, which informed us the tower or mosque was called Gumanne ;[1] also that a river opened at a short distance ahead, called Quiliffa.[2] At 4 P.M. were abreast of what we imagine to be this river, which has a small island at its mouth. Though the distance on the shore did not exceed two miles, no ground could be found with a line of 70 fathoms, and the water did not appear to be in any way discoloured. Thermometer 79° ; lat. 3° 18′ S. ; long. by chron. 40° 28′ E., by lunar 40° 30′ E.

18th, Monday. The coast rose into gently elevated hills, which were clothed with wood, and presented a fine fertile appearance. At noon the opening of the Quiliffa

[1] Ra'as Gomany, N. point N. lat. 3° 0′ 0″ (Raper).

[2] Kilefi Bay confounded with the mouth of the Adi, Sabaki, or Sabbak river, which debouches a little north of Formosa Bay, in which Melinde lies.

(Note 14), bearing N. ¼ E. 8 or 9 miles; the lat. observed was 3° 32′ S. About 2 P.M. saw another river, said to be called the Channay,[1] distant from the ship 1½ miles right abreast. No soundings with 38 fathoms here. It had a large shoal with breakers close to the mouth, and its probable position may be in lat. 3° 32′ S., and long. 39° 51′ E.; variation by azimuth 13° 26′ W. To-day we had light easterly winds, with clear warm weather, the thermometer at 80½°. Here a pretty strong southerly current was experienced. Long. 39° 45′.

19th, Tuesday. The town of Mombaze, or as the natives pronounce it Mampass, was abreast of us, distant two miles. The fort stands at a short distance from the shore on a steep woody ridge, said to be an island, and has three flagstaffs on it. A little to the N.E. three remarkable hills or hummocks[2] serve as good marks for finding the place. Its situation my be in S. lat. 4° 2′, and in long. 39° 41′ 30″ E. At noon spoke a boat with a cargo of slaves, two days from Zanzibar, and towards evening saw the Island of Pemba a-head; worked to windward during night to weather it. Pleasant easterly breezes, with fine clear weather. The thermometer at 80°. Lat. at noon 4° 7′ S., long. by chron. 39° 51′ E.

20th, Wednesday. No land in sight during the early part of the day, which was sultry and calm, but in course of the afternoon, a breeze springing up about sunset, saw the Island of Pemba bearing S. ½ W. four or five leagues. In the evening stood out to the eastward, intend-

[1] Possibly the Mtu Apa (Tuaca or Nash river), or the Takaungu streamlet, farther north.

[2] The Corôa de Mombaza on the mainland nearly due north (magnetic) of the settlement.

ing to return next day and observe the position of this island. The thermometer at 81°. Lat. observed at noon 4° 34′ S.

21st, Thursday. At noon observed in 5° 7′ S. the east point of Pemba, bearing west about two miles. Pemba is a low even island of considerable extent, being perhaps 16 or 17 leagues[1] in length. It is entirely covered with wood, and appears well-peopled. The shore, generally low and steep to the water's edge, shelves in some small spots to a sandy beach remarkably white, that at a distance shows like walls or pieces of buildings. Throughout its whole extent are numerous creeks or inlets, and towards the S. W. end is a deep bay with several small islands at its mouth, hitherto as far as I know undescribed. Fresh north-easterly winds and cloudy weather; the thermometer at 82½°. Stood to windward during the night.

22nd, Friday. At noon saw the Island of Zanzibar a-head; about sunset anchored in 25 fathoms, green mud, abreast of Timbat, the largest of the small woody islands at the north-west end of Zanzibar. A little after the Sylph came close to us: the thermometer at 82°; lat. observed at noon 5° 37′ S.

23rd, Saturday, 7 A.M. Weighed and stood along the western side of the island (the Sylph leading), in from 5 to 15 fathoms, and at 11 anchored in the harbour in 7 fathoms, mud. The town of Zanzibar, then S.W. by S., distant three-quarters of a mile. Each vessel saluted the fort with three guns, which was not returned. In course of the afternoon sent the boat ashore with the Interpreter to acquaint the Hakim of our arrival. Moderate northerly winds and fair weather.

24th, Sunday. Accompanied the commanders on a visit

[1] Its extreme length is 42 geographical miles.

to the Governor, or Hakim, as he is titled. He received us with great civility, and made many professions of friendship and assistance, which, however, in the sequel we did not find him disposed to act up to. We were saluted on landing and coming off by the fort and a ketch in the harbour. Thermometer 82½. Fair weather. (Note 15.)

PROCEEDINGS AT ZANZIBAR, from the 25th February to the 9th April, 1811, with some account of the island.

Zanzibar, situated between the 6th and 7th of S. lat. and 39th and 40th of E. long., is an island of considerable extent, being nearly 50 miles in length, and 20 in breadth; its distance from the east coast of the African Continent, along which it stretches in a N.-easterly and S.-westerly direction, may be about 15 or 16 leagues;[1] between the Continent and it, however, there is no passage for large vessels, except through the harbour, as a reef runs obliquely across from the African shore to the small islands which lie close to the western side of Zanzibar.[2] These islets, which stand considerably nearer to the south than the north (Note 16) extreme of the island,[3] are all, except one, covered with wood, and help to form the harbour. They run in a semi-circle, the concave side of which is towards Zanzibar, and are connected together by reefs of rocks, which, in blowy weather, break the swell, and render the port remarkably smooth and safe. The entrances into it are from the north and south; both lead between the small islet at the extremity of the semi-circle and the western

[1] For leagues, read geographical miles.

[2] Modern charts show no such reef, and the minimum of mid-channel is 15 fathoms.

[3] They are about midway in the island's length.

shore of Zanzibar. The northern entrance, which leads within the small woody isle, called Frenchman's Island,[1] is very narrow and crooked, in consequence of sand-banks, which run out from opposite shores, crossing each other. On the shallowest part (which will be known by bringing three northern woody isles in one) the depth is not more than three or four fathoms. The southern passes between a sandy isle (Note 17), and the point on which the town of Zanzibar stands is broader than the other, and has 7 or 8 fathoms water in it. The depth within the harbour is from 7 to 9 fathoms, with a tolerably good bottom: the rise of water during spring is nearly three fathoms.[2] Immediately adjoining the north end of the town is an extensive creek or inlet, which runs a little way in, and turns up behind the town. Here vessels of all descriptions are hauled up in security during the virulence of the S.W. Monsoon. With a very little care it might be converted into an excellent dock, and deepened, so as to admit with ease ships of at least five or six hundred tons.

The appearance of the island is extremely delightful. It is in general low, especially at the extremities, where it is thickly covered with a jungle and brushwood; but towards the middle the land rises into hills and gentle eminences, which are cultivated, and clothed with cocoa-nut trees. Besides the periodical rains which fall here from the month of March to September, the island itself is well-watered with a variety of springs, which unite and form a number of delightful streams, that flow during the dry season, and keep up that appearance of fertility and beauty, which it exhibits throughout the whole year.

[1] Champani, the 'Ile des Français,' or Cemetery Island.

[2] The average rise is about 13 feet.

None of these streams are large: that at which the ships water[1] is situated about 1½ mile north of the town, where it flows into the sea, at the north entrance of the harbour. The water when first taken up is good, but from the quantity of putrid vegetable matter in suspension, upon keeping a short time it becomes very offensive both in taste and smell; in a few weeks, however, it regains its original sweetness. Ships ought always to fill at low water, else they will have it brackish. The climate of Zanzibar is similar to that of India, only the Monsoon, or rainy season, sets in sooner. From September to March the season is dry and warm; the rest of the months are rainy and tempestuous. During our stay the thermometer ranged from 80½ to 87½° at noon; and from the date of our arrival to the 5th of March, the weather was dry, cloudy, and warm, with northerly winds. From that, till our departure, it was in general cloudy, with frequent violent squalls of wind, and rain from the S.W., attended with much thunder and lightning.

The town of Zanzibar is situated on the west side of the island on a tongue of land formed by the above-mentioned creek, and faces the small sandy isle which constitutes the southern boundary of the harbour. It is large and populous, and is composed chiefly of cajan huts, all neatly constructed with sloping roofs. There are, however, a good number of stone buildings in it belonging to the Arabs and merchants; and in the centre, close to the beach, stands a fort, seemingly partly of Arab, partly of Portuguese, construction. It is square with a tower at each corner, and a battery or outwork towards the sea, in which I observed four or five guns of French manufacture

[1] The Mto-ni.

remarkable for their length. In the middle of the town we observed a tree[1] of uncommon size: its height was about 8 or 10 feet, and from a rude measurement which we took, its circumference could not, I think, be less than 36 or 40 (Note 18). Zanzibar according to our observations stands in lat. 6° 6′ S., and long. 39° 15′ E.[2] (Note 19.) It is the only assemblage of habitations on the island that deserves the name of town or even village; for the principal part of the inhabitants without the town being slaves of land-holders, are scattered over their respective owners' estates. The sovereignty of the island belongs to the Imaum of Muscat,[3] who appoints the Hakim or governor, and to whom the revenue derived from its commerce and land-tenures devolves. This revenue is said to amount to 60,000 crowns annually, though I have reason to believe it to be much more. His whole establishment consists of the Hakim, an assistant or councillor, and three Arab officers, to command the garrison. The present Hakim is a slave of his own whose history is somewhat curious: he is named Yacoud,[4] and was originally from Abyssinia: he belonged to the Imaum's uncle and predecessor, who, detecting him in some familiarities with one of his young female slaves, caused him to be emasculated. Since his former master's death he has become a great favourite of the present one, who promoted him to this distant and lucrative government,—perhaps considering that, as he had lost all relish for the only pleasure that can induce an Arab to dissipate his own or his master's money, he

[1] The Mbuyu, baobab or calabash tree (Adansonia digitata).
[2] Corrected to S. lat. 6° 9′ 6″ and E. long. 39° 14′ 5″.
[3] A mistake in title, which I have explained at full length.
[4] Of this Yakut (the ruby) many tales are still told.

would likely turn out a faithful and valuable servant; nor has he been disappointed. Yacoud's ruling passion is the love of power, to attain which he himself lives like a beggar, and tyrannically extorts from the inhabitants large sums, which, with his own savings, he faithfully transmits as the price of his continuance in the government. The people, however, who live under his sway, detest and despise him. The revenue, as already stated, arises from land-tenures and customs; and though there is no regular land-tax levied, yet it is sometimes resorted to to raise a supply, an instance of which happened while we were there. One of the Imaum's ships arrived from Muscat with a demand for 25,000 crowns to assist him in opposing the Wahabees, though I sincerely believe it was to defray the repairs of the very ship which brought the demand, and which was going to Bengal for that purpose. As this sum was not in the Hakim's possession, he immediately imposed a kind of land-tax, so much to be raised in each district, the chief man of which was ordered to collect it and be answerable for its payment at a stated time, in default of which he was to be imprisoned. The other source from whence the revenue proceeds is a custom of 5 per cent. allowed by the Imaum to be gathered on all imports. This, however, is often very unjustly collected, and few, I believe, except Arabs, ever pay so little on their goods as the lawful sum. The Imaum maintains no kind of military force. The Hakim's slaves, amounting to 400 or 500 men, are armed to serve as soldiers under the above three Arab officers. There are no imports or exports, though we were told the French pay voluntarily a premium of 10 dollars each for the slaves they take, to secure the good-will of the governor; they are in consequence

great favourites, and from this circumstance we may easily account for his subsequent coolness to us, which was not lessened by his hearing of the surrender of the Isle of France while we were there, and on which occasion both vessels fired a royal salute. The principal articles of export are slaves and ivory, also a small quantity of drugs (Note 20). The number of slaves annually sent to Muscat, India, and the Isle of France, &c., are estimated at not less than from 6000 to 10,000. The quantity of ivory is also very great, and is sent principally to Surat. Of imports the following are the chief: Surat and Dungaree cloth from Cutch; iron, sugar, and rice from Bombay, rice from Pemba, dates from the Gulf of Persia; slaves, ivory, and drugs from Magadosho, Brava, Ganu, Mombas, and other towns along the African coast (Note 21). The number of trading vessels, including those from Semap and Cutch, amounted at the time we left the island to upwards of 50. I could not procure accurate information as to the quantity of the above articles annually imported; but from the amount of the custom, the value cannot be under £300,000. We were told that the demand for European goods on the continent was very great; and if the natives had any returns to make besides ivory and slaves,[1] I have little doubt but we might here find an extensive and lucrative vent for numerous articles of our manufacture.

[1] The lucrative copal trade is not mentioned.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF ZANZIBAR.

Exports.	Imports.
Slaves.	Surat cloth, Dungaree cloth — From Cutch.
Ivory.	
Drugs.	Iron, Sugar and rice — from Bombay.
Coir.	
Cocoa-nuts.	Salt fish and Ghee, from Socotra.
Beeswax.	Cloths, cotton, China ware, Earthen jars, Toys and ornaments — From Surat.
Tortoise-shell.	Rice, from Pemba.
	Dates, from Gulf of Persia.
	Slaves, ivory, and drugs, Beeswax and Tortoise shell — From the African Coast.

The inhabitants of Zanzibar consist of Arabs, descendants of Arabs from Souallie mothers. The Arabs are not very numerous; but the principal part of the slaves and landed property belong to them. A considerable number of Banians likewise reside in the town, many of whom appear to be wealthy, and hold the best part of the trade in their hands. The Souallies form by far the major part of the population, and are almost all slaves to the Arabs—800 or 900 of them sometimes belonging to one individual. They are in general purshased in their native country on the opposite shores, when young, and are brought here by the slave merchants, who dispose of them either to the Arabs or to the merchants, &c., for exportation. Those are fortunate who fall into the hands of Arabs, who are justly famed for their mild treatment of their slaves. They

are allowed a small habitation on their master's estate; and not being overworked, and the fertile soil furnishing with little trouble the means for their subsistence, they seem to enjoy a considerable portion of contentment and happiness—a strong proof of which is, that they propagate freely.

All, however, are not equally well situated; and the advocates for the slave-trade ought to witness the market of Zanzibar, after which, if they possess the slightest spark of generous feeling, I will answer for an alteration in their present opinion. The show commences about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The slaves, set off to the best advantage by having their skins cleaned, and burnished with cocoa-nut oil, their faces painted with red and white stripes, which is here esteemed elegance, and the hands, noses, ears, and feet, ornamented with a profusion of bracelets of gold and silver and jewels, are ranged in a line, commencing with the youngest, and increasing to the rear according to their size and age. At the head of this file, which is composed of all sexes and ages from 6 to 60, walks the person who owns them; behind, and at each side, two or three of his domestic slaves, armed with swords and spears, serve as a guard. Thus ordered, the procession begins, and passes through the market-place and principal streets; the owner holding forth, in a kind of song, the good qualities of his slaves and the high prices that have been offered for them. When any of them strikes a spectator's fancy the line immediately stops, and a process of examination ensues, which, for minuteness, is unequalled in any cattle market in Europe. The intending purchaser having ascertained there is no defect in the

faculties of speech, hearing, &c., that there is no disease present, and that the slave does not snore in sleeping, which is counted a very great fault, next proceeds to examine the person: the mouth and teeth are first inspected, and afterwards every part of the body in succession, not even excepting the breasts, &c., of the girls, many of whom I have seen handled in the most indecent manner in the public market by their purchasers; indeed, there is every reason to believe that the slave-dealers almost universally force the young females to submit to their lust previous to their being disposed of. The slave is then made to run or walk a little way, to show there is no defect about the feet; and after which, if the price be agreed to, they are stripped of their finery and delivered over to their future master. I have frequently counted between twenty and thirty of these files in the market, some of which contained about thirty. Women with children newly-born, hanging at their breasts, and others so old they can scarcely walk, are sometimes seen dragged about in this manner. I observed they had in general a very dejected look; some groups appeared so ill-fed that their bones seemed as if ready to penetrate the skin. From such scenes one turns away with pity and indignation, and while he execrates the conductor of this infamous traffic, blushes that his country should ever have sanctioned such iniquity, and remembers with exultation the men who freed her from so great a disgrace.

The number of inhabitants on the island may be estimated at 200,000 (Note 22), three-fourths of whom at least are slaves. The Souallee tribe appears to have sprung from a mixture of Galla negroes, Arabs, natives of India,

&c. They inhabit that portion of the African coast extending from the equator to the Mozambique as the Soomallie tribes do that on the north, stretching to the Cape Guardafui; their country is, however, confined to a narrow tract along the sea-coast, the district behind belonging to the Galla (Note 23), who are also divided into two different kinds—those living north of the line behind the Somallies are denominated Borran Galla; those on the south side behind the Souallies are distinguished by the term Carratche. Whether these differ much in person or manners I have been unable to learn.

The Souallies have much more of the negro appearance than the Soomallies; they have both woolly hair, and their skins are of a deep black, but the Soomallie has neither the flat nose nor thick lips which distinguishes the negro, and which is a very prominent feature among the Souallies of Zanzibar. The Soomallies are also to be distinguished by their slender make, which renders them more active, and tney possess a superior degree of vivacity to the others, who appear to be of a grave character. With regard to the religion and peculiar customs of these people, we had little opportunities of becoming acquainted with them. The Souallies of Zanzibar being under the sway of Arabs, in general adopt their manners; and as to religion, those who profess any, I believe, follow them in that likewise.

We did not observe that any of their domestic customs were singular enough to deserve a particular description, except one, which, though not peculiar to them, is perhaps carried to a greater length than in most other places. I allude to the manner in which they inter, or rather, expose, their dead. It is a habit all over the town to bury

amongst the houses, commonly under a tree, close to the deceased person's former habitation, which presents to a stranger the appearance of a churchyard, and it would be well if the eye alone was the only organ offended. Though the Arabs and wealthy are properly covered, and have neat tombs erected over them, the poor are only wrapped up in a mat, and have scarce sufficient sand thrown over the corpse to hide it from the view; indeed, some part of it is generally to be seen sticking through, and as to the slaves, they are often laid out to putrefy on the beach,[1] not a single rag of cloth or handful of earth being laid over them. In consequence of this disgusting practice the stench in and about the town is intolerable; and co-operating with the noxious effluvia which arises from the putrid vegetable matter during the rainy season, tends to produce fever and fluxes, which, we learned, make annually during that period dreadful ravages among the inhabitants.

The English have hitherto had very little communication with Zanzibar, though the French are frequently in the habit of coming there from the Mauritius for slaves and Mocha coffee. Previous to our arrival only one English vessel had touched at the island since Admiral Blankett's squadron was there in 1799, on his passage up the coast to the Red Sea. Captain Bissel, whose account of that expedition is published by Dalrymple, says they were told no British ships had been there previous to that, within the memory of the oldest person then living, and that they found the natives of the inferior order so ignorant of the value of coin, as to prefer, in their exchanges, a gilt button to a guinea. This might have

[1] Every traveller down to my own time has remarked this abomination at Zanzibar.

been the case then I will not dispute; but we not only found them well acquainted with money, but as dexterous at over-reaching in a bargain and exorbitant in their demands as any dealer in the bazaar of Bombay. They were, however, as he justly observes, very civil and hospitable, though not so much as he describes; but this difference was probably owing to the dislike which the Hakim showed to us. Our taking no hand in the slave-trade was remarked to have considerable influence among the generality of the lower people in giving them a favourable impression of our character, and for a contrary reason they never failed to execrate the French, notwithstanding they were favourites of their Hakims.

The soil of the island is in general light and sandy towards the coast, but a little inland it is found to be a rich black mould, seemingly composed of decayed vegetation, and the numerous springs and periodical rains, with the excellent shelter afforded by the cocoa-nut trees, which everywhere cover the island, all conspire to render it extremely fruitful. Nothing can exceed the profusion of fruits abounding in every quarter, all of them excellent. Pine-apples of the most delicious sort are growing everywhere wild, and heaps of oranges, guavas, &c., for want of consumers, are left to rot on the ground which produced them. The following are the principal fruits and vegetable productions of the island, viz.: pine-apples, guavas, mangoes, lemons, limes, oranges, plantains, bananas, pomegranates (a few imported by the Arabs), cocoa-nuts, and many others, sugar-canes (Note 24), pumpkins, onions, sweet potatoes, and the root of a plant which is called by the natives mahogo (the Farina de pás[1] of the Portuguese).

[1] Farinha de páu, or wood-meal.

Why the natives do not cultivate grain is hard to conceive; perhaps the great plenty of the cocoa-nuts and the mahogo, with the profusion of fruit, supersedes the necessity, and renders them averse to the labour, of raising corn, although their country must be exceedingly well adapted to it. The mahogo, which is the principal article of diet, is eaten by them either simply roasted or boiled, or it is cut into small pieces, which, being dried in the sun, is ground into flour, of which is made a very palatable kind of bread.

The operations of agriculture are not numerous, and indeed consist chiefly in clearing the ground; this is done by fire, and seems to be the practice throughout Africa. Within the tropics, where the luxuriancy of vegetation is so great, it would be a work of great labour, if not an absolute impossibility, to get rid of this in any other way. The time of doing it is at the end of the dry season, when the crops are collected and the rains are about to set in. In coming down the coast we observed fires all along the fertile country south of the line.

Asses and camels are the only beasts of burthen (Note 25), and being scarce, are very valuable; horses have been imported by the Arabs, but will not live. Bullocks and goats (Note 26) are good and in plenty, and can be procured for a moderate price; a good bullock fetches from ten to twelve dollars in the town, but might probably be got for much less in the country. The rest of their quadrupeds are cats and monkeys of various species. There are scarcely any dogs on the island, the Souallies having a great aversion to them. When a dog accidentally touches one of these people, he shows signs of loathing and abhorrence.[1]

[1] This is apparently derived from their Persian ancestry.

Poultry is plentiful and cheap; sixteen large or eighteen small fowls may be bought for a dollar; but, what is a little extraordinary, eggs are both scarce and dear, and when procured are generally bad: they have also Muscovy ducks and Guinea-fowl, which last are found wild on the island. The variety of birds and wild fowl is not great. The principal are the whistling duck and curlews, and the ibis of the ancients, so numerous on the banks of the Nile, pigeons, doves, and a few others.

Spanish dollars and German crowns are the coins commonly current among them; and though they will take some others, they prefer these. Among the shoals and rocks which connect the small islands that surround the harbour, and in the harbour itself, delicious fish of great variety are usually taken in plenty, either with nets or with the line and hook; and those who will take the trouble to examine the shoals at low-water during spring-tides, will find their labour amply repaid by a collection of curious and rare shells, which for beauty are not to be surpassed by any in the known world.

Notwithstanding the heat of the climate, the vast quantity of wood, and filthy manners of the inhabitants, it does not appear that Zanzibar is an unhealthy island, except during the rainy season, when fevers and fluxes are, from the above causes, very prevalent, but which by proper regulations might be easily obviated. In a place where there is no medical assistance or receptacles for the diseased, it may be supposed numerous miserable objects would be met with; this, however, is not the case. In walking about the town, I did not remark a larger proportion of these unfortunate beings than is generally to be met with in most of our own settlements in India.

Exclusive of fevers, dysentery, and their consequences, such as dropsy, obstruction, &c., no other disease appeared to be frequent except venereal, under which, in all its stages and forms, a very great number of persons laboured. Their fevers are often of the remittent form, but more frequently of the intermittent kind; and in addition to the consequences already noticed to follow them, sometimes terminate in an unusual weakness and pains over the body, particularly of the lower extremities, which cause sometimes a total loss of power.[1] I am unable with certainty to determine the cause of this; perhaps it may arise from their sleeping on wet or damp ground while confined with these disorders.

The small-pox,—that scourge of the human race,—also often visits the natives of Zanzibar. We were told that about two years ago it made dreadful ravages all over the island: 15,000 (Note 27) are said to have perished in the town alone. This intelligence led me to hope they would receive with avidity any proposal to secure them from the effects of so dreadful a visitation. Though the vaccine matter brought from Bombay was now nearly eleven weeks old, and I consequently had great doubts of its power, I was resolved to let slip no opportunity of trying to introduce it among them. I therefore proposed it to the Hakim at our first interview, confident that it would be eagerly solicited by those who had children and young slaves belonging to them. In this, however, I was much disappointed; for though their interest and the safety of their offspring were at stake, I had the mortification to find their prejudices stronger than the sense of either, and it was with the utmost difficulty I could procure leave to

[1] This is the paralysis from which I suffered in the African interior.

try it on two children. They were inoculated twice over, without being able to produce the disease; but I had no great reason to regret my failure, for I afterwards heard that the French, who, on purchasing young slaves, always vaccinate them, had often introduced it among the inhabitants, but that it had been found impossible to propagate it. Is not this astonishing, that a people with whom self-interest is a stronger passion than any other, should be under the influence of motives which cause them to act in direct opposition to it? One person—he who had allowed me to inoculate his children—acknowledged he himself had lost no less than thirty young slaves during the late prevalence of the disease. Perhaps the indifference they show at the proposal of a preventative remedy arises from a want of faith in its efficacy.

We now began to think of setting out on our return along the coast to Mocha; the wind had begun to set in steady from the S.W., and our consort, the Sylph, which it had been deemed advisable to convert into a brig, being ready to return to Bombay, whither we had orders to send her, we were about to depart, when a circumstance occurred which for some time delayed it.

The Surat merchants, who had often complained of the Hakim's treatment, represented that he had demanded 3500 crowns from them as their proportion of the tribute exacted by the Imam of Muscat, and in failure of payment had threatened them with imprisonment. As these people were trading under the English flag, and were, in fact, British subjects, Captain Smee did not conceive that a foreign prince had any right to tax them, especially as they had already paid the customary port dues. Impressed with these sentiments,

he made a representation to the Hakim, who in consequence withdrew his claims, but privately threatened the merchants with a double imposition after our departure.

To prevent this, it was determined to leave the Sylph to countenance them during their stay, and convoy them across to India at the breaking up of the rainy season. While the Hakim, who had been extremely inimical to us during our stay, and always anxious for us to be gone, informed us he was coming to return our visit; this he had on various pretences heretofore delayed; however, on Sunday, the 7th April, he came on board, when both ships dressed and saluted him, and he was, notwithstanding his ill-behaviour, treated with the greatest attention.

On Tuesday, the 9th, we weighed and sailed from Zanzibar, and in the evening came to anchor under the small Island of Timbat, at the north end of the island. On the morning of this day Henry Golding, a stout, healthy seaman, was found dead between decks: he had no known complaint at the time, and his death was supposed to have been caused by suffocation, as it was understood, he went to sleep very much intoxicated. Having interred him on Frenchman's Island, the watering boat returned on board, and reported they had found the body of a young female recently murdered, lying among the bushes at the freshwater stream; as they had no means of interesting the neighbours in her fate, they buried her immediately. On Wednesday, the 10th, we got under weigh, and passing between Pemba and the mainland, where there is a fine broad channel, we, without anything further remarkable occurring, anchored in Mocha Roads on the 26th April, 1811.

RESUMÉ.

I fell in with the coast of Africa in lat. 9° 30′ N. on the 25th January, and from hence southward examined it as well as circumstances would permit. On the 7th February I anchored in Patta Harbour, and unfortunately found the country distracted by civil dissensions, originating from two rival cousins, who each laid claim to the Sooltanship. I found out the most popular, which happened to be the youngest, and on him I waited with my government letters, accompanied by Lieut. Hardy commanding the Sylph, and Mr Whigham, my surgeon. I must have been three or four hours reaching town, and after as long a detention there, and receiving some menacing insults, which will be particularly detailed on my return, I escaped from these wretches and reached the ship, much fatigued, some time after midnight, having been six hours in the boat returning. Finding the disposition of the natives precluded the success of any inquiries I had to make, it was deemed advisable to quit the port; but another difficulty arose, which points out the cunning treachery of these people: we were now told the vessel could not go out through the S.W. Channel (the only condition on which I entered the harbour), but must warp out the way we came in (a thing impossible against the prevailing wind and sea), or that we must wait the change of monsoon. Detecting their duplicity, I seized and detained two natives, who were concerned in bringing us in, and after two or three days spent in buoying off a channel unknown to them, with the top of high-water spring tides, grounding occasionally, we got the vessel providentially through the banks,

and clear of Patta reefs, and then discharged the natives. Hence we proceeded southward along the coast, and on the 24th of February anchored in this fine harbour.

I waited on the Hakim and was kindly received; but the general conduct of this personage has since proved very unaccommodating. I was desirous during my stay here of procuring a house for the purpose of receiving the visits of the well-disposed, and unsuccessfully applied to the Hakim for one, or the use of a French factory for a few days. I am told he forbid any one to furnish me, and has used every endeavour to keep visitors away from the ship. He is a person warmly in the French interest, and derives great pecuniary advantages from the trade to this port. The welcome news of the capture of the Isle of France was brought here by the Surat vessels, which arrived in the middle of March. The Hakim would not credit the account, until it was confirmed by a ship from Muscat a few days ago.

The sum of the information I have been able to collect along the East Coast of Africa and at this port, is, I am sorry to say, very small. The first object of my search was the Doara river, which I was not fortunate enough to fall in with, from the strength of the prevailing winds and currents; if it exists it is doubtless a very small stream. Magadosho, in lat. 2° 3′ N., I could only ascertain the situation of: drifted past this. I hoped to see the town of Marca, but was disappointed. I have been informed that it is a very small village, less than Magadosho or Brava; that it has little or no trade. "I arrived off the port of Brava, in lat. 1° 10′ N. under the same impediments—a high wind and sea, and strong

currents, but, expected to find shelter from the plan I had of its harbour; however, in standing close in for the purpose of anchoring, I was disappointed to find it was impossible to bring the vessels up without imminent risk of parting and being driven on shore, which compelled me to haul off. I then looked for the river mentioned in my instructions, whose supposed situation was to be found in 5′ N. lat., but I could find no entrance whatever in that parallel. The wind moderating on the line, I anchored the vessels on the eve of the 3rd of February, with a view of exploring the river called Dos Fuegos, and rendered into English by the late Capt. Bisset, 'Rogues River.' During the night the Sylph parted her cable, and was driven past this entrance, whose situation I could only geographically ascertain. The town of Juba and the bar were distinctly seen in passing from hence to Patta. The coast is fortified by a chain of islands, mostly connected by reefs. Our transactions and inquiries at the latter port were checked by the unfriendly disposition of the natives. After clearing Patta, we proceeded southward along the coast,—ascertaining it, also the two points of Formosa Bay, the Leopard's Shoal, and the mosque near it, with Quiliffa River, the town and harbour of Mombas, the islands of Pemba (or Gedree)[1] according to the Arabs, and Zanzibar, and the site of the coast between these places.

My study has been to cultivate the friendship of all ranks, with a view of gaining information on the points government have instructed me; and the result of my labours amounts to the following, the accuracy of which,

[1] Probably a corruption of the Jezirat (el Khazra), the Green Island of the Arabs.

as far as I can judge, there is no reason to doubt. The fate of our countrymen, Park, Hornemann, and their companions, was my first and most anxious inquiry, both at Patta and this place, but I have not succeeded in meeting with any person who has the least knowledge of them, and there is every reason to suppose their fate is entirely unknown on this coast.

The town of Magadosho (Note 28) is not very considerable; it may contain 150 or 200 houses, and from its mosques is very conspicuous from seaward. It has not any river near it,[1] and has but little trade, probably on account of the badness of its port, which only affords shelter for boats within a reef fronting the town. The town of Marca (Note 29) is small and has no safe anchorage off it.

Brava town (Note 30) is composed of about 100 huts, and is as defective in its port as Magadosho. They are severally governed by Soomallie chiefs. The mouth of Rogues River, called Govinda by the Soomallies, Joob (Gibb) by the Arabs, and Foombo by the Souallies, in lat. 0° 13′ S., is a large and extensive river, but on account of its shallow bar, boats can only enter it at high water; it has scarcely any trade, but such as is carried on by a few country boats, the natives on its banks being thieves inimical to all strangers. The next principal river, called Oazee,[2] situated one day's journey south of the Isles of Patta and Lamoo, is also extensive, without trade. Quiliffa, the next, in lat. 3° 26′ S., is a large and deep fresh-water stream, with few inhabitants and no trade. Foongaruy[3]

[1] The author had forgotten, or rather he had not seen, the 'Nile of Magadoxo.'

[2] The Ozi river, south of Patta.

[3] The Panga-ni river, which the Arabs would pronounce Fanga-ni.

river, off the N.W. end of Zanzibar Island, is next; it is in about lat. 5° 45′ S. Leefeege[1] is another large river opposite Moonfia Island; and there is also a considerable stream off the port of Quiloa or Keelwa.[2] Along this extent of coast are many minor streams, but not one seems to possess advantages as places of mercantile resort, or the Arabs would, no doubt, ere this have benefited by any trade they held out. The tides flow up the larger streams one day's journey from their mouths, and it is confidently reported they all take their rise among the mountains in Abyssinia.

Five or six coss, or about one day's journey at the back of the towns of Magadosho, Marca, and Brava, is situated a small stream called the Doho;[3] it does not join the Govinda, being lost among some hills before it reaches so far south. It appears to me to be (from the accounts of the reporter, an intelligent Soomallie) a branch of the Zeebee,[4] which he calls the Dawaha, where the Doho joins. The other, and principal branch, he says, runs through Africa, and disembogues on the coast of Adel, near Burburreea.[5]

The town of Gunnanee, on the right bank of the Govinda, is about four weeks' journey from Brava; its inhabitants are Soomallies, and it is composed of about 300 huts. Surat cloths are taken to it from the coast, and ex-

[1] The Rufigi, Lufigi, or Lufiji.

[2] A popular error. The nearest river south of Kilwa would be the Lindi, a little known stream in S. lat. 10°.

[3] This is the Nile of Magadoxo, which he has ignored.

[4] Webbe in Somali means any stream.

[5] The well-known settlement Berberah. The intelligent Somali evidently believed that the Hawash river and the Nile of Magadoxo are of the same origin.

changed for slaves, elephants' teeth, &c. There is another considerable village called Leeween, on the left of the Govinda, some distance inland from that stream, inhabited by negroes of no professed religion. The Eesoomadoo Galla, a race of cannibals, the Oombaney, Howwahsow, and Arrooseeya Galla tribes, intermixed with Soomallies, inhabit the banks of the Dahawa, nearest the sea-coast; they do not cultivate the ground, but subsist on meat, milk, and herbs. The Guracha[1] Galla inhabit the interior south of the line, and the Borran[2] Galla north of the line; their language is nearly similar; they are represented to be cannibals and cruel thieves. The inhabitants opposite Zanzibar are Wuddooa[3] negroes, but there is reason to believe this part of the coast was formerly inhabited by the Guracha Galla, or, as my instructions style them, the Giagas.[4] The Soomallies inhabit the sea-coast from the equator north round Cape Guardafui to Burburreea and Zeylah; their possessions extend some distance inland. The Souallies, on the contrary, are confined close to the sea-coast, and inhabit that part of it from the line south to about Cape Delgado, tribes of Caffres occasionally intervening, particularly to the southward of Zanzibar. The various tribes of negroes brought to this port for sale are too numerous to describe; the principal are the Meeamaizees,[5] whose country, at three months' distance, abounds in elephants' teeth, and some gold is found there.

The Muckwa,[6] whose country is two months' journey distant from the sea-coast.

[1] Now generally written Kurachi or Kurachasi, as the Arrooseeya are the Arusi tribe. [2] Or Boreu. [3] The Wadoe tribe.
[4] This is, indeed, a wild confusion. [5] The Wanyamwezi.
[6] The Wamakua, near Kilwa.

The Meeyahoo[1] is fifty days' journey off the Gooroo[2] —is fifteen days inland.

The Dohai,[3] ten days from the coast, are cannibals.

The Meegeendoo[4] are situated one months' journey from the sea-port of Quiloa.

The Jiggua,[5] four days, and the Moozumbaree,[6] three days, &c. The interior is represented as a most fertile country, abounding in cattle and elephants.

I have not been able to gather any satisfactory information regarding the River Zambesie, its course, the town of Sofala, character of its natives, or description of the surrounding country. The Christian States of Yufat and Shoa on the confines of Abyssinia, with the large towns of Tombuctoo, Cashna, and Hoossayee, said to be in the interior of Africa or Ethiopia, under the government of Mussulman princes, together with the circumstances relative to the triennial voyages of Solomon's fleet, from the Eslantic[7] Gulf to Ophir, are unknown to the inhabitants of this place; nor have I yet met with one who could afford me any satisfactory accounts of the River Niger, or Joliba, or the Nile of Soudan, or South Africa.

I have made lists of the Souallie, Soomallie, and Galla dialects, and shall add such others as I may be able to collect.

The coast from Cape Guardafui to Magadosho is arid

[1] The Wahiao, S.E. of the Nyassa Lake.

[2] The Wanguru of Southern Unyamwezi, or of the eastern ghauts, opposite Zanzibar. The text is here corrupt.

[3] This appears to be a corruption of Wadoe, called in p. 510 Wuddooa.

[4] The Wangindo tribe on the road from Kilwa to the Nyassa Lake.

[5] The tribes of the Chaga Highland.

[6] The hill-men of Usumbara.

[7] Elanitic.

and sterile; not a hut or a boat was to be seen, although the sea-shore abounds with fish. From the latter place the land improves, and on the line it becomes completely woody, and so continues far to the southward.

The trade of this coast is chiefly in the hands of the Arabs from Muscat, Maculla, &c., and a few adventurers from Cutch and the coast of Scinde. The principal imports at Zanzibar are Surat cloths, to the amount of about 12 lacs of rupees annually, besides beads, cotton, sugar, ghee, fish, dates, and grain, and about 200 candies of iron bar, which is partly distributed for use along the coast. English woollens are in no demand, consequently not imported. The exports are slaves, elephants' teeth, raw dammer,[1] rhinoceros' hides and horns, cowries, wax, turtle shells, coir, cocoa-nuts, &c. The duties collected here on merchandise are said to amount to about one and a half lacs of dollars annually; but as imposition and extortion are occasionally resorted to, they may be considerably more. The Imaum of Muscat receives from hence a clear sum of 60,000 dollars, and yearly makes an additional levy on various pretexts. The following is a list of trading vessels at Zanzibar at the end of March, 1811. Two ships, two snows, three ketches, 21 dows, 15 buglas, four dingeys, 10 small boats of sizes, besides a variety of country boats constantly arriving and departing, and two large boats building. Some seasons upwards of 100 large dows, &c., have been known to arrive at this port from Arabia and India, but its trade appears on the decline, while that of the ports of Mombas and Lamoo belonging to independent Arab chiefs is annually improving,

[1] Possibly copal.

although as harbours they do not possess near the advantages that Zanzibar does.

The dress of the people in general is a coloured wrapper round their loins. The better sort have, in addition, a loose white cloth over their shoulders, and round their body. The Arabs wear turbans, while the Souallies, Soomallies, and negroes go bareheaded.

The port of Patta, in lat. 2° 8′ S., has little or no trade on account of the intricacy of its harbours and the nefarious conduct of its inhabitants. It would appear the Surat traders are subject to much imposition and extortion at Zanzibar, as the Hakim, over and above the usual duties of 5 per cent., seizes such part of their cargoes as he fancies; and the maquedahs[1] of the three vessels now here have declared to me that, in collecting the duties on Surat goods imported, he is not guided by any invoice prices, but fixes a valuation on them far below the prime cost from the hands of the manufacturer; and as he (the Hakim) pays himself in kind, takes good care to detain for his own use such articles as are most saleable at the time, by which means the merchant pays on an average 15 per cent., and sometimes more, beyond the established rates fixed by the Imaum of Muscat.

(Signed) THOMAS SMEE, Commander.

On Board the H. C.'s ship Ternate,
Zanzibar Harbour, 6th April, 1811.

[1] Nakhudas, native skippers.

NOTES TO APPENDIX III.

BY CAPT. SMEE AND LIEUT. HARDY.

Note 1 (p. 460). Socotra, or Socotora, so well known for the production of the drug aloes, is in most charts, except Horsburgh's, laid down too far to the westward. It bears E. by N. of Cape Guardafui 138 miles, the latter being in long 51° 13′ E., and the western extremity of Socotra in long. 53° 26′ and lat. 12° 24′ N. It has several good harbours and anchoring-places, the best of which is said to be Tivee, on the N. E. side of the Island, where water is easily procured. Between it and Cape Guardafui are situated the Isles of Sumhaa and Duraga, or, as we name them, the Brothers and Adulcasia, all of which are also placed too much to the westward in the charts. The last-mentioned island is said to afford plenty of excellent fresh water. It is inhabited by Arabs, who are subject to the chief of Socotra. Socotra is governed by an Arab Sheik. The produce of the island being insufficient to support the population, the ports of Arabia furnish it with grain, &c., &c. I believe that aloes, fish, and salt are the only articles it produces. The inhabitants are chiefly Arabs.

Note 2 (p. 466). Since the 25th we had been steering along that part of the African Continent known to the English by the name of Agan.[1] It is in general a low even coast, and

[1] Azan, Azania, properly Barr el Khazain, the Land of Tanks, which begins at Ra'as Hafun (N. lat. 10° 26′ 8″) and ends at Ra'as el Khayl (N. Lat. 7° 46′ 30″), about 160 miles in length.

is justly represented as desert and barren. In passing along it some natives were seen tending a few cattle on the shore, but there is reason to believe, from the apparent extreme infertility of the sand, that the number of inhabitants can be but very small;[1] even the sea-shore, where the abundance of fish would render the means of subsistence so easy to be attained, seemed totally neglected; not a hut or boat of any kind was to be seen throughout its whole extent—a strong proof of the thinness of the population, and of the country near the coast being destitute of the material requisite for constructing these necessaries. The few inhabitants probably belong to the Saumalie tribe, whose limits of residence are said to extend to the line. We did not remark any inlets or traces of rivers on this coast.

Note 3 (p. 467). A little north of Cape Bassas is a hill, or long ridge, of an uncommon red colour, and along the land from it to the Cape itself are a number of white sand hillocks which form excellent marks to vessels approaching it from the northward and eastward.

Note 4 (p. 468). From the information afterwards received the Doara seems to be an inconsiderable stream.

Note 5 (p. 470). We afterwards discovered these to be really islands, and the commencement of the chain which extends beyond Patta.

Note 6 (p. 471). The opinion upon which the existence of this supposed river rests[2] is founded on certain accounts transmitted some time ago to the Governor of Bombay by the late Captain David Seton, the Company's resident at Muscat.

[1] The inhabitants hide themselves from strangers. In the interior they are tolerably numerous. Being Somal, they will not eat fish or fowl, as I have explained in my First Footsteps in East Africa.

[2] It is the 'Nile of Makdishu,' supposed to issue from the lake Kaura. Of late years it has been called Webbe (River) Gamana or Webbe Giredi, and by Lieut. Christopher, the 'Haines River.' According to others, it rises about N. lat. 9° to 10° at a place called Denok, whence also one of its multitudinous names.

This communication states the information to have been obtained from some people of respectability in that place, who were well acquainted with the part of the African coast in question. The substance of this detail is as follows :—'That a river of immense extent, known to the natives in its neighbourhood by the appellation of the Neelo (Nilo), and said to have its source in common with the Egyptian river of that name, discharges itself in the Indian Ocean, in about 0° 5′ N. lat.; near to its mouth it is called Govind Khala. That the length of its course is about three months' journey; and nine weeks' journey from the mouth stands a large city named Gunamma,[1] up to which, the river being navigable, immense quantities of slaves, elephants' teeth, &c., are brought down within a short distance of Brava, to which (the river then taking a more southerly direction) these articles of merchandise are afterwards carried overland, and either disposed of there, or sent to Zanzibar.' This story, though sufficiently plausible, would of itself, considering the known credulity and extreme propensity to exaggeration prevalent among the natives of the East, be entitled to very little regard did it not happen to receive some countenance from Herodotus, the Grecian historian, who says that when in Egypt he was told that a branch of the Nile bearing the same name took an easterly course, and was supposed to fall into the Indian Ocean, somewhere on the coast of East Africa.[2] These taken together were strong, but still left ample room to believe that the river called by the Portuguese Dos Fuegos, and known to us by the name of the Rogues

[1] Ganana in Somaliland: it cannot be a large city. Here we may observe the Govind (Gulb-wen), alias the Juba River, upon whose right bank Ganana lies, is confounded with the 'Nile of Magadoxo,' and the eastern branch of the latter, called Webbe Gamana, has added to the confusion.

[2] This may be the case if for Nile we read 'Blue River.' The Webbe Gamana, alias Nile of Makdishu, may, like the Webbe Ganana or Juba, rise in the S. Eastern counter-slope of the Abyssinian Highlands, which discharge to the N. West the Bahr el Azrak.

River, which disembogues itself in 0° 17′ S. lat., might eventually turn out to be the same with this African Nile,[1] — 22 miles the difference between their supposed mouths, being an error which people such as those of Muscat, unaccustomed to make accurate observations, may easily be supposed to fall into. It may here be seen that the truth of this surmise respecting the identity of the two rivers has been clearly established, though it will hereafter appear, from the information received at Patta, that the source of this river, viz. Dos Fuegos, will still be found to agree with and authenticate the reports and conjectures derived from the above authority,—and at all events cannot fail to render it an object of interest and curiosity to the civilized world in general.

Note 7 (p. 474). Or rather to the island on which Patta and Sieull stand, called Peer Patta.

Note 8 (p. 474). This town is by the natives called Humoo.

Note 9 (p. 476). Amounting in value to better than Rs 300.

Note 10 (p. 479). His cousin was at this moment held in confinement in a dungeon close to the residence of this cruel and usurping relation, for it seems Ben Baneeci had a prior claim to the Sultanship.

Note 11 (p. 481). The people of Patta (besides their civil dissensions) were at this time at war with Lamo, an island a few miles to the southward, whose boats were continually on the look-out to attack those of Patta. The Sooltan made this also a motive for detaining us under the pretence of preparing an armed boat to conduct us back to the ship; but we saw through his civility, and evaded it by telling him we had arms, and could defend ourselves. Patta has no trade at present; it used formerly to be resorted to for cowries (a small shell current as money in Bengal), but of late years this trade has been discontinued.

[1] This, again, is the Juba, Webbe Ganana, or Govind River, whose bar is in S. lat. 0° 14′ 30″, or, according to others, in 0° 14′ 5″.

Note 12 (p. 484). Within this bay on the S.W. side stood the ancient city of Melinda, the site of which, in crossing the mouth of the bay, we were at too great a distance to see.

Note 13 (p. 485). These must, therefore, have been the rocks mentioned by Captain Bissel in his memoir on which the Leopard, Admiral Blankett's flag-ship, struck (Feb. 15, 1799, on a voyage to the Red Sea), when bearing up to Zanzibar after a fruitless attempt to beat up this coast during the N.E. monsoon. The mosque, however, or pagoda, as he calls it, is by no means a good sea-mark, as no ship ought to go so close as to make it sufficiently conspicuous. A much better are two hills to the N.W.; they are considerably higher than any near them, and, in consequence, easily known. The two hills are close together, and only partially divided by a shallow notch resembling a woman's breast in form.

Note 14 (p. 486). The River Quiliffa is in S. lat. 3° 26′, and in long. (by means of several good observations) 39° 26′ E.

Note 15 (p. 488). The Expedition sailed from Bombay on the 2nd January, 1811.

Note 16 (p. 488). There is also a group at the east end of the island.

Note 17 (p. 489). The only one of this group of islands that has no wood on it.

Note 18 (p. 491). This tree is by the natives of Hindostan called Brosh, and bears a large oval fruit with a smooth skin, but neither it nor the wood of the tree is of any use. (Editor's note: the best is now worth £14 to £15 per ton.)

Note 19 (p. 491). Variation 8° W.

Note 20 (p. 493). Cocoa-nuts (of which the island produces vast quantities) are also exported to Malabar, and also wax and tortoise-shell.

Note 21 (p. 493). Dried salted shark and other fish, and ghee, are brought in considerable quantities from Socotra;

likewise chinaware, earthen jars, and toys and ornaments from Surat.

Note 22 (p. 496). I do not give this as information to be depended on.

Note 23 (p. 497). The Galla are in their persons exactly similar to the west-coast negroes.

Note 24 (p. 499). The sugar-cane grows in great plenty, but the inhabitants are ignorant of the art of making sugar.

Note 25 (p. 500). Monkeys are also found on the island, with foxes and wild hogs, &c.

Note 26 (p. 500). Rice and ghee can be procured in considerable quantities, but it will be found expensive for strangers to provide any great supply of those articles.

Note 27 (p. 502). This, I think, must be an error. Five thousand is more probable,—the person who gave me the information being rather given to exaggeration.

Note 28 (p. 508). No revenue collected by the Imaum.

Note 29 (p. 508). Ibid.

Note 30 (p. 508). Camels numerous, at about 5 dollars each.

THE END.

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